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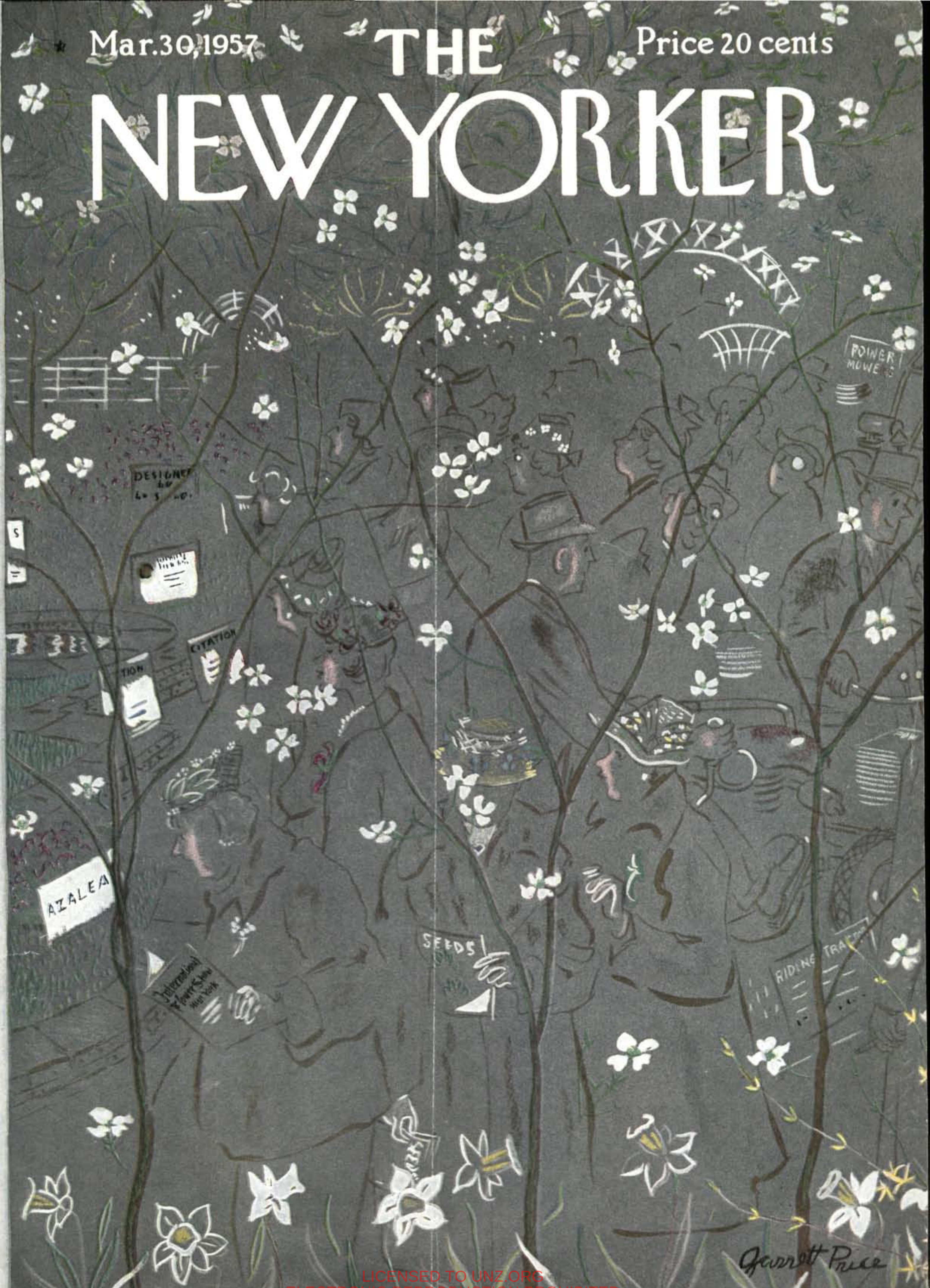
THE NEW YORKER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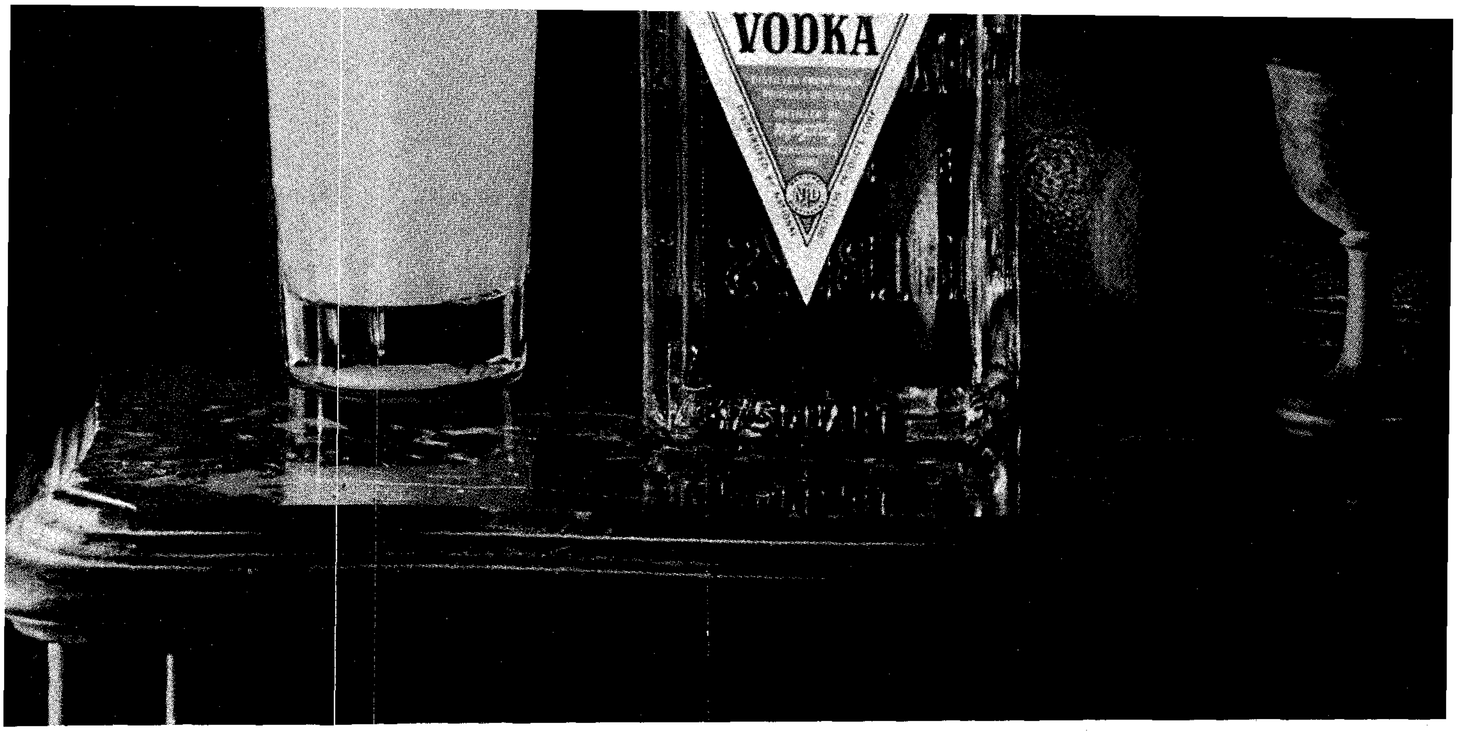

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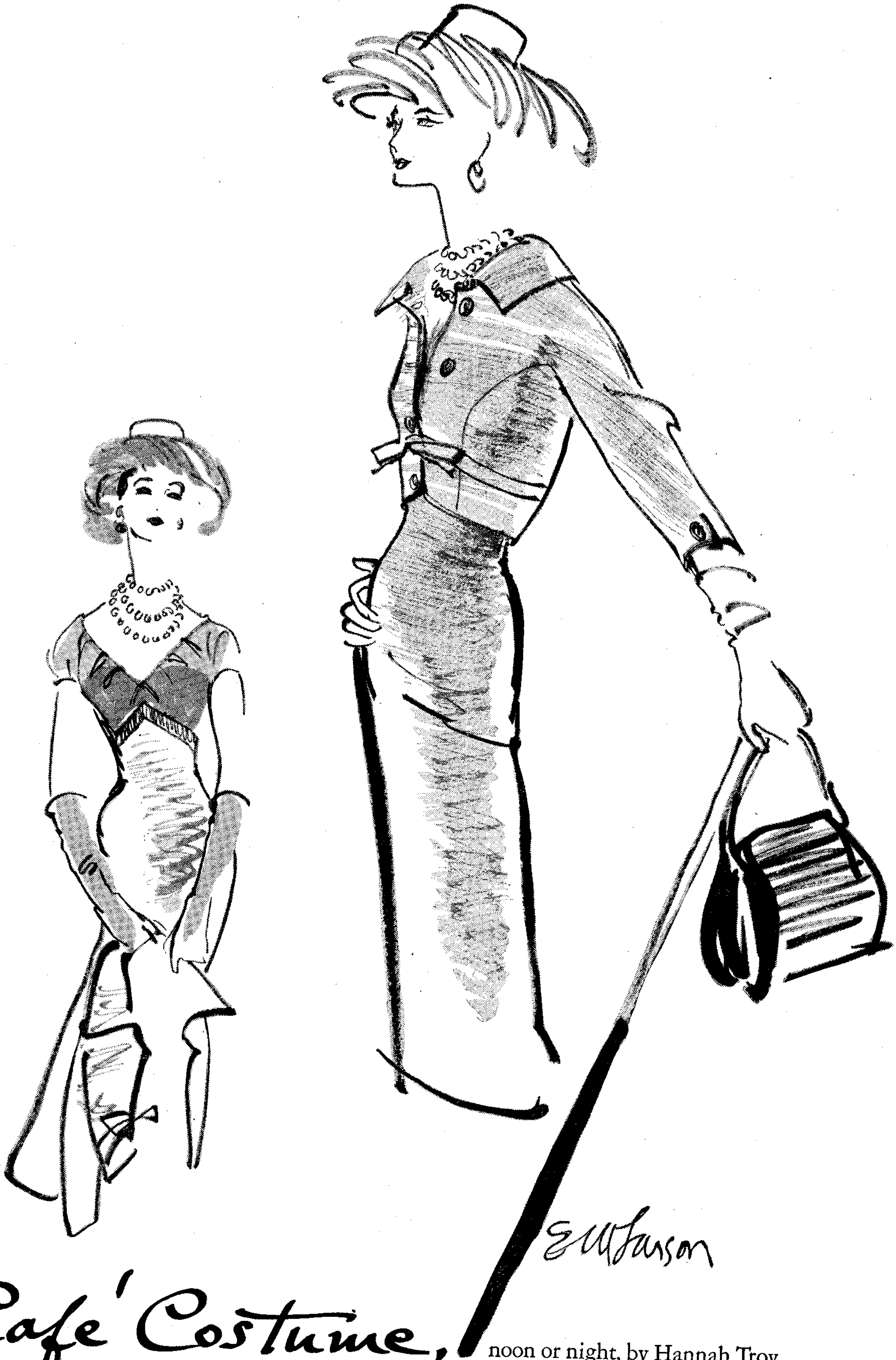

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Auntie Mame—Anyone who delights in comedies about bizarre relatives will probably like this adaptation, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, of Patrick Dennis's novel. For those who may conceivably find themselves dismayed by so much cuteness, there is always Rosalind Russell, who is enchanting in the title role. The cast includes Polly Rowles, Marian Winters, Robert Higgins, and Peggy Cass. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happiest Millionaire—Kyle Crichton's adaptation of the biography of Anthony J. Drexel Biddle that he wrote in collaboration with Cordelia Drexel Biddle. Dealing with the eccentric head of an eccentric household, the play isn't as rewarding as "Life with Father" by a long shot, but it has its amusing moments. Walter Pidgeon plays Mr. Biddle and has the support of Ruth Matteson, Ruth White, Diana van der Vlis, and George Grizzard. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Hole in the Head—Paul Douglas makes a remarkably engaging bum in Arnold Schulman's not very credible comedy having to do with the twin problems of operating a bankrupt hotel and bringing up a little boy. David Burns, Kay Medford, Joyce Van Patten, Lee Grant, and Tommy White appear in the cast, Garson Kanin directed, and Boris Aronson designed the set. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Holiday for Lovers—A bumpy ride around the tourist centers of Europe, with Don Ameche, Carmen Mathews, Audrey Christie, and George Mathews as the principal sightseers. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Brilliantly directed by José Quintero, and beautifully enacted by Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Bradford Dillman, and Jason Robards, Jr., this posthumous work by Eugene O'Neill, which explores the tragedies of his youth, is as impressive a play as we're likely to see this season. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. *Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)*

Major Barbara—Shaw's provocative item about poverty considered as a crime has been given a stunning production, with Charles Laughton, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Burgess Meredith, Anne Jackson, and Eli Wallach in the most prominent roles. Mr. Laughton directed, and Donald Oenslager designed the unusually effective sets. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Orpheus Descending—Tennessee Williams' tragedy is about a young man and a sex-starved woman, and it is unlikely to entrance many of his admirers. The production, however, is first-rate, with Maureen Stapleton and Cliff Robertson in the leading roles, a persuasive set by Boris Aronson, and suitable Southern costumes by Lucinda Ballard. Harold Clurman directed. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Potting Shed—Graham Greene's new play, a contemporary variation on the miracle of Lazarus, comes out, as you might expect, in favor of orthodox faith over rationalism. Regardless of your own affiliation, you can enjoy it purely as literate detective-story writing. All the performances are fine, especially Robert Flemyng's and Frank Conroy's. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Separate Tables—Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton are highly efficient in both the plays that make up this Terence Rattigan double bill. The plays themselves vary in quality, the first being just about acceptable and the second very good indeed. The cast includes Beryl Measor, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, and Donald Harron. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Tunnel of Love—A bunch of Westport cut-ups carrying on about adultery. Joseph Fields and Peter De Vries wrote the script, after the novel by Mr. De Vries, and the cast, which includes Tom Ewell, is estimable. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Uncle Willie—Menasha Skulnik is in the form that has always bewitched his disciples in this thin little comedy about a peddler who does his best to fix up everybody's life. The cast also includes Arline Sax, Norman Feld, and Edith Fellows. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mondays and Tuesday, April 2, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, April 3, at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

	Page
BOOKS	122
THE CURRENT CINEMA	121
LETTER FROM TEL AVIV	108
MUSICAL EVENTS	84
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	94
MARKETS AND MENUS	101
THE RACE TRACK	107
THE THEATRE	80

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A Visit to a Small Planet—Cyril Ritchard is a miracle of style as a caller from outer space, and he is nobly abetted by Eddie Mayehoff, as an overstuffed Pentagon general, in Gore Vidal's excellent fantastic comedy. Philip Coolidge, Sarah Marshall, Conrad Janis, and Sibyl Bowan also appear in the cast, which Mr. Ritchard directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 31.)

The Waltz of the Toreadors—Jean Anouilh's play about an aging French general and all the ladies in his life is undoubtedly the season's most civilized comedy. Ralph Richardson is splendid in the leading role, and Mildred Natwick, Meriel Forbes, and John Stewart support him admirably. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—the diary of anne frank: A Dutch girl's chronicle of the two years she and her family spent hiding from the Nazis. With Joseph Schildkraut, Gusti Huber, and Dina Doronne. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)... **inherit the wind:** An account of the Scopes trial, in Dayton, Tennessee, with Paul Muni and Ed Begley as the two famous orators involved. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **middle of the night:** Paddy Chayefsky's play about a man who falls in love with a girl half his age. Edward G. Robinson has a leading role, and his associates include Gena Rowlands, June Walker, and Patricia Benoit. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **no time for sergeants:** All about how a hillbilly amiably disrupts a good part of our military establishment. Right now, Charles Hohman is the hero, and Rex Everhart and Arte Johnson are a couple of his Air Force colleagues. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bells Are Ringing—Judy Holliday does practically everything but play a musical saw in this comedy about a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. The book, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, is a bit cluttered, but their lyrics are good and so is the score by Jule Styne. Besides Miss Holliday, the cast includes Sydney Chaplin, Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Happy Hunting—Ethel Merman's return to Broadway after a four-and-a-half-year absence is a fine thing for the local scene, even if her vehicle, something about love in Philadelphia and Monaco, doesn't amount to much. Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse wrote the book; Matt Dubey and Harold Karr did

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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31	1	2	3	4	5	6

the songs; and the supporting cast, directed by Abe Burrows, includes Fernando Lamas, Virginia Gibson, and Gordon Polk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Li'l Abner—The clumping, dim-witted hillbillies who populate Al Capp's cartoon strip are well and truly represented here, but the musical can't be recommended to anyone who isn't an authority on the doings in Dogpatch. Written by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, the comedy has lyrics by Johnny Mercer and music by Gene de Paul, and was directed by Michael Kidd, who has done nicely with several dance interludes. Peter Palmer and Edith Adams portray Li'l Abner and his pursuer. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Beatrice Lillie has had more inspired material, but she is still wonderfully funny and may be enough to make your evening endurable. Other performers include Billy De Wolfe, who assists her heroically with what comedy there is; Harold Lang and Helen Wood, who contribute some lively dances; and Jane Morgan, Micki Marlo, and Carol Lawrence, who sing their routine songs with commendable spirit. Raoul Pène duBois has designed some settings and costumes that will probably remind you, for better or worse, of the good old days. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—damn yankees: About a baseball fan who signs a contract with the Devil in order to help the Washington Senators beat the local American League team. With Gretchen Wyler, Stephen Douglass, and Nathaniel Frey. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St. W. CI 6-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **the most happy fella:** Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics and adapted the book for this version of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson head the cast. (Imperial, 45th St. W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **my fair lady:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Rex Harrison plays Professor Higgins and Lola Fisher (for the moment) is Eliza Doolittle. The cast also includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Hide and Seek—Geraldine Fitzgerald, Basil Rathbone, and Barry Morse in a play by Stanley Mann and Roger MacDougall. Directed by Reginald Denham and produced by Fred F. Finklehoffe, Mark Marvin, and Gabriel Katzka. Opens Tuesday, April 2. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Joker—A comedy by Arthur Sheekman, with Tommy Noonan, Anne Kimbell, and Marjorie Gateson. The director is Bretaigne Windust, the producer George Kondolf. Opens Thursday, April 4. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—"Brigadoon," with Helen Gallagher, Robert Rounseville, and Scott McKay, is the second in this season's series of five musicals. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 7.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Starting Friday, March 29: "Il Trovatore." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Carnegie Hall Playhouse—Dorothy James and Henry Brandon in a revival of Christopher Fry's comedy "The Lady's Not for Burning." Thursday and Friday at 8:40, and Saturday and Sunday at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, March 31.... ¶ Two Jean Giraudoux plays, adapted by Maurice Valency: "The Apollo of Bellac" and "The Virtuous Island," with Martyn Green and Staats Cotsworth. Previews Tuesday through Sunday, April 2-7, at 8:40. Opens officially on Tuesday, April 9. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 56th St. CI 6-6630.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Harry Bannister, Alvin Epstein, and Paul Shyre. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Downtown Theatre—The first New York showing of George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Jan Hus House—Louis Gossett heads the cast (Josh White, Jr., takes over for him on Sundays) in a revival of Louis Peterson's "Take a Giant Step." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LY 6-8947. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

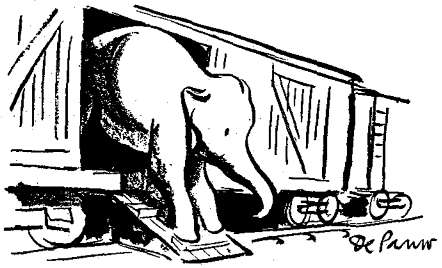
Phoenix Theatre—John Webster's Elizabethan thriller "The Duchess of Malfi," with Jacqueline Brookes and Hurd Hatfield. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 14.)

Renata Theatre—Jutta Wolf, Michael Kane, and Mark Lenard in James Joyce's play "Exiles." (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Shakespearewrights—Presenting the American Savoyards in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Utopia, Limited." (Shakespearewrights, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are James Mitchell and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre East—The Irish Players in three one-act plays by J. M. Synge—"Riders to the Sea," "In the Shadow of the Glen," and "The Tinker's Wedding." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)



BALLET

National Ballet of Canada—Saturday, March 30, at 2:30: "Les Rendez-Vous," "The Fisherman and His Soul," and "Post-Script." ... ¶ Saturday, March 30, at 8:30: "Jeune Pas de Deux," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," "Pas de Chance," and "Giselle." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

MISCELLANY

Phoenix Theatre Sideshow—Four one-act operas, presented in English, by the After Dinner Opera Company: "The Telephone," by Gian-Carlo Menotti; "In a Garden," by Gertrude Stein and Meyer Kupferman; the American première of Offenbach's "66;" and "Apollo and Persephone," by Gerald Cockshott. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Monday, April 1, at 8.)

Columbia Theatre Associates—As their third production this season, the group will do "The Passionate Shepherd," a modern satirical comedy by Dorice N. Taylor. (Brander Matthews Theatre, 420 W. 117th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2135. Wednesday through Friday, April 3-5, at 8:40, and Saturday, April 6, at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Circus—The surest sign of spring—the return of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey to Eighth Avenue. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Opening performance, Wednesday, April 3, at 8:30, for the benefit of the New York City Cancer Committee; for tickets, call PL 9-3507. Thereafter performances weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7, with matinées every day at 2. Through Sunday, May 12.... ¶ The doors open weekdays at 1 and 7, and Sundays at 1 and 6, for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a landscape of almost awesome splendor, has dinner music until ten, at which hour Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band come aboard. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The entertainment here, though unquestionably professional, is not supplied by the house. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's Latin band buzz like mad night after night.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Robert Clary, a bilingual clown (impeccable French and peccable English), is the dinner and supper merriment in the stately Cotillion Room; Nora Kovach and Istvan Rabovsky, who excused themselves from Hungary without written permission, throw in a few *pas de deux.* An orchestra headed by Joseph Sudy chortles away with grace and agility whenever Alan Logan's rumba group takes a breather. Closed Sundays.... ¶ A small outfit, practically always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing every night from cocktails through supper in the placid Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The principal delight in the Persian Room is Jacqueline François, whose songs, mostly in lucid and vivid French, suffer from none of those classic Gallic complaints—blood, sweat, and tears. She's on the dinner and supper menu; Ted Straeter's high-spirited orchestra and glee club and Mark Monte's clutch of musicians are in action the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays.... ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, which is to the manner born, the orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen sprint from one familiar tune to another.... ¶ In the Palm Court, there is Leo LeFleur's string group at the cocktail hour. No dancing.... ¶ The LeFleur

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group is again in action in the Edwardian Room at the dinner hour. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Eddie Lane's dance band is humming a bunch of familiar tunes in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, where pomp and circumstance are the inflexible order of the evening, is presenting Geneviève, dressed in the height of the Paris fashion; heart on her sleeve, that is. Her odes—all rather quiet and never too sad—are part of the dinner and supper sessions. In between, the bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari contribute their galloping dance music, which starts at eight-fifteen. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra has squatters' rights on the Café Lounge, where it saws away for any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The divertissement in the ample Café Rouge involves Freddy Martin's big dance band, which believes that a little sugar is good for the system. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The real voice of America, a voice heard round the world, is also now available in the Empire Room. Benny Goodman (a bit subdued) and his latest assortment of instrumentalists (not quite as subdued) are the responsible parties. They appear at dinner and supper; Nat Brandwynne's sonorous orchestra and Mischa Borr's vigorous band function all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Weekdays, in a secluded nook of Peacock Alley, the Alt Wien group led by Jozsi Ribari and the trio belonging to Bernie Leighton concoct sitting-down music from cocktails to eight-thirty, and then dance music until one; Mr. Borr's orchestra takes care of the eight-to-twelve Sunday dancing party.

Note—The not too dizzying height known as the Rainbow Room serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) where, over cocktails and swatches of non-dance music, you can look down (if you have a window table) on everyone else. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the phone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A stylized Forest of Arden, evergreen and comfortable as can be, where Addison Bailey's sedate piano is audible at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Paul Morse subs for him Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): An established hothouse, well known for its displays of Johnny-jump-ups and lilies of the field. Bud Gregg does a dinner-and-supper piano obbligato to the talk-talk. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins, host, pianist, and news vender, performs in the midst of the Southern-style county fair that occupies his neat restaurant. Wayne Sanders is his alter ego at the instrument. The music starts early and lasts late. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070). The strolling gypsies (Teo Fanidi is their ringleader) who play in this temple of Lucullus are a tidy lot, wholeheartedly devoted to the art of the violin rather than to fortune-telling. The music begins at seven and goes on until one, or even later. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The conversations on some of the tableside telephones make it seem like a capital-gains conference room, but there are also victuals, wine, and Renato Rossini's guitar, which is murmurous from nine to eleven and fiery Andalusian from then until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle, now converted (with very little change) into a restaurant, is the home of Norbert Faconi and his violin, which operate in the best tableside manner after eight-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **WEYLIN**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): The older inhabitants of this bar-and-grill all smile in anticipation when Cy Walter sits down at the piano, which he does from cocktails through dinner, and again from ten till one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): A segment of life upon the not so very wicked stage. Events here, which are on the posh side, begin at dinner; after ten, Hubbell Pierce joins in with polite words and music from behind his Mason & Hamlin, and Warren Vaughan, a jaunty pianist and singer, follows suit. Mr. P. is away Mondays, Mr. V. is away Tuesdays, but a trio fills in during these absences. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A permanent picnic (Latin-American style) that includes a good deal of regional singing and prancing, some of it by the customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **CASANOVA**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Just the sort of place its namesake might have used for his more romantic wining-and-dining tête-à-têtes. The accent, from the kitchen to the strolling music, is French and environs. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE PÉRIGORD CAFÉ**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 5-0650): By any name, it's still the Sherry-Netherland bar—comfortable, rambling, and lightly dusted with piano by Steve Weltner, a recent import from South America. This begins at dinner and goes through supper every evening but Sunday. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): "Blossom Time" all over again, but a much more soothing blend of violin, voice, and zimbalon than the Messrs. Shubert ever served up. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): A bustling music-with-every-course deal that sounds most dulcet when Monica Boyár is singing and a six-man band is tootling Lehár. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the extremely matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle displaying his transatlantic repertory. He gets going at eight. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): An armchair-and-chaise-longue sort of place, designed for conversation instead of mass participation. Someone or other is always at the piano.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Martha Davis and Spouse (i.e., Calvin Ponder), by all means the slaphappiest couple in all Manhattan, are still front and center, singing hey-nonny-nonny, and so is Johnny Mathis, a bright young high-style jazz singer who can't always leave well enough alone. Among the brand-new house guests are Tom Lehrer, Harvard's gift to mathematics, physics, and original wit (not necessarily in the order named), and Dorothy Loudon, a wayward sprite who will take no nonsense from even our most popular Hit Parade songs. The eloquent background musings of Jimmy Lyons' restrained jazz trio and the piano of Bart Howard make everything sound its best. The Davises, incidentally, aren't there Mondays. . . . ¶ In the front room, except Sundays, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time; except Saturdays and Mondays, there's also a breakfast-with-the-Davises session, from 2 to 4 A.M., at which the Lyonses sit in. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mae Barnes, the hostess with the mostest lungs, has decided to stay aboard a while longer. Faith Winthrop, the most recent arrival from the upper-bracket supper clubs of San Francisco, and Bob Gibson are here, too. She sings songs from the heart; he sings songs from our folkways. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Miss Winthrop moves out on Wednesday, April 3; next evening, Lurlean Hunter, a Chicago troupial, will succeed her. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Words of wisdom, spoken almost entirely in jest. They were written mostly by Ronny Graham and Bud McCreery, and are spoken by June Ericson, a pearl of great price, and her precocious playmates—Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, and Gerry Matthews. The occasion is the latest of Julius Monk's portmanteau revues, for which the pit band is the pianos of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): On Tuesday, April 2, this adjunct to the Downstairs Room will become, after nine-thirty, a playhouse for Stella Brooks, a comic conversationalist with lots of chips on her shoulder; Daphne Hellman, a picturesque harpist, also with some words to say for herself; and other spirits of mischief. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Kaye Ballard finds this a handy place to go right out of her witty little mind, which (since practice makes perfect) she does with neatness and dispatch. There are also the impassioned love songs of Felicia Sanders, the jokes of Johnny Haymer, and the manic singing of Tiger Haynes, the Three Flames, and Jimmie Daniels. It's best to go late and be prepared to stay late. Closed Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): The eminent Mabel Mercer will begin a sabbatical after Saturday, March 30. Sam Hamilton, her perennial accompanist; Hazel Webster, who does the cocktail and dinner piano every night but Monday; and Jack Kelly's trio, which works the same schedule at suppertime, will remain at their posts. On Tuesday, April 2, Matt Dennis will start singing his artful glad-to-be-alive, glad-to-be-in-love roundelays. . . . **RED CARPET**, 130 E. 56th St. (PL 5-4718): An elbow-rubbing sort of deal, but apt to be fun. Bobby Short, the perkiest troubadour of the night people, has his trio, his piano, and his Benzedrine ballads all working their heads off for him late in the evening. Sunday is his vacation time. . . . **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Isobel Robins, a child who has blossomed into quite a little prairie flower, is considerably brightening this small corner with songs of a fairly high I. Q. She sets to around ten-thirty. Don Evans, a true virtuoso of the instrument, reports at nine. They're both at liberty Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Familiar faces on the barroom floor: Nancy Andrews and her something-for-the-boys arias, Dick Smart and his hour-of-romance ditties, to say nothing of Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, who never stray far from their twin pianos. Miss Andrews will be off Sunday, Mr. Smart will be off Monday, and Tuesday, April 2, will see the dawn of a new show.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Hot news from the Sunny South, presented in the customary rough-and-ready fash-

Albany, Ga.
Albany, N. Y.
Allentown, Pa.
Akron, Ohio
Amherst, Mass.
Anderson, S. C.
Andover, Mass.
Annapolis, Md.
Anniston, Ala.
Ann Arbor, Mich.
Ardmore, Pa.
Atlanta, Ga.
Athens, Ga.
Asheville, N. C.
Augusta, Ga.
Baltimore, Md.
Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.
Berkeley, Calif.
Bethlehem, Pa.
Birmingham, Ala.
Boothbay Harbor, Me.
Boston, Mass.
Bridgeport, Conn.
Bristol, Tenn.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Bryn Mawr, Pa.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Burlingame, Calif.
Cambridge, Mass.
Canton, Ohio
Cedarhurst, N. Y.
Charleston, S. C.
Charleston, W. Va.
Charlotte, N. C.
Charlottesville, Va.
Chapel Hill, N. C.
Chatham, Mass.
Chicago, Ill.
Chillicothe, Ohio
Cincinnati, Ohio
Clayton, Mo.
Clearwater, Fla.
Cleveland, Ohio
Coconut Grove, Fla.
Columbia, Mo.
Columbus, Ohio
Columbus, Ga.
Columbia, S. C.
Concord, Mass.
Coral Gables, Fla.
Coraopolis, Pa.
Dallas, Texas
Danville, Va.
Davidson, N. C.
Dayton, Ohio
Delaware, Ohio
Deerfield, Fla.
Delray Beach, Fla.
Denver, Col.
Des Moines, Iowa
Detroit, Mich.
Durham, N. C.
Drexel Hill, Pa.
East Lansing, Mich.
East Hampton, N. Y.
East Orange, N. J.
Easton, Md.
Edgartown, Mass.
Erie, Pa.
Evansville, Ind.
Fayetteville, N. C.
Floral Park, N. Y.
Florence, S. C.
Freeport, N. Y.
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.
Gainesville, Fla.
Garden City, N. Y.
Gates Mills, Ohio
Geneva, Ill.
Grand Haven, Mich.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Greensboro, N. C.
Greenville, Miss.
Greenwich, Conn.
Hackensack, N. J.
Hamilton, Bermuda
Hamilton, Canada
Hanover, N. H.
Harbor Springs, Mich.
Hartford, Conn.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Hempstead, N. Y.
High Point, N. C.
Hingham, Mass.
Hinsdale, Ill.
Hobe Sound, Fla.
Honolulu, Hawaii
Hot Springs, Va.
Houston, Texas
Huntington, W. Va.
Hyannis, Mass.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Ithaca, N. Y.
Jackson, Mich.
Jackson, N. H.
Jacksonville, Fla.
Jamestown, N. Y.
Jenintown, Pa.
Kalamazoo, Mich.
Kansas City, Mo.
Knoxville, Tenn.
Lake Forest, Ill.
Lawrence, Kansas
Lewistown, Pa.
Lexington, Ky.
Ligonier, Pa.
Littleton, N. H.
Louisville, Ky.
Los Angeles, Calif.
Lynchburg, Va.
Lynn, Mass.
Macon, Ga.
Madison, Wis.
Manchester, Vt.
Manhasset, N. Y.
Mansfield, Ohio
Marblehead, Mass.
McKeesport, Pa.
Meadville, Pa.
Memphis, Tenn.
Miami, Fla.
Miami Beach, Fla.
Milford, Conn.
Millburn, N. J.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Montgomery, Ala.
Montclair, N. J.
Morganton, N. C.
Nantucket, Mass.
Naples, Fla.
Nashville, Tenn.
New Bedford, Mass.
New Canaan, Conn.
New Haven, Conn.
New Hope, Pa.
New London, Conn.
New Orleans, La.
New York, N. Y.
Norfolk, Va.
Norristown, Pa.
North Conway, N. H.
North Miami, Fla.
Oakland, Calif.
Orlando, Fla.
Osterville, Mass.
Oxford, Miss.
Oxford, Ohio
Palm Beach, Fla.
Paoli, Pa.
Parkersburg, W. Va.
Pasadena, Calif.
Peoria, Ill.
Petoskey, Mich.
Pinehurst, N. C.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Portland, Me.
Princeton, N. J.
Providence, R. I.
Raleigh, N. C.
Reading, Pa.
Red Bank, N. J.
Richmond, Va.
Ridgewood, N. J.
Roanoke, Va.
Rockford, Ill.
Rockport, Mass.
Sacramento, Calif.
San Diego, Calif.
San Francisco, Calif.
Sarasota, Fla.
Savannah, Ga.
Schenectady, N. Y.
Seattle, Wash.
Sewickley, Pa.
Shaker Heights, Ohio
Sharon, Conn.
Short Hills, N. J.
Skokie, Ill.
Snyder, N. Y.
South Norwalk, Conn.
Southport, Conn.
Springfield, Mass.
Springfield, Ohio
Spring Lake, N. J.
St. Louis, Mo.
St. Paul, Minn.
St. Petersburg, Fla.
Stamford, Conn.
State College, Pa.
Stone Harbor, N. J.
Summit, N. J.
Surfside, Fla.
Tallahassee, Fla.
Tampa, Fla.
Thomasville, Ga.
Toronto, Canada
Torrington, Conn.
Tucson, Ariz.
Vero Beach, Fla.
Wake Forest, N. C.
Warren, Ohio
Washington, D. C.
Waterville, Me.
Wellesley, Mass.
Westchester, N. Y.
West Chester, Pa.
Westfield, N. J.
West Hartford, Conn.
Westport, Conn.
Westwood, Mass.
White Plains, N. Y.
Wichita, Kan.
Williamstown, Mass.
Wilmington, Del.
Wilmington, N. C.
Winston-Salem, N. C.
Winter Haven, Fla.
Worcester, Mass.
Wynnewood, Pa.
Yellow Springs, Ohio
Yonkers, N. Y.
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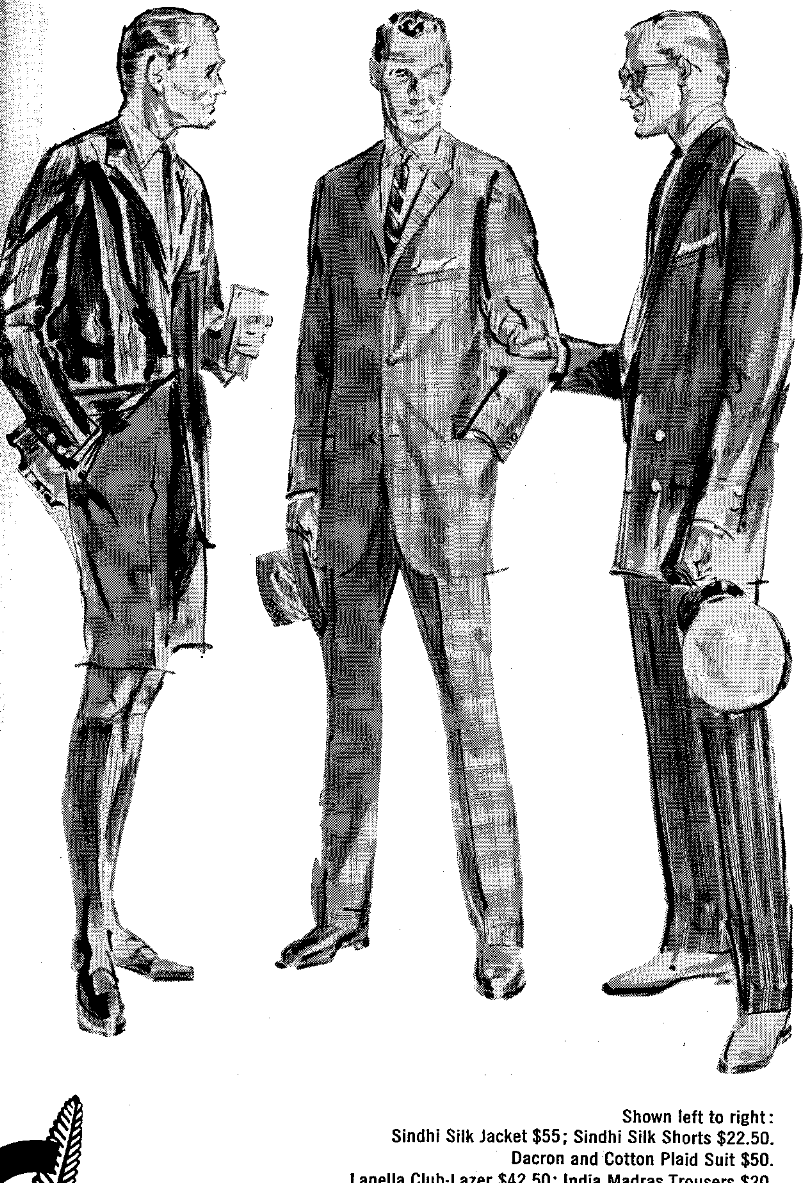

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ion. Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon are involved. In between times, the venerable Cliff Jackson is now the interlude professor. Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the interest. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): A kind of jazz that is part rumpus, part byplay, part community sing. The professional participants are Dorothy Donegan's threesome and Jonah Jones' foursome. Their music starts at nine, and there's also cocktail and dinner solo piano every evening. Their last night will be Saturday, March 30; on Monday, April 1, the trio of Carmen Cavallaro, a comparative newcomer to bop, and Russ Haddock's threesome will check in. Sundays, extra hands occupy the podium. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): A few durable friends of the Chattanooga Choo-Choo assemble, under the jurisdiction of Billy Maxted, to talk over the good old days. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney de Paris (temporarily minus his leader, Wilbur de Paris) is keeping the home fires burning hot with the help of Cecil Scott, Benny Morton, Harold Hill, and Herbie Nichols. Don Frye is the solo pianist. The place is shut tight Sundays; jam sessions Mondays. . . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Never mind the rumbling bar out front; the important thing is the back-room music. Some is by the trio of Barbara Carroll, who is part calla lily, part mood pianist, part progressive powerhouse; the rest is by Willie Ruff, who majored in French horn at Yale, and Dwike Mitchell, his pianist, both of whom are very modern chamber musicians. The first group is off Sundays, the second Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, Juilliard *cum laude*, is at the piano from six to about nine most evenings, and all night Sundays and Mondays. Saturday is his day of rest. On Thursday, April 4, Billy Taylor's trio will replace the Mitchell-Ruff duo. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Through Wednesday, April 3, Oscar Pettiford's band and Johnny Smith's quartet, both of which are early settlers in this palace of progress, will hold forth, and so will Pat Moran's foursome. Next evening, Cannonball Adderley's quintet, which is not without its lovable moments, will ascend the throne. Also present will be Maynard Ferguson, who was once Stan Kenton's flamboyant trumpet, and the Birdland Dream Band. The regulars are around except Mondays, when guest artists assemble to make jam. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the circular bar is a trio led by Bobby Scott, a pianist adept at several interesting aspects of the newest cast of thought but one who can also contribute rich and nourishing blues. It begins at ten. No action Mondays. . . . **THE PLAYROOM**, 130 W. 58th St. (CI 5-7878): The littlest music room of them all, and devoted mainly to the proposition that the old order is dead, long live the new. Cy Coleman, the recreation director, leads his trio into action every night but Sunday. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): Dixie, even in its most unreconstructed form, could never have been quite as unruly as this. Ken Kersey, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Marty Napoleon, Tony Parenti, and Claude Hopkins are the prime movers in the barrage, which is just about continuous from 3:30 P.M. to 3 A.M. weekdays. Saturdays and Sundays, from 1:30 P.M. on, the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon hold an open forum with Coleman Hawkins, Pee Wee Erwin, Roy Eldridge, Zutty Singleton, Charlie Shavers, and Russell Moore. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A weekend contact with early times. Among the Old Guardsmen due on Friday and Saturday, March 29-30, are the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Roy Eldridge, Tony Parenti, Willie the Lion Smith, Herb Fleming, Gene Sedric, Johnny Windhurst, Jo Jones, Dick Wellstood, Arvell Shaw, and Panama Francis. . . . **VOYAGER ROOM**, 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): This fraction of the Henry Hudson Hotel is dedicated, between nine and one, to cotton picking, not woolgathering. The satisfying racket is the work of Bobby Hackett, that silver-tongued orator, and his five-man posse (Dick Cary and Ernie Caceres are among the deputy sheriffs). The intermission pianist is Charlie Queener, a fellow-thinker. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

BEN BENN—Landscapes and still-lifes in oil, most of them completed last year; through April 13. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

EMILE BERNARD—The first American exhibition of paintings by an artist who is now (unfairly) best known for his friendship with Gauguin and van Gogh; through Wednesday, April 3. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

SANDRA BLOW AND WILLIAM GEAR—Ten abstract oils apiece by two young British painters; through Saturday, April 6. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

PAUL EMILE BORDUAS—Paintings by one of Canada's pioneer Abstract Expressionists, who now lives in Paris; through Saturday, April 6. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

LOUIS BOSA—Italy is the subject of this artist's latest oils; through April 13. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

JAMES BROOKS—Abstractions painted in New York and Montauk; through April 13. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

BYRON BROWNE—Abstract paintings and sculptures; starting Saturday, March 30. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JOSÉ LUIS CUÉVAS—Fantastic figures in black-and-white, slightly Goyaesque in manner, by a twenty-four-year-old artist who has been causing some stir in his native Mexico; through Saturday, March 30. (Aenlle, 59 W. 53rd St. Daily, noon to 6.)

ROBERT GOODNOUGH—This young artist's current show consists of recent abstract oils; through April 20. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

ROBERT GRILLEY—The first New York one-man show of paintings (1953-57) by this Wisconsin artist; through Saturday, March 30. (Hewitt, 29 E. 65th St.)

MAURICE GROSSER—Impressions of Greece and Brazil painted during the past three years; through Saturday, April 6. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

HANS HARTUNG—Cleanly patterned abstractions, more or less calligraphic in style, by one of the present-day Paris painters; through April 20. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

ALEXEJ VON JAWLENSKY—Fifty-one paintings (1905-36) by one of the early Expressionist painters; through Saturday, March 30. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

HENRY KOERNER—New paintings, many of them of Vienna, done in the broadly brushed, large-patterned style he has developed recently; through Saturday, March 30. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

BERTO LARDERA—Constructivist sculptures, mainly in welded sheet metal; through Saturday, March 30. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

JACQUES LIPCHITZ—Thirty-three sculptures produced in the past two years, in addition to selections from earlier work; through Saturday, March 30. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

UBALDO MAGNAVACCA—Stormily baroque, romantic landscapes, in a first New York showing by a contemporary Italian; through Saturday, March 30. (Sagittarius, 46 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 6:30.)

RENÉ MAGRITTE—About twenty-five oils by this Belgian artist; through April 13. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

EZIO MARTINELLI—A single sculpture, together with related drawings in ink; through April 20. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

WALTER MURCH—More of his meticulously painted, deftly enigmatic still-lifes, primarily of machine forms; through Saturday, March 30. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

ANTONIO MUSIC, KAZU WAKITA, AND LINDSAY DAEN—Paintings and other works by the first two, sculptures by the last; through Saturday, March 30. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

PHILIP PEARLSTEIN—Ten canvases, chiefly land-

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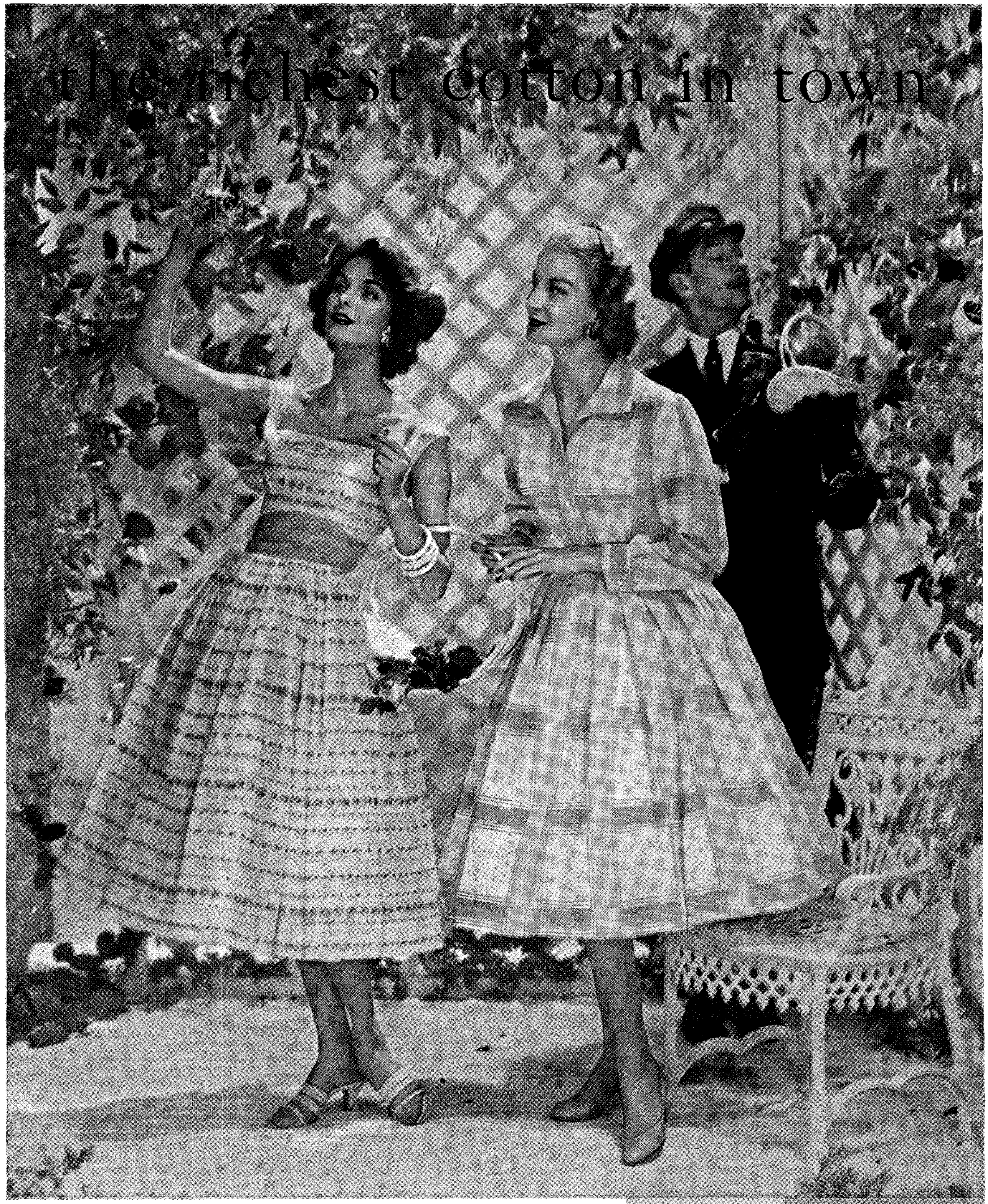
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scapes, from the past year and a half; through Saturday, March 30. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Robert Richenburg—Big, slightly heavy-handed, but unusually powerful Abstract Expressionist paintings, in his second one-man showing; through Thursday, March 28. (Artists', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Louis Schanker—Abstract paintings, done with an oddly mosaiclike, Pointillist paint surface and swirling style; through Saturday, March 30. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Maurice Sievan—Dreamily misty, predominantly wistful landscapes, occasionally with figures; through Saturday, April 6. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Reuben Tam—Nature serves as theme for fourteen oils done since his last show two years ago; through April 13. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

Jacques Villon—The second section of a two-part survey of his prints and drawings, these dating from 1910 to the present; through Saturday, April 6. (Deitsch, 51 E. 73rd St.)

Adja Yunkers—Abstract paintings and drawings (1956-57); through Saturday, April 6. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

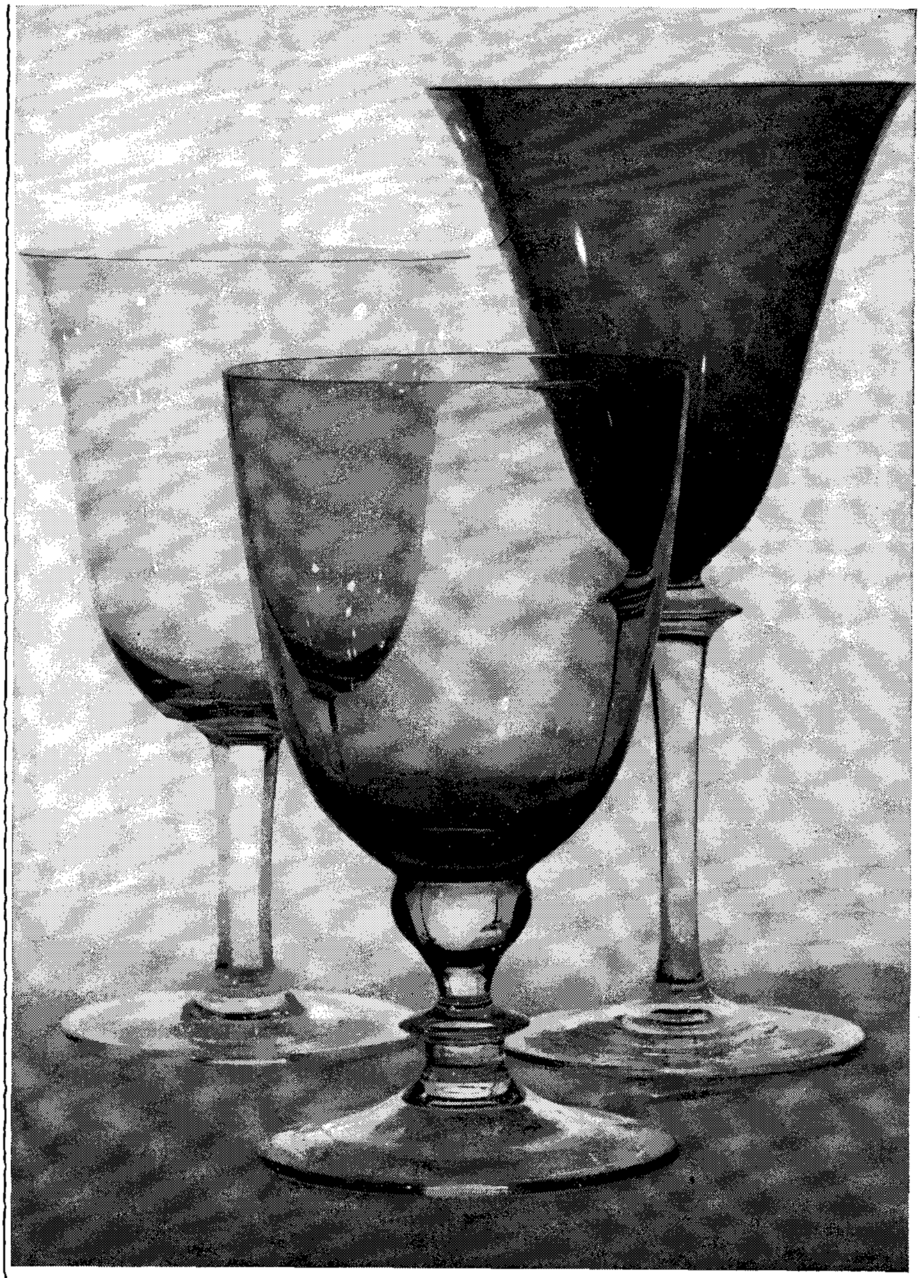
National Institute of Arts and Letters—The eighth exhibition of work by candidates for Institute Grants in Art. Among the artists invited to participate are Milton Avery, Daniel Brustlein, Vaclav Vytlacil, Hugo Robus, and Seong Moy. Through Sunday, March 31. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **downtown**, 32 E. 51st St.: Impressions of New Mexico (oils, water colors, and drawings) by Georgia O'Keeffe, John Marin, Marsden Hartley, John Sloan, and Yasuo Kuniyoshi; through Saturday, March 30. . . . **grand central moderns**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: "The Old and the New," an exhibit tracing, over the past decade, the trends in the styles of various painters and sculptors, including Leo Manso, Arthur Osver, and Louise Nevelson; through Thursday, March 28. . . . **new york city center gallery**, 131 W. 55th St.: The March offering contains about fifty oils chosen by Jack Tworkov, Arthur Osver, and Raphael Soyer; through Friday, March 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **rehn**, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: A selection of two or three water colors each by Edward Hopper, Charles Burchfield, Reginald Marsh, and Henry Varnum Poor; through Saturday, April 6.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **meltzer**, 38 W. 57th St.: Paintings by, among others, Huguette-Arthur Bertrand and Herrero Miranda, plus wood carvings by Edward Landon; through April 15. . . . **rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: American and French painters and sculptors, including Braque, Matisse, and Maldarelli; through Saturday, April 6. . . . **viviano**, 42 E. 57th St.: Kay Sage, Joseph Glasco, Leonardo Cremonini, Afro, and other painters and sculptors; through Saturday, April 6. . . . **world house**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Sculptures by Rodin; drawings and gouaches by Brancusi; drawings and pastels by Gauguin; and mobiles, wire sculptures, and sketches by Calder; through April 20.

Europeans; Group Show—Forty-five paintings by modern French masters, on loan from the collection of Peter and Elizabeth Rübel; through April 13. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **aenlle**, 59 W. 53rd St.: Antonio Fernandez Muro and Sarah Grilo; starting Monday, April 1. (Daily, noon to 6.) . . . **barone**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Harold Baumbach; starting Monday, April 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.) . . . **borgenicht**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Gabor Peterdi; starting Monday, April 1. . . . **the contemporaries**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Marino Marini; starting Monday, April 1. . . . **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: Group show; starting Monday, April 1. . . . **kraushaar**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: James Penney; starting Monday, April 1. . . . **mid-**



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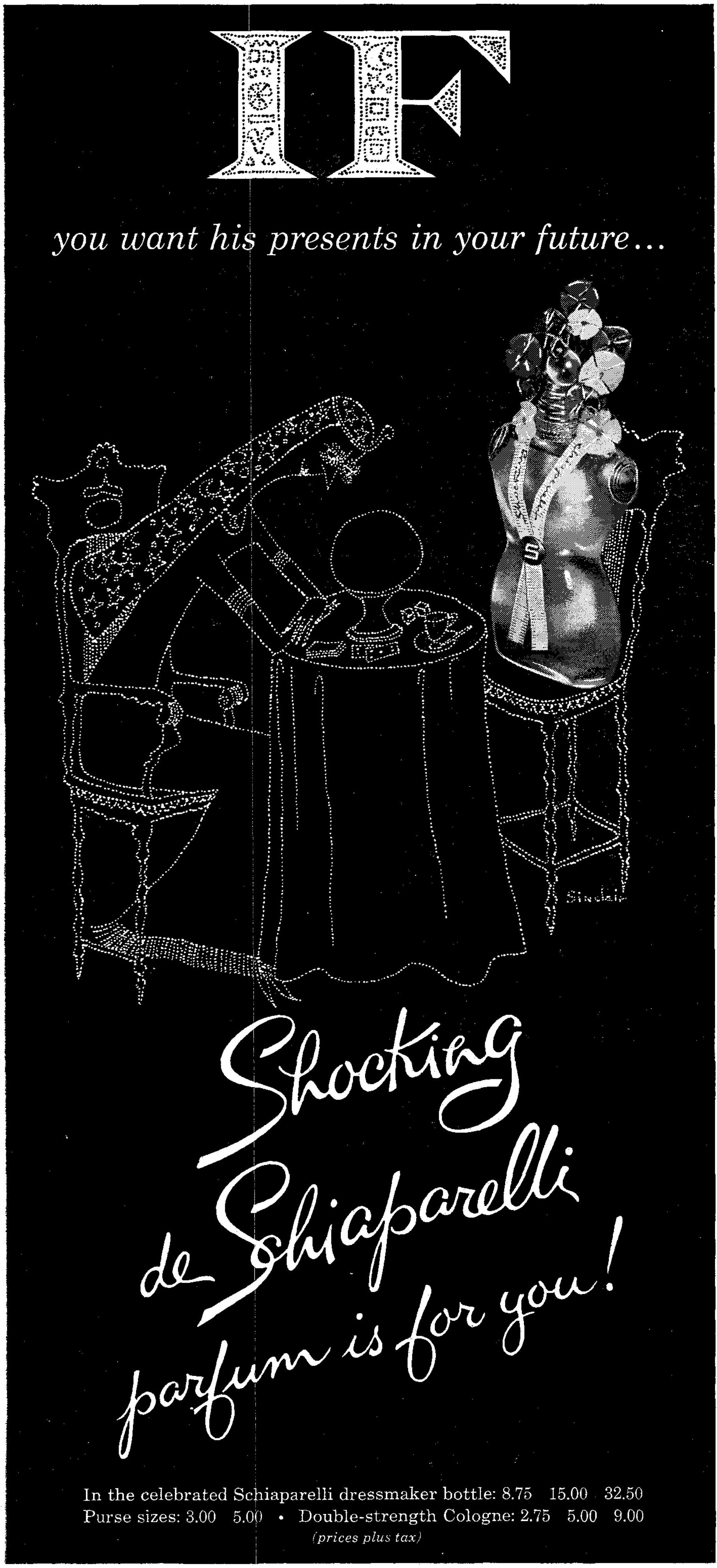
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

TOWN, 17 E. 57th St.: Group show; starting Tuesday, April 2.... **PARSONS,** 15 E. 57th St.: Day Schnabel; starting Tuesday, April 2.... **PERIDOT,** 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Fannie Hillsmith; starting Monday, April 1.... **POINDEXTER,** 21 W. 56th St.: Leland Bell; starting Monday, April 1.... **ROKO,** 925 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Howard Kuh; starting Tuesday, April 2.... **ST. ETIENNE,** 46 W. 57th St.: Alfred Kubin; starting Wednesday, April 3.

NOTE—There will be an exhibition and sale of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints by contemporary American artists (among them Max Weber, Ben Shahn, John Marin, and Jack Levine), plus a group of mid-fifteenth- to mid-nineteenth-century Japanese prints, at the Downtown Community School, 235 E. 11th St., on Thursday and Friday, April 4-5, from 7:30 P.M. to 11:30 P.M., and Saturday and Sunday, April 6-7, from 1 to 8:30, for the benefit of the school's scholarship fund.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Some seventy fifteenth- to twentieth-century masterpieces of European art (by, among others, Titian, Goya, Cézanne, van Gogh, and Modigliani), lent by the São Paulo Museum of Art, in Brazil; through May 1.... ¶ Sixty-five Greek vases (principally Attic and dating from the early sixth to the late fourth century B.C.) from the Hearst collection, purchased last fall by the Museum. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Approximately fifty recent acquisitions (paintings, sculptures, and collages) by artists of the United States and Central and South America, including Hedda Sterne, Torres Garcia, and Max Ernst; through April 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—A selection of 1956 Guggenheim International Award candidate paintings, including eighteen sectional winners, together with the international winner, Ben Nicholson's "Val d'Orcia '56;" through May 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition entitled "New York School; Second Generation," made up of paintings, drawings, and collages by Elaine de Kooning, Robert Goodnough, Allan Kaprow, and other young artists; through April 28. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—A new museum founded by Nelson A. Rockefeller, with some five hundred objects he has gathered from all over the world (the earliest piece dates from about 20000 B.C.), supplemented by gifts from other collectors. Currently on view are about sixty items, including stone sculptures, carvings in greenstone, ivories, wood masks, pottery figures, and gold jewelry. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Drive, at 103rd St.—About eighty works by eighteen members of Group 256, which originated in Provincetown, Massachusetts, and includes on its roster such names as Henry Botkin, Seong Moy, and John von Wicht; starting Sunday, March 31. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings, by thirty Americans under thirty-five years of age, in a lively, diversified showing called "Young America 1957;" through April 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, March 28, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Richard Tucker, and Frank Valentino; and "Pagliacci," with Delia Rigal, Mario Ortica, Leonard Warren, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Friday, March 29, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Antonietta Stella, Irene Dalis, Jussi Bjoerling, Robert Merrill, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 30, at 2: "La Bohème," with Dorothy Kirsten, Laurel Hurley, Richard Tucker, Ettore Bastianini, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 30, at 7:15: "Parsifal," with Margaret Harshaw, Brian Sullivan, Hermann Uhde, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 3, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Zinka Milanov, Martha Lipton, Gianni Poggi, Leonard Warren, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 4, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Antonietta Stella, Irene Dalis, Jussi Bjoerling, Jerome Hines, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Friday, April 5, at 8: "La Périchole" (in English), with Patrice Munsel, Theodor Uppman, Cyril Ritchard, and Alessio De Paolis. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, April 6, at 2: "La Traviata," with Renata Tebaldi, Helen Vanni, Giuseppe Campora, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 6, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Rosalind Elias, Jussi Bjoerling, and Cesare Bardelli; and "Pagliacci," with Delia Rigal, Kurt Baum, Robert Merrill, and Frank Guarrera.

Hunter College Opera Association—Two one-act operas: Vaughan Williams' "Riders to the Sea" and Puccini's "Il Tabarro," sung in English. Staged by Rose Landver and with an orchestra conducted by William Tarrasch. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday through Saturday, March 28-30, at 8:15. For tickets, call BU 8-7211.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Heitor Villa-Lobos directing on Thursday, March 28, at 8:45, and Friday, March 29, at 2:30 (both with the Schola Cantorum and a chorus from the High School of Music and Art). . . . ¶ Franco Autori conducting on Saturday, March 30, at 8:45, and Sunday, March 31, at 2:30 (both with Clifford Curzon, piano). . . . ¶ Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting an all-Verdi program on Wednesday, April 3, at 8:45, for the benefit of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society's Pension Fund (with Renata Tebaldi, soprano). . . . ¶ Paul Paray conducting on Thursday, April 4, at 8:45, and Friday, April 5, at 2:30 (both with Witold Malcuzynski, *piano*); and Saturday, April 6, at 8:45 (with Zino Francescatti, violin).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting the final concert of the season here, with Alexander Brailowsky, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 2, at 8:30.)

Handel Concert—Alexander Schneider conducting a chamber orchestra, and acting as violin soloist, in the second in a series of three concerts presenting the Twelve Concerti Grossi, Opus No. 6, with Isidore Cohen, violin; Charles McCracken, cello; and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, March 31, at 3 and 9.)

City Symphony Orchestra—Franz Bibo conducting, with Joan Brockway, cello, and Renan De Camp, piano. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Sunday, March 31, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Helvetia Maennerchor—A Swiss male chorus, directed by Paul Isler. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 30, at 8:30.)

Renaissance Chorus of New York—Harold Brown directing a program of Renaissance and early baroque *a cappella* music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, March 30, at 8:40.)

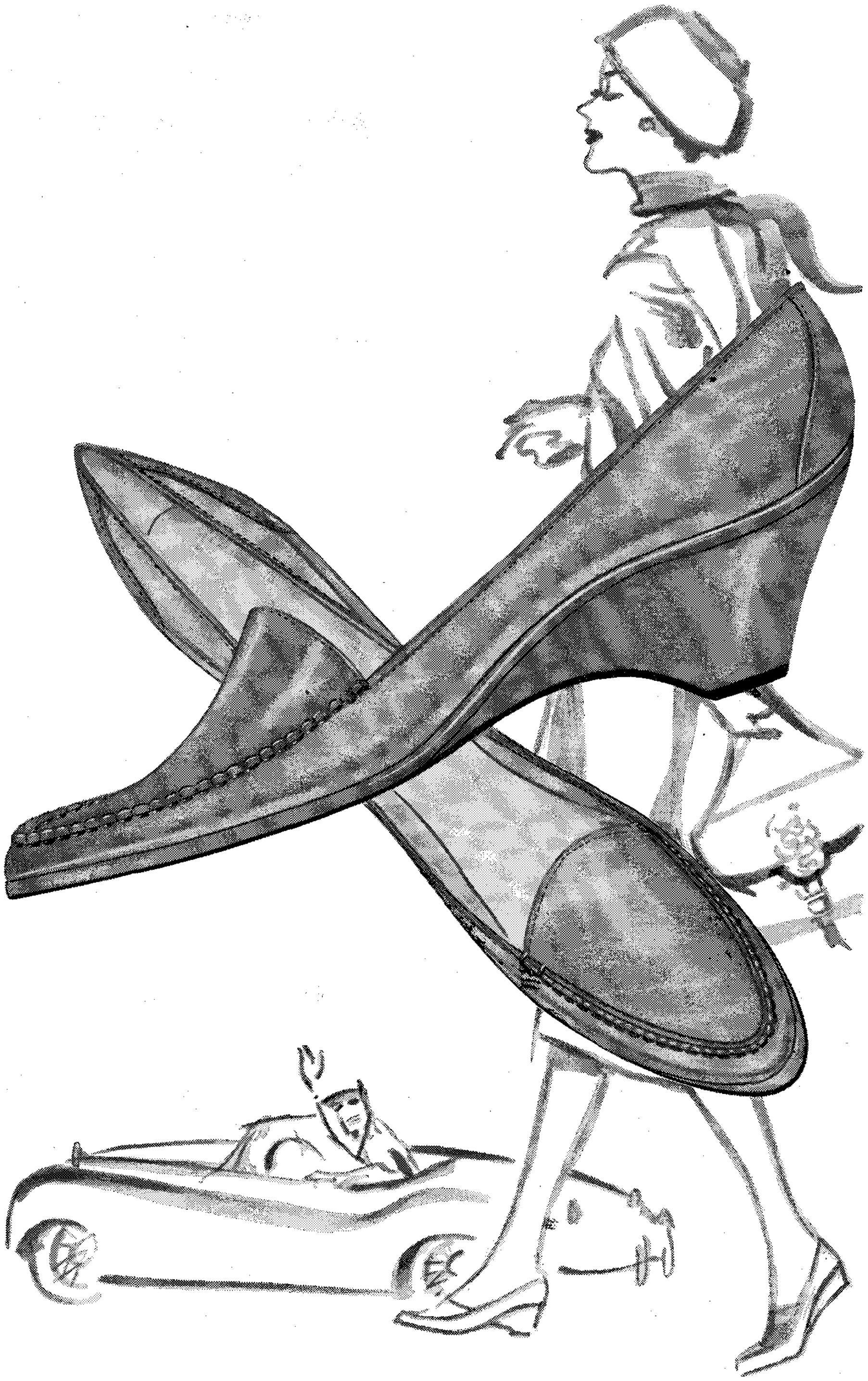
Oberlin College Choir—Robert Fountain directing. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 4, at 8:30.)

Columbia University Glee Club—Bailey Harvey directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 6, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Frederick Marvin—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, March 29, at 8:30.)

Smetana Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 29, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St.



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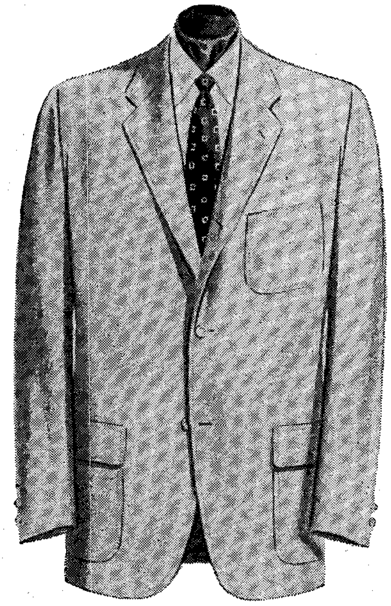

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday, March 30, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

NATHAN MILSTEIN—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 30, at 8:30.)

ETHEL COLT—Soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 31, at 2:30.)

MUSIC IN OUR TIME: 1900-57—The seventh in a series of eight concerts, each followed by a discussion period with several composers present. It will involve Max Pollikoff, violin; Julius Baker, flute; and composers A. W. Binder, Gordon Binkerd, Herbert Greene, and Lester Trimble. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, March 31, at 5:30.)

HENRI DEERING—Piano. (Town Hall. Monday, April 1, at 8:30.)

SIDOR BELARSKY—Bass. (Town Hall. Tuesday, April 2, at 8:30.)

QUARTETTO ITALIANO—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Wednesday, April 3, at 8:30.... ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, April 4, at 8:30, the last in a series of three concerts.... ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 6, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES—The Juilliard String Quartet, with Stanley Drucker, clarinet. The last in this season's series of concerts. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. SP 7-2000, Ext. 618. Friday, April 5, at 8:30.)

TWILIGHT CONCERTS—Margaret Hillis conducting a chamber group in the last in a series of three concerts, with Adele Addison, soprano, and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 6, at 5:30.)

MISCELLANY

BENEFIT CONCERT—The Liederkranz Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Angelo Consoli, and several choruses, directed by Alfred Heberer, with Laurel Hurley, soprano, and Gerhard Pechner, bass-baritone. A benefit for the Isabella Home for the Aged and four other charities. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 29, at 8:30.)

CALYPSO PROGRAMS—The Trinidad Steel Band. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 8:40 and at midnight.)

OPERAS-IN-BRIEF—"Il Trovatore," the third in a series of four abbreviated operas to be presented uptown by the Amato Opera Theatre. (Town Hall. Tuesday, April 2, at 5:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—Isaac Logart vs. Gil Turner, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 29. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

HOCKEY—Stanley Cup Playoffs: Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, March 28, at 8:30.)

HUNT RACING—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 6.)

INDOOR POLO—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

RACING—At **JAMAICA**: Weekdays at 1:15, from Monday, April 1, through Tuesday, May 28. The Paumonok Handicap, Monday, April 1, and the Swift, Saturday, April 6. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)... **BOWIE**, Md.: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, March 30. The John B. Campbell Memorial Handicap, Saturday, March 30.... **LAUREL**, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, April 1, through Saturday, May 4.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:30, from Monday, April 1, through Wednesday, July 31. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station; special train from Grand Central at 7:11.)

FOR CHILDREN

Variety Shows—"The Emperor's Nightingale," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus a clown, magicians, and other attractions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 30, at 3.) . . . ¶ Shari Lewis in a program of ventriloquism, music, and magic. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, April 6, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under four not admitted.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "The Story of the Moon," provides a closeup view of the earth's nearest neighbor, traces its history, and examines its present-day influences. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night, except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to around 4:30 daily.

Prose and Drama Readings—At the THEATRE DE LYS: A company of actors, headed by Peggy Wood, in a reading of George Bernard Shaw's "Candida." The last in a series of five programs presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA. (121 Christopher St. Thursday, March 28, at 2:30. For tickets, call PL 7-4133, Ext. 6.) . . . KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, Y.M.H.A.: Joseph Campbell reading from James Joyce's "Finnegans Wake." (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Tuesday, April 2, at 6:30.)

International Flower Show—The theme of this year's event will be "Gardens of Little Old New York," which will feature little old reproductions of early New York street scenes with Colonial houses and gardens. Among the other displays will be an English rose garden, a Japanese garden, and a suburban vegetable garden. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Sunday, March 31, from 2 to 10, and Monday through Saturday, April 1-6, from 10 to 10.)

New Fashions for the New Century—Fourteen gowns and street costumes and two dresses for children, all worn between 1900 and 1912 by residents of New York City, are on view. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York, City of Authors—An exhibit of books, portraits, and memorabilia of such literary figures as Washington Irving, Edgar Allan Poe, William Cullen Bryant, and James Fenimore Cooper; through July 31. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday through Saturday, March 28-30, at 1:45: Part I of the sale of items from the estate of Harriett P. Schermerhorn—French eighteenth-century furniture, paintings, and objects of art. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, April 2-3, at 1:45: First editions, Americana, and other material from the library of the late Harriett P. Schermerhorn.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A jolly, if protracted, tour of the globe, with Michael Todd as cruise director. Following the trail of the fantasy by Jules Verne, the film roams from continent to continent, picking up lots of funny stuff in transit. There is a tremendous cast, headed by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Baby Doll—Fun and games with some of the odd types who inhabit the backward areas of Mississippi. Written by Tennessee Williams, the picture was directed by Elia Kazan and has the splendid services of Carroll Baker, Karl Malden, Eli Wallach, and Mildred Dunnock. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530. . . . ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through April 2.)

Fear Strikes Out—Based on the biography of Jim Piersall, a baseball player attached to the Boston Red Sox, this film shows us that athletes are more complex in the head than they used to be when Ring Lardner was looking them over. There are a couple of fine performances by Anthony Perkins and Karl Malden. The former plays Piersall and the latter his father, who unstrings the lad by demanding that he be the damnedest big-leaguer in the record book. Fortunately, young Piersall gets back on the logical ball through the good work of a psychiatrist. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

Giant—A Texas-size view of Texas, which is apparently populated by a peculiar band of primitives in a permanent state of uproar. Adapted from the novel by Edna Ferber and directed by George Stevens, the movie goes on for some three and a half hours, leaving the cast, headed by Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor, and James Dean, looking winded at the finish. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through April 2, tentative. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through April 3, tentative.)

The Gold of Naples—The metaphorical metal in the title role is the resilient ability of Neapolitans to bounce back after spells of adversity, and it is displayed to great advantage in this Italian film, derived from the stories of Giuseppe Marotta and directed by Vittorio De Sica. The movie consists of four episodes, ranging in style from broad slapstick to poignant drama, and the cast, a laudable one in all respects, includes Sophia Loren, Totò, Silvana Mangano, Paolo Stoppa, Pasquale Cennamo, and Mr. De Sica himself. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Great Man—In this sardonic exploration of the past of a defunct broadcasting hero, José Ferrer is at the top of an estimable cast that includes Ed Wynn, Keenan Wynn, and Dean Jagger. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Lust for Life—A superb account of Vincent van Gogh's career, in which excellent use is made of the Master's paintings. Kirk Douglas is highly persuasive as van Gogh, and Anthony Quinn is a creditable Gauguin. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Rainmaker—Katharine Hepburn and Burt Lancaster in a rural romp concerned with a homely girl who is convinced by a fast-talking confidence man that she is really quite a belle. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; March 31-April 2, tentative.)

La Strada—An Italian film, directed by Federico Fellini, that tells the strange tale of a carnival strong man, a girl whom he has purchased from her mother to serve as his slavey, and a philosophic clown. Overlong but interesting. Anthony Quinn plays the strong man, Giulietta Masina the girl, and Richard Basehart the clown. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Tempest in the Flesh—Ostensibly a clinical look at the problem of nymphomania, but actually more successful as a melodrama. The cast, in which Françoise Arnoul and Raymond Pellegrin are prominent, cannot be faulted. In French. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Ten Commandments—What life might have been like in Old Testament times if Cecil Blount deMille had been around to expand and enliven things. A spectacular piece of work, as you might expect, which goes on for almost four hours. Included in the cast are Charlton Heston, who plays Moses; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who plays a Pharaoh; Yul Brynner, who plays the Pharaoh's son; and about a million other performers. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

We Are All Murderers—A French film that inveighs against capital punishment with telling effect and that gets a lot of melodramatic distance out of its polemics. Marcel Mouloudji, Raymond Pellegrin, Antoine Balpetre, and Julien Verdier, among others, help make the picture an absorbing affair. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 2, tentative.)

Wee Geordie—How a ninety-seven-pound weakling becomes one of the strongest men in Scotland and the best hammer thrower on earth. A pleasant British film in which Bill Travers, Alastair Sim, Norah Gorsen, and Paul Young perform happily against some beautiful Scottish scenery. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through April 2, tentative.)

REVIVALS

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 28.)

Cinderella (1950)—Disney's interpretation of the fairy tale. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

The Desperate Hours (1955)—Suspense, with Humphrey Bogart as a psychopathic criminal and Fredric March as a householder whose home is invaded by three escaped convicts. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; April 2-3.)

The Little World of Don Camillo (1953)—A hardboiled priest (Fernandel) frustrating the plans of a Communist mayor (Gino Cervi) in a small Italian town. Made in Italy, with French dialogue. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 2.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The English screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. With Wendy Hiller. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 29-April 1.)

Mutiny on the Bounty (1935)—Villainy at sea. Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; April 1-2. . . . ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; and Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; April 2.)

The Third Man (1950)—A melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Valli. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747; starting April 1.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The auditorium will be closed through April 3.

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Brave One," Michel Ray, Rodolfo Hoyos.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Men in War," Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"The True Story of Jesse James," Robert Wagner, Jeffrey Hunter.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through April 3: "The Tattered Dress," Jeff Chandler, Jeanne Crain.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Funny Face," Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
March 28: "3 Brave Men," Ray Milland, Ernest Borgnine.
From March 29: "Paris Does Strange Things," Ingrid Bergman, Mel Ferrer, Jean Marais.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

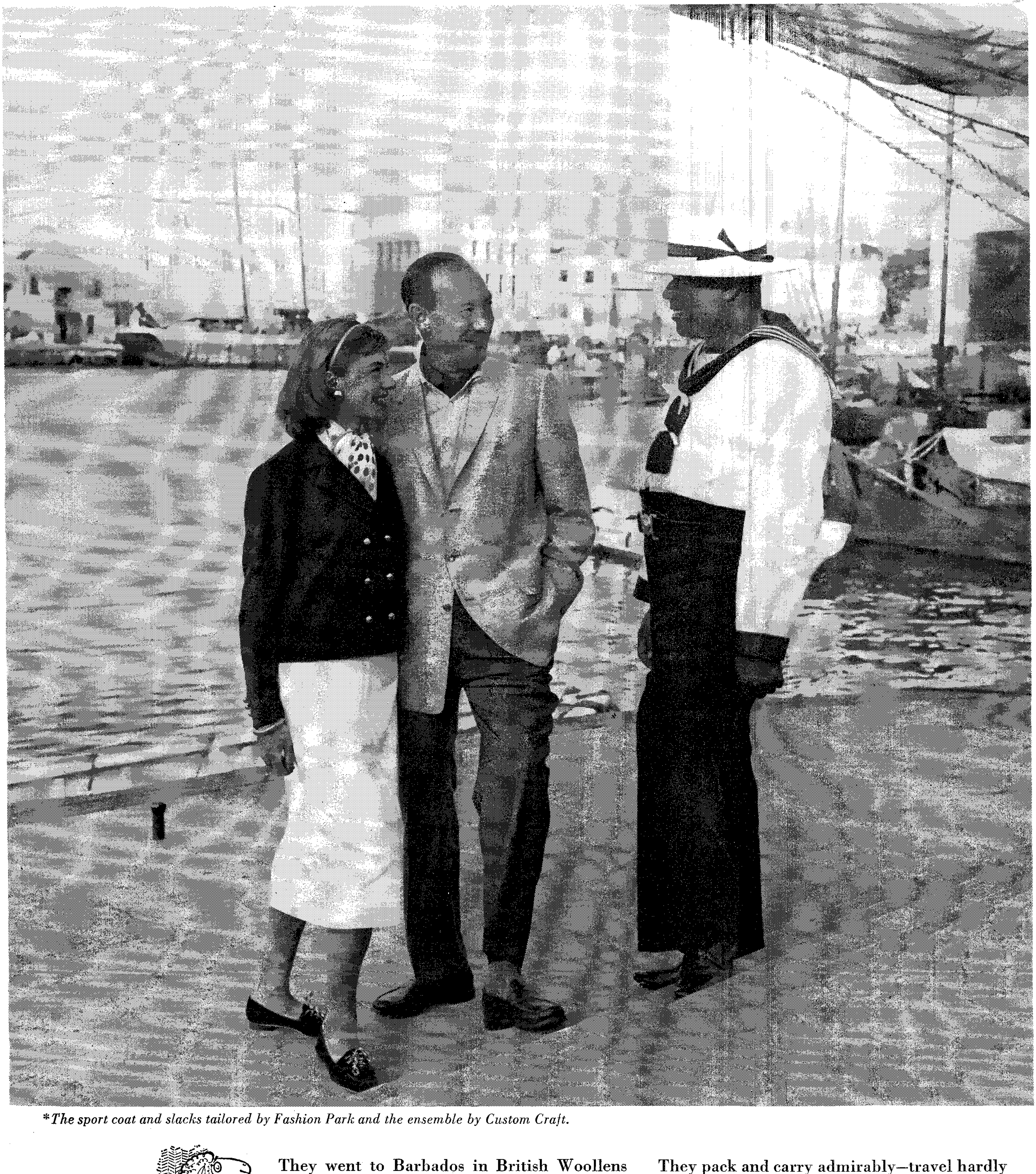
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison," Deborah Kerr, Robert Mitchum.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
FEAR STRIKES OUT.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Lost Continent," an Italian documentary film on Indonesia and Malaya, with an English narration; and "The Red Balloon," a French film without dialogue.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Fridays at 2:40 and 8:40, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through March 31: **TEMPEST IN THE FLESH** (in French).
From April 1: **THE THIRD MAN**, revival.



The sport coat and slacks tailored by Fashion Park and the ensemble by Custom Craft.

They went to Barbados in British Woollens and they're smart in more ways than one—*cool* as well as handsomely clad.

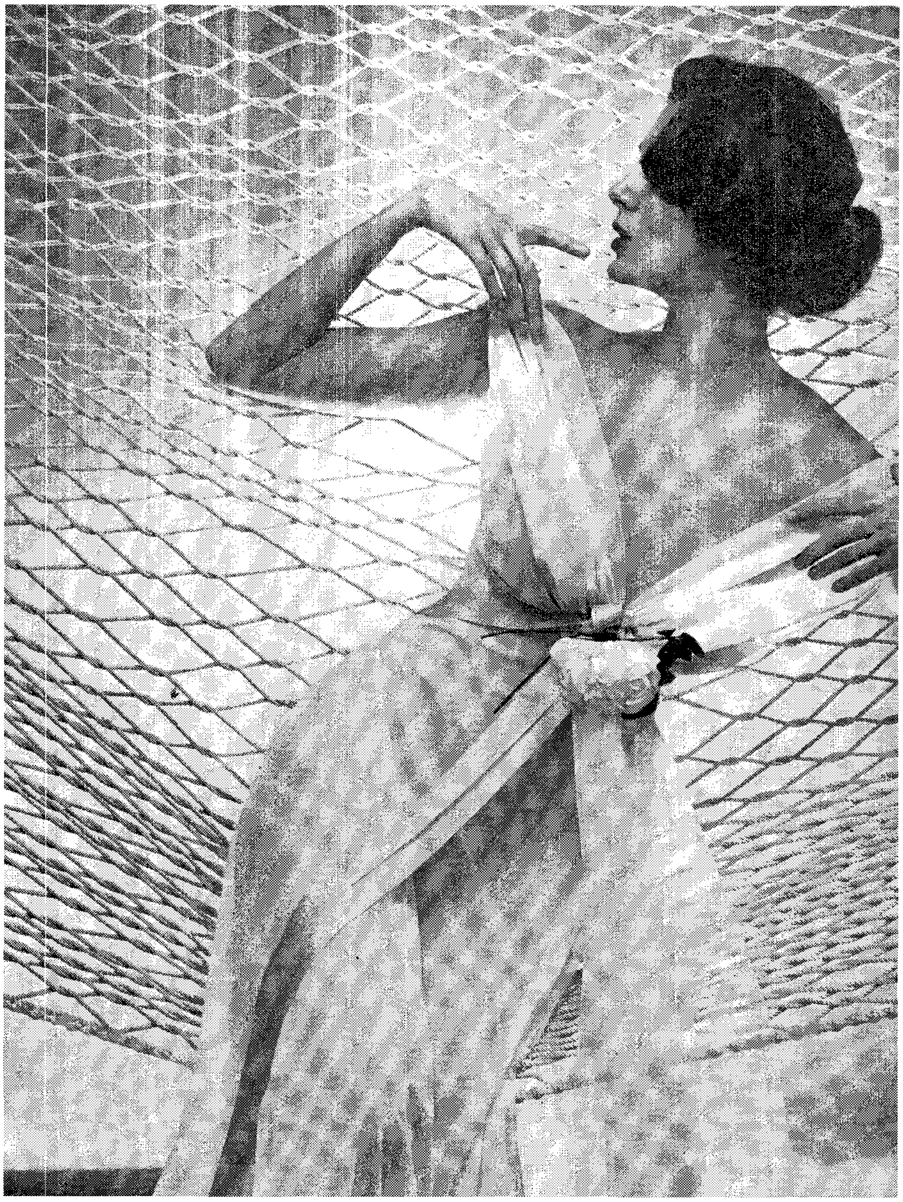
Cool because the total weight of the wool they're wearing—dress, jacket, slacks, coat—is a mere sprinkling of ounces. And all British Woollens are a debonaire lot.

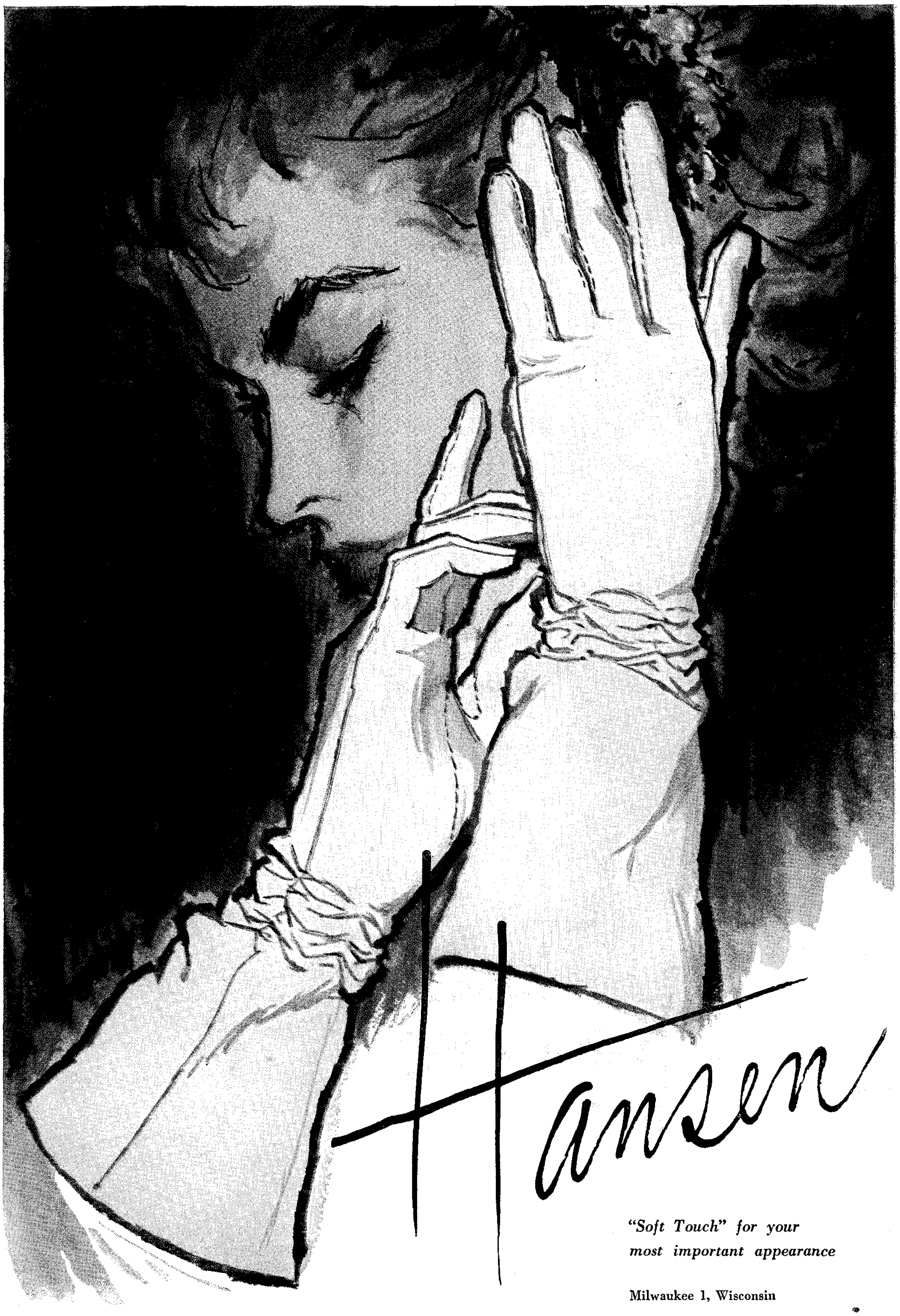
They pack and carry admirably—travel hardly ruffles their poise and press.

And the new thinweaves have changed all the rules of wool-wearing: now you can be well dressed *the year round* in British Woollens—as cool in the warmest months as you are cozy in the coldest. And look your best always.

Guests of the Coral Reef Club photographed at Barbados along the route of British West Indian Airways. The gentleman is wearing a Fashion Park sport coat of a luxurious wool and silk blend from Scotland...lustrous, distinctive and very comfortable. Of course, the gentleman's slacks too are fine British Woollens.

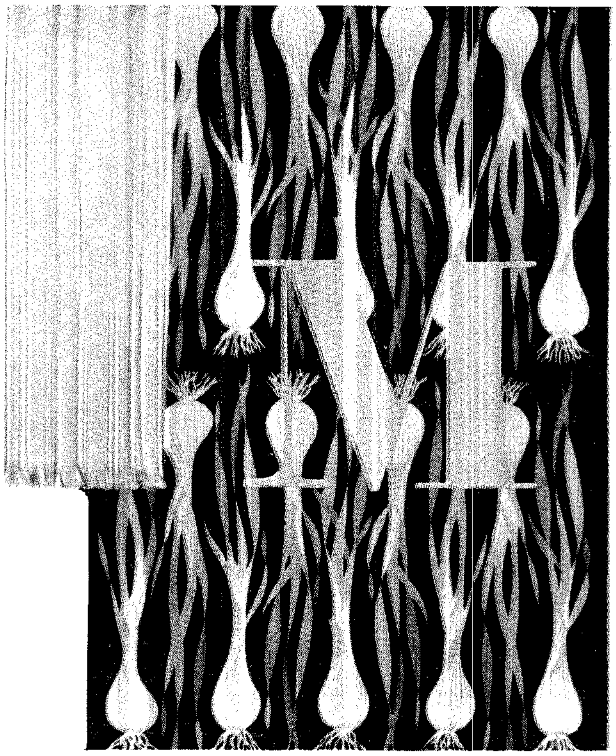
BRITISH WOOLLENS ***Fabrics Forever in Fashion*** **Six East 45th Street, New York 17, N. Y.**





"Soft Touch" for your
most important appearance

Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin



MARTEX

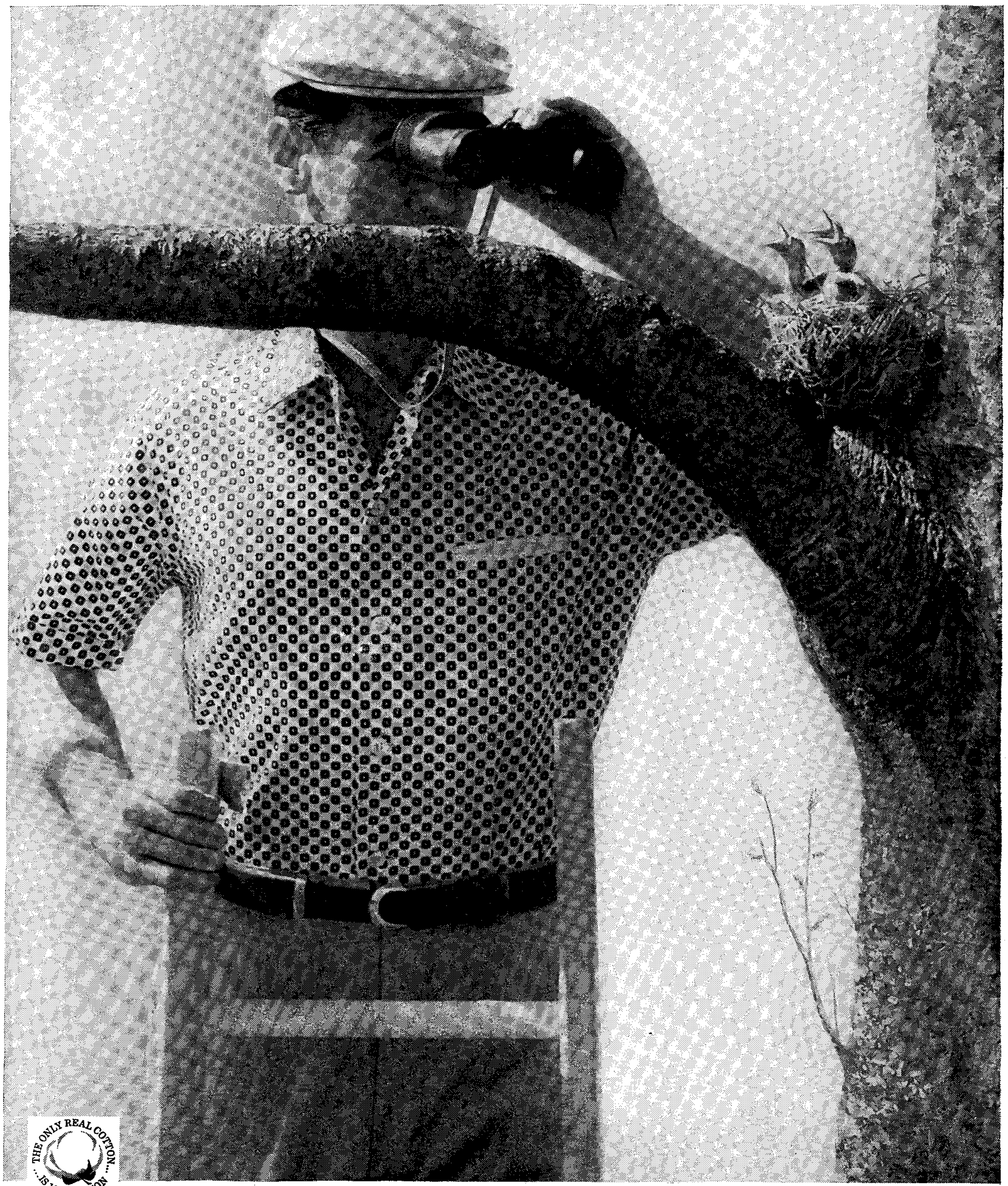
Kitchen Garden Prints Yours for the picking—a full-grown garden sprouting out this spring in the brightest and hardiest variety of dish towels. They're the very latest crop of famous Martex Dry-Me-Drys® (a unique and super-thirsty blending of cotton, rayon and linen). Always in season for shower or hostess gifts, you can mix them to taste with coordinated stripes and checks as shown. Amply sized at 20" x 30" they make up into smart place mats, cafe curtains and aprons. For store names, write Martex, 65 Worth Street, N. Y. 13.

DE EVIA

WEST POINT TEXTILES
WEST POINT MANUFACTURING CO

Asks no favors, cotton — but gives plenty. Takes the sun in its stride without fading or wilting. Beams brightly after repeated tubbings. Yet provides man with his smartest attire. Offered in such varied weaves, patterns, colors and styles, they would excite the most jaded Beau Brummel. A conspicuous example is this **Excello** shirt in an **Everfast** fabric of Supima cotton—soft, lustrous and silky beyond belief. At fine stores across the nation.

cotton
grows better every day



THE ONLY REAL COTTON... IS 100% COTTON

National Cotton Council, Memphis—New York

B. Altman & Co.

Airborne separates
of billowy cotton chiffon
in a paradoxically bold black
and white check. Sizes
10 to 16. The skirt, 18.95
blouse and camisole, 12.95
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

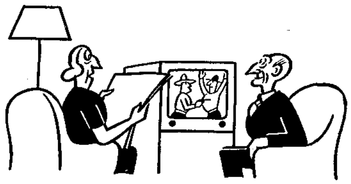
AN energetic lady of our acquaintance, who does a tremendous amount of walking around town on various errands and pretexts, got to wondering just how much ground she was covering in a week or month. She tried to buy a pedometer in one likely store after another, and reports to us that, as far as she could discover, not one was to be found in this great city. "New Haven used to make them," an Abercrombie & Fitch salesman told her cryptically, "but they're undergoing a reorganization." Well, here's a chance for some young man with a little capital and a little know-how to put them to creative use. The old-fashioned sport of walking is coming back: traffic conditions favor it; dangerously overweight men in all five boroughs have been advised by their physicians to walk x miles a day, and would like to make sure they're not walking $x-1$ or $x+1$; ladies, like our friend, walk to beat the band, to window-shop in a city of increasingly interesting store windows and to keep their figures trim; *everybody* is strolling around, gaping at the glittering new buildings that are going up on all sides. Start a pedometer factory, somebody; perform a public service and fill a vacuum, which Nature and Industry alike abhor.

Old Grad

SPRY octogenarians indeed! This week, we give you Major General Henry C. Hodges, Jr. (Ret.), who will be ninety-seven next month, and who, when we called on him last Saturday, greeted us with a firm step and a firm handshake, looking chipper as a chipmunk. We visited the General at his house, in the Shippan Point section of Stamford, where he lives with a daughter, Evelyn, and learned that he is the oldest living graduate of West Point and the only West Pointer ever to have returned to the Academy for a seventy-fifth reunion—last June. "Not exactly a reunion, as I have been the last surviving member of the class of 1881 for five years," he said. "I was born in Fort Vancouver, in Washington Territory—now the State of Washington—where my father was on frontier service with the Fourth Infantry. I left there as a baby, when Father was assigned to the Quartermaster Department in New York. As I grew up, I attended schools in Philadelphia and New Orleans, and a boarding school in Sing Sing, now known as Ossining. Although Father was an 1851 West Point graduate and spent his entire active life in the Army, ending up as a brigadier general, it was rather against his advice that I went to West Point. He was of the opinion that no pecuniary reward would ensue, and he was right."

The General said he had never regretted his career for a moment. It took him first to Texas, to a post near San Antonio; then to Colorado; then back to West Point, as a math instructor. "There, just after the blizzard of 1888, I helped with the arrangements for a show that Henry Irving and Ellen Terry gave for the cadets," he said. "I was in charge of everything behind the curtain. I arranged for the workmen to get beer." Another teaching post followed—military science, at what is now the University of New Hampshire—and then tours of duty at Fort Crook, Nebraska; the Philippines; Boston (recruiting quartermaster); Newport (constructing quartermaster); and Alaska, with the 22nd Infantry. The General was now (1905) a major, and in 1914, while attached to the General Staff in Washington as secretary, he became a colonel. In 1917, in Hawaii, he was made a general officer. "A little later, I was made a major general," he said. "I was the right *age* to become a major general. After a tour in San Francisco, I assumed command of a National Guard division—the Thirty-ninth—in Alexandria, Louisiana, and in July, 1918, took it to France as a replacement division."

General Hodges, who has been twice widowed, retired in 1921 and went to live in Noroton with his second wife. She died in 1949, and he has since made his home with Evelyn, who commutes to New York every weekday to work on the National Board of the Y.W.C.A. He has two other children—a married daughter in Bryn Mawr, and a son, Parke, who is a mining engineer in New York. Miss Hodges joined us during our talk, with some tea and sandwiches, and said that her father does a lot of errands for the household in Stamford, going in and out by bus. "His eyes are poor, but he can follow television, and I read the paper to him in the evening," she said. "My hearing is unimpaired," the General said. "I see through my ears. I have one drink a day. My appetite is fine. I attend the monthly lunches of the West Point Society of New York, at Leone's and other restaurants. I sleep perfectly. I have no recipe for longevity. I think I have not lived a life different from anyone else's. My father lived to be eighty-six. My maternal grandfather, George Abernethy, was the first Governor of Oregon. I've never smoked, except when dealing with Indians in early days on the frontier. You *have* to smoke when you deal with Indians, but it doesn't have to be a pipe; a cigarette will do just as well."



We rose to go, and the General got up briskly and showed us to the door. "All this atomic business is horrible," he said, "but all the changes that have been made in the armed forces to adapt to it have been good."

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GASTRO-INTESTINAL INTELLIGENCE: The New Chateau Kosher Burgerette is now at your service, on University Place, in Greenwich Village.

In Mexico City, the Super Mercados market is featuring an ice cream called Yom-Yom.

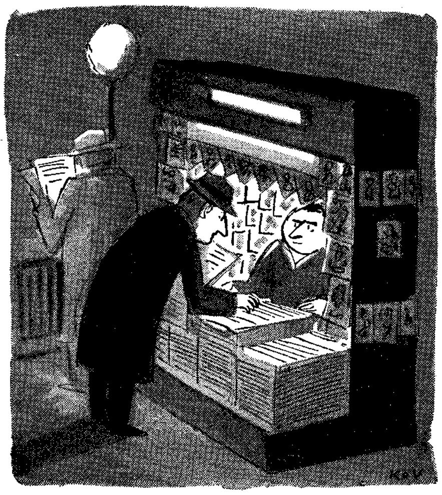
Krasdale Foods, of this city, is offering Semi-All Green Asparagus Spears, Mammoth Large.

Laos

ONE of the latest countries to join the United Nations is Laos, which describes itself as an independent constitutional monarchy within the French Union. It is bordered by Siam, Burma, China, Vietnam, and Cambodia, and has an area of ninety-one thousand square miles and a population of just over a million, including about eight hundred and fifty Europeans, mostly French. Mountainous and heavily forested, with no railroads and few hard-surfaced highways, Laos might have been expected to have difficulty keeping in touch with itself, to say nothing of the outside world; the fact is it has been clever enough in communicating its wants to receive more aid per capita from the United States than any other country has ever received. Why have we been so generous? Chiefly because we're anxious to prevent Laos from drifting into the Communist orbit. To this end, under the terms of the Geneva Armistice Agreement on Indo-China, we have provided the wherewithal to train and equip the Laotian Army. Actually, the Laotians aren't very keen on warfare. As Buddhists of the Little Vehicle, they don't believe in killing anything, even a fly.

The Laotians are unambitious as well as pacific. They farm and they fish and they export a little teak, benzoin, and opium. There are practically no rich people in Laos; there are only various degrees of poor ones. The young take care of the old and sick, and for amusement all ages sing, dance, and play cards. The favorite card game is Phay-Tong, which requires a hundred and twenty cards. Song recitals sometimes last for twelve hours, and such is the power of Laotian music that a Frenchman once said it made him forget "all the earth, everyone I loved, and, indeed, myself." Nearly everyone in Laos smokes cigarettes, chews betel nut, and admires crocodiles. The main crop is rice, the staple food is a spiced bread made of rice, and the favorite drink is a rice wine called *lao*, which connoisseurs have compared favorably to fire. Alcohol is drunk only on holidays, but luckily there are plenty of holidays. Of the two seasons in Laos, one is dry and warm, the other wet and hot. The Laotians reckon time in *gnams;* a *gnam* is equivalent to an hour and a half, and they don't bother much about minutes and seconds. There's a Laotian proverb that goes "At the end of three days change your house; at the end of three years change your village." That is more easily done in Laos than it would be here, since Laotian houses are flimsy affairs of bamboo and a whole village can be razed and reconstructed in a few days' time. The houses are set on piles six or seven feet high, and cattle are penned at night in the open space under the floor. Laotians feel surrounded by spirits, which they assume to be the souls of their ancestors. Misfortunes are attributed to evil spirits, which are the souls of ancestors who have died in some abnormal fashion and are still pretty sore about it. Buddhist priests have been trying to dispel the belief in spirits for six hundred years now, without success.

The early history of Laos is mainly one of invasions by Javanese, Tibetan, Indian, and Mongol warriors. The Cambodians and Siamese simultaneously ruled most of Laos from the eleventh to the fourteenth century. Then Sam Sen Tai, ruler of the city of Luang Prabang, restored Laotian autonomy and founded the Kingdom of the Million Elephants and the White Parasol, a name that Laos still answers to. Luang Prabang remains the royal city of Laos, but Vientiane is the political and economic capital. The first Europeans to reach Vientiane, toward the middle of the seventeenth century, admired it extravagantly. The Siamese ruled Laos throughout much of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and in 1893 it became a French protectorate. The present monarchy was established in 1947. The Laotian Royal Family has been ruling, on and off, since the fourteenth century and is therefore second in age only to the Japanese Royal Family, which has been going strong since at least 300 A.D. The present King, Sisavang Vong, is seventy-one, and has about fifteen wives and an ample supply of descendants. In Laos, if a wife takes a lover and is discovered, on the first occasion the lover is punished; on the second occasion the wife is punished; and on the third occasion the husband is punished.



Rainbow's End

NOT long ago, a couple we know rented a house in White Plains that had been suddenly vacated. Our friends, finding the house most attractive, kept wondering why their predecessors had left the place. Then, one day last week, while cleaning out a little-used closet in the basement, they came across an index card taped to the inside of the closet door. The card bore these instructions:

White Plains to Geo. Wash. Bridge to N. J. Turnpike.
Turn off on Hwy. #22.
Take #22 to Penn. Turnpike.
Before you reach Pittsburgh take exit on Hwy. #31 to Washington, Pa., which is on Hwy. #40.
Take #40 to Zanesville, Ohio.
Take #22 out of Zanesville to Cincinnati.
Take #42 out of Cincinnati to Louisville.
Continue to Ft. Knox.

Brainstorm

HEREWITH the latest thrilling installment of the adventures of Ted Worner, the unflagging Broadway press agent we bump into every now and then:

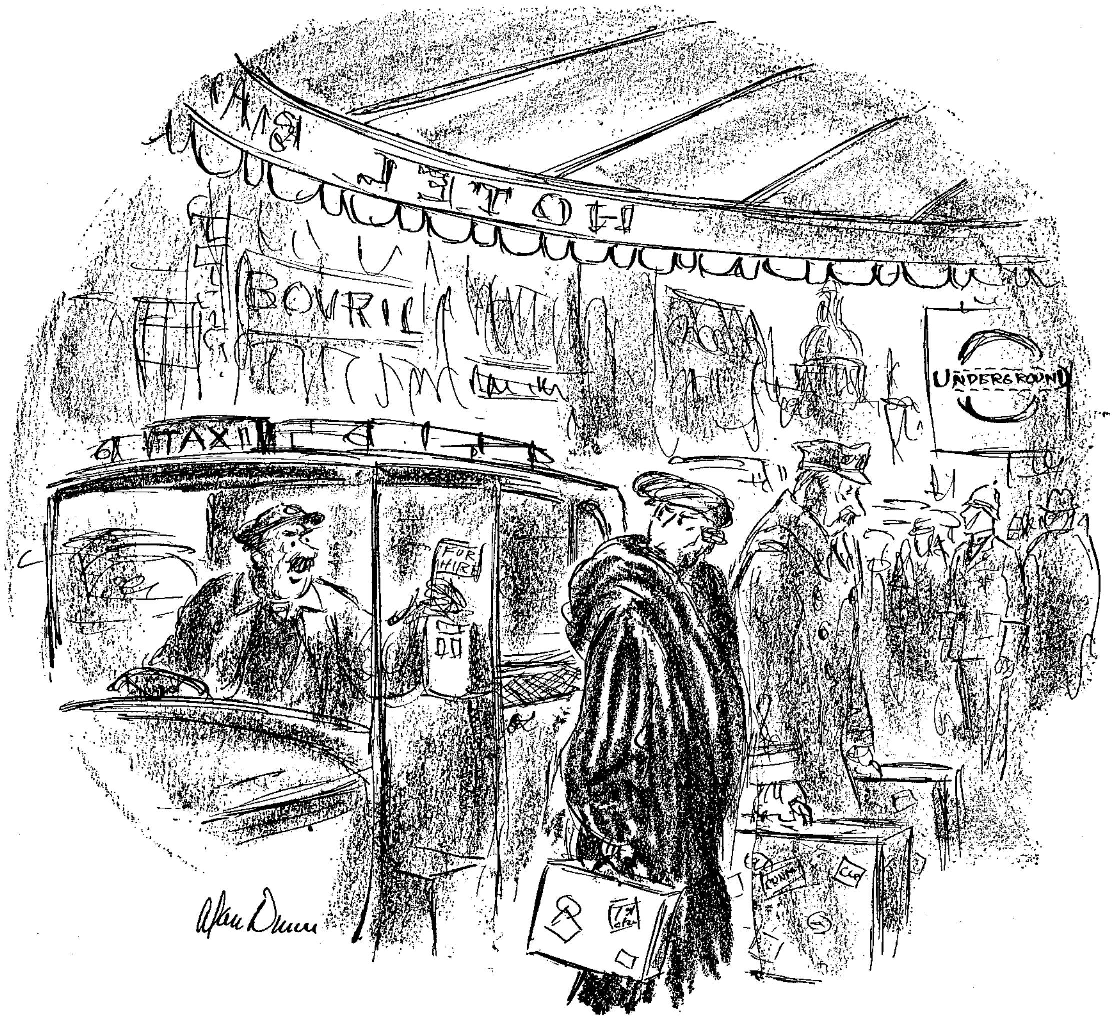
"I'm a clean-living fellow, as you know. I don't drink. I only smoke cigars. I go to Florida. I go to California. I have this twenty-three-foot cabin cruiser that sleeps four, with sixty horsepower, a mahogany interior, and a very beautiful anchorage off Rye. I've felt close to the water ever since I was a child, in Yonkers. Anyway, you know about these national weeks and months—Better Breakfast Month, Can Opener Week, whatever? Well, I have this client, Woolite, that I've had for two years. Woolite was conceived when my good friend Harvey

Hewitt, its president, heard his wife complain that her forty-dollar cashmere sweater had shrank. Shrunk. You know what causes shrinkage? Hot water. Harvey hired a plant in California, behind a pizza emporium, and began to mix a cold-water soap. The fumes disgusted the pizza patrons, but he came up with Woolite. The thing caught on like woolfire, I mean wildfire. And we now have twenty-eight competitors. I've been promoting it until recently by sending a live sheep around the country, with a very beautiful actress attached to it by a leash. But when you have a product like a soap, you have to keep coming up with a new angle.

"Early last summer—oh, you got to plan ahead in this business!—I had a brainstorm. Why not a big spring promotion, lasting maybe a week or so, to get everyone to wash their wool garments in Woolite before mothproofing and summer storage? So I rushed my assistant to Washington to see the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, no less, and in July we got the word. We were in! The Chamber of Commerce's catalogue of special days, weeks, and months for 1957 lists us right next to Mother's Day. 'Mothproofing Month, National,' it says. 'May 1-31. Sponsor: Woolite Co., care of Ted Worner and Associates. Purpose: To acquaint the public with the most practical and effective methods of preventing damage to clothing.' A whole month! And mothers only get a day!

"Well, you can understand how elated I felt. I called the Woolite brass on the Coast to break the news, and to my surprise they reacted with something less than wild enthusiasm, and said I'd hear from them. Then I got a letter from Harvey Hewitt. Listen to this: 'Regarding National Mothproofing Month, the consensus of opinion out here is that it is quite a good idea but, unfortunately, not for us. While it is true that we sell Woolite as the perfect pre-mothproofing cleanser, we feel that such an ambitious undertaking should be confined to the mothproofing industry. We therefore would not be interested in promoting it as such.' You know what he wants me to promote for them instead? A new girdle wash!

"Well, what do I do now? The logical thing would be to try to make a tie-in with a mothproofing outfit. I understand there's one big company that makes the largest part of the mothproofing products on the market, but they do their own promotion. Still, I can't back out. National Mothproofing Month is registered in Washington in my name, and I have to save face. I got to have it properly celebrated by *somebody*. Already the requests are beginning to come in for material—from the Bureau of Advertising of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, from the National Research Bureau, from the Golden Empire Broadcasting Company, from a free-lance writer in Falls City, Nebraska. I can't let them down. I'll have to study up on my mothology, Woolite or no Woolite. I'll dig in and turn out a lot of public-service material—at my own expense, if necessary. It'll probably cost me three or four thousand dollars, which would have been enough, with my old boat, to get a very beautiful twenty-nine-foot cruiser that sleeps six I've been looking at—double-planked, with twin engines—but I feel it's my duty now to disseminate mothproofing information, and, by God, I'll do it! I'm going to get Woolite in there despite themselves, what's more! I'll prove to Harvey Hewitt he should have got behind this!"



"It isn't anti-Americanism, lady. I talk that way to everybody."

Basic Vocabulary

A First-Grade teacher in a local public school was faced with a problem recently when a six-year-old Swedish boy, unacquainted with the English language, was admitted to her class. Her difficulties have been at least partly overcome thanks to the resourceful mother of a fellow-student, who gave the teacher a list of words and phrases calculated to handle the situation—the list consisting, in its entirety, of the Swedish for "Please," "Thank you," "Yes," "No," "Smile," "Sit down," "Tell your mother to come to school,” “That’s not nice,” and “Stop pulling her hair.”

Old and Precious

UP at the Thirteenth Annual National Antiques Show, held in the not undingy basement of Madison Square Garden, we saw more old and precious things than you could shake a stick at. For that matter, a person shaking a stick in among all those Staffordshire inkwells, Baccarat chandeliers, hurricane lamps, crystal *bobêches*, Japanese *netsukes*, *doré* bronze candelabra, Zuñi necklaces, Bohemian tankards, vellum music sheets, bisque clocks, Basque jugs, and specimens of dragware, creamware, queen’s ware, stoneware, pearlware, and colored, cut, blown, pressed, and authentic milk glass would doubtless be removed from the premises—quite properly, too. All the booths—and they were legion—were numbered. We paused by F-15, distinguished by a huge green metal cow, a hideous brittle pillar about the size of an umbrella stand, and an 1807 sampler upon which a childish artisan had inscribed, “May I with equal art engrave each gentle Virtue on my heart and as Life wears away may I grow wiser and better each Day. The Ways of Wisdom are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace.” Anxious to set off on the pleasant ways of wisdom, we asked F-15’s proprietor, a tall, elegantly turned-out gentleman, what the cow was. “A weather vane,” he said, in a who-doesn’t-know-that tone.

“It looks heavy for the purpose,” we said.

“On the contrary, it’s light. It’s hollow,” he said, and rapped the creature’s resounding flank, then punched its head. “They always weighted the head, for balance, so it would turn.”

“Oh. And that?” We indicated the umbrella stand.

“Hungarian. Made in Budapest. Eighteenth-century.”

“Uh, what does it do?” we asked.

“Do? It doesn’t do, it *is*,” he replied. “It’s a pedestal. Something stood on it. Now, *that* is a stein.” He pointed at a ponderous mug decorated with drunken trolls doing the Germanic version of the light fantastic in the rude confines of a presumed tavern, and waved us off.

Over at G-5, there was an ashtray shaped like a pig and, nearby, a woman shaped like a quail. We asked what all the nestlike bowls were, with their lids in the form of brooding hens. “Staffordshire hens,” the owner said, addressing us and the quail. “To hold candies.” We peeked into one and found it empty. Then, our tactile sense aroused, we lifted a large, beautifully realized apple-wood frog. “Lovely to look at / A pleasure to hold / But should you break it / Then it’s sold,” a sign admonished. We returned the artificial amphibian to its lily pad and studied a *fin-de-siècle* painting of a child with elevated eyeballs. The nineteenth century, to judge by the relics recovered from its ruins, had a much keener *Innigkeit* toward animals than toward human beings. The innocence of the child’s face was so vacuous, so total, that it gave us a queer, embarrassing impression of nudity. In fact (forgive us if we sermonize), the Victorian era was, in its sly way, appallingly naked. Gladstone’s minions made lamp bases out of the bodies of young marble girls and covered footstools with cloth the pink of painted skin. Even the vases—florid, nippled, with insinuating concavities—are scarcely fit for twentieth-century eyes. Seeking chastity, we turned to the consoling Puritanism of a whalebone swift, which expanded precisely at a touch.

The Carlebach Gallery had established a display of Burmese, Chinese, French, and Hindu chess sets. Rooks were, variously, pagodas, castles, and howdah-heavy elephants. My Sister and I, Stein Specialists, had assembled vessels of wood, china, silver, brass, and opaline, in the shapes of skulls, roosters, monkeys, monks, Bismarck, nuns, foxes, George Washington, slaves, fops, Churchill, and a woman’s bare legs. In one nook were some old maps of the American Northeast, with strange nations like Pensylvania, Nova Jersey, Nova York, and Pars Aouanushionigy squeezed in between the Atlantic and Lake Ontario. In another, the Sons of the American Revolution had arranged George Washington’s sugar-loaf crusher, bleeding knives, fob seal, telescope, dress sword, sextant, and shoe-measuring scale for our edification, along with Martha Washington’s lace needle and formal slippers. She had tiny feet. Speaking of feet, there was the Joseph Burger collection of footwear, which proved that the poorer the wearer, the more sensible the shoe. The Mexican peasant’s leather sandals, the Chinese coolie’s “bird’s-nest” boots, and the Norwegian yeoman’s woven shoes set a norm of comfort and simplicity from which sophistication could only depart, tweaking the toes upward (Turkey and Syria), adding square flaps to the front (Bohemia), piling on width (dunderbludgeons, popular under Henry VIII), adding height (Japanese clogs), and, in a frenzy of civilization, withering the foot itself into a pitiful flipper that could fit into a five-inch envelope of flowered cloth (China).

Our own feet began to ache. We hastily glanced at a Bible owned, each in his time, by Charles I and Benjamin Franklin; at aboriginal vacuum cleaners, their sucking action created by metal pumps (1905), scissor bel-

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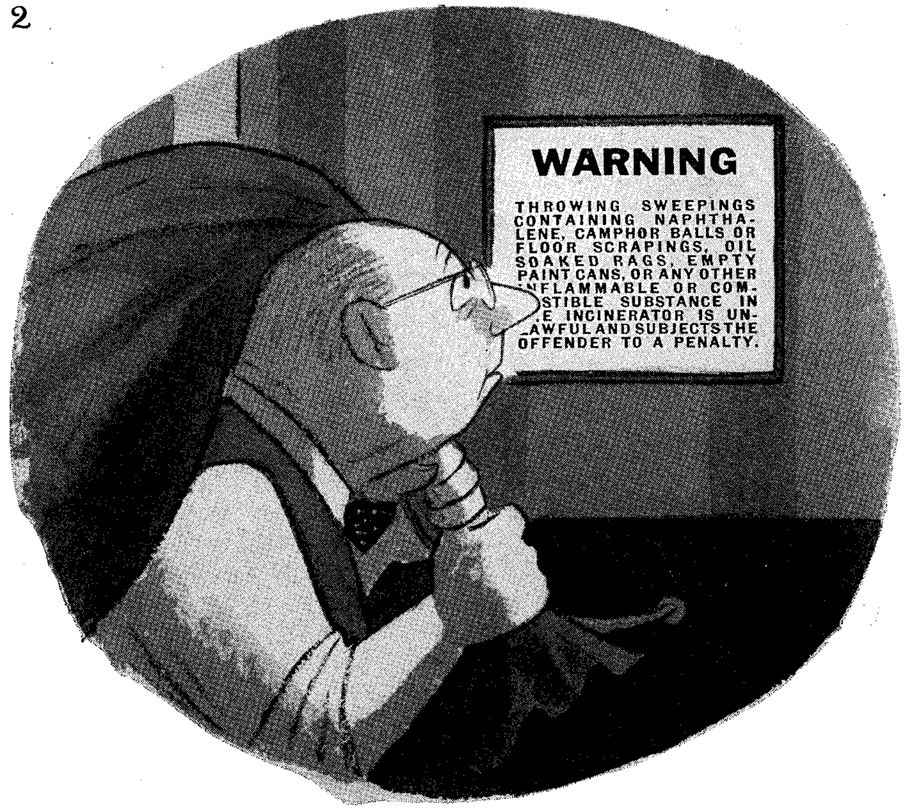

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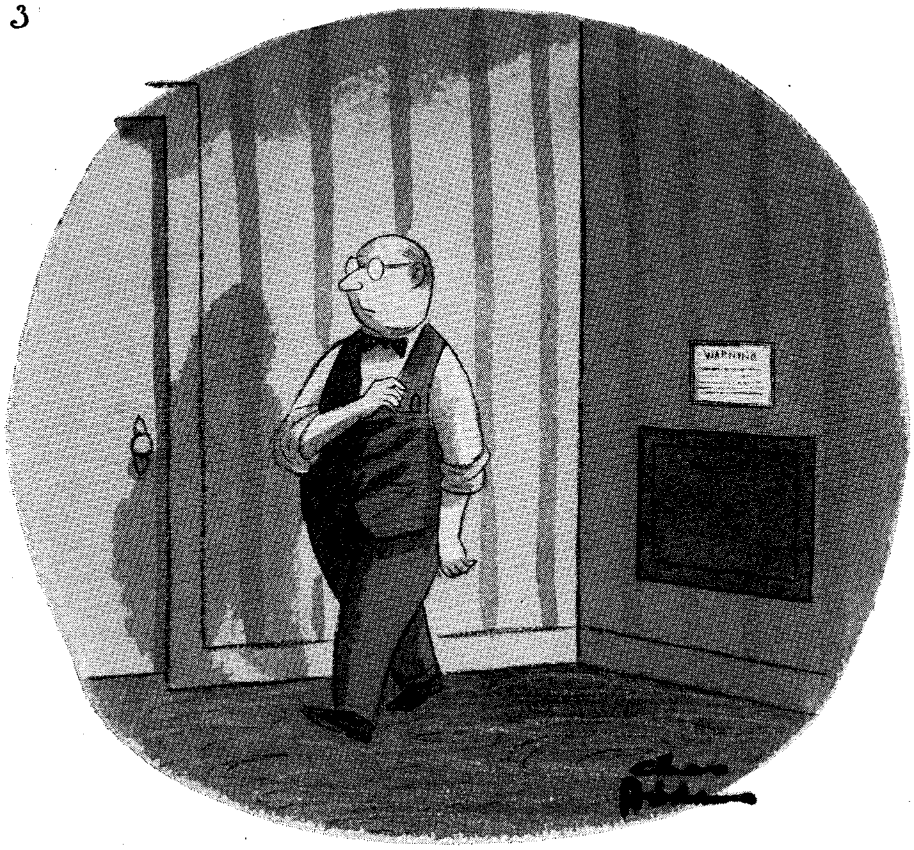


lows (1907), and accordion bellows (1911); and at the American Museum of Photography's array of stereoscopes, crystallotypes, graphascopes, daguerreotypes, melainotypes, ambrotypes, and ferrotypes. On the way out, we experimentally opened a fancy toothpick holder, and inside there was a miniature buttonhook for a baby's shoes. It would have made anyone weep.

Breakdown

We stopped in at the Biltmore Bar the other evening, before facing some sort of blowout at the Yale Club, and found ourself not only cheek by jowl but also in conversation with a lank, morose, articulate gentleman whose pale-blue eyes had the rheum of experience and whose long nose was veined with wine or age. After surveying the chattering crowd of commuters—most of whom were discussing the gaseous problems of Madison Avenue while keeping a wary eye on the bar's clock—the gentleman advised us that he lives at the Great Northern Hotel, on West Fifty-seventh Street, and comes to the Biltmore only to study the commuters headed for communities to the north. "From your relaxation at this bar and your lack of interest in the clock, I have come to the conclusion that you are not one of this swarm of suburban lemmings," he observed. "It is altogether possible that my notes on their habits have been flawed by the fact that when they come downhill in the morning—early, I should gather from the conversations I overhear in the evening—they disperse, because this bar isn't open. But in the evening you'll get most of them here, and I have determined that, what with getting home, roughly, at seven-thirty, and arising at seven-thirty, they spend, on an average, four hours a day with their families, Mondays through Fridays. I base this on their having eight hours' sleep. If we are then to presume that their weekends are free—a very bold presumption, since I have deduced that many of their weekend hours are spent on golf courses, talking business—we might fairly estimate, I think, if we are to grant them eight hours' sleep a night over the weekend, that they spend with their families forty-eight hours a week, out of one hundred and sixty-eight. But they talk endlessly of their cocktail parties over the weekend—to which, I assume, their children are not invited—and by tossing in, let us say, eight hours for these alcoholic sessions we boil their home life down to forty hours. In this time, they must woo their wives, instruct their children, plant their gardens, and participate in the affairs of their communities. Is this time enough?" We said we didn't think so. "Nonsense," said our monologist. "It is more than enough. It leaves the future of the country in the hands of their wives, whom I don't know but trust more. Someday I must do a study of *them*." As the bar cleared after the final rush for trains by all but the hopelessly disabled, he remarked, "At this hour, I am frequently tempted to join them in their haste. But I don't. I stand here and watch them go."

LITTLE WILLIE

Denise was eight when she first heard about Little Willie. Her brother Dick had taken a photograph of her with the box camera he had been given for his birthday. She showed the picture—a small streak of a face, a darker streak that was the dog in her arms, a reeling blur of garden behind—to her Uncle Basil. He was one of those courtesy-titular uncles of childhood, a great intimate of the house. He gave the snapshot the serious attention of his pince-nez and a considering mouth, and said, begging a favor in the manner of one who knows his privileged place, "May I have it?"

"Uncle Basil's going to have my picture!" the child shouted to Dick in the next room.

"So what?" came back the jealous voice.

Denise went and stood behind Uncle Basil's chair, and looked at her photograph with that concentration that only women give to themselves. When her mother came into the room, the child said, suddenly shy with pleasure and triumph, "Uncle Basil wants to take my picture to keep."

He put the photograph down on the table beside him, took off his glasses, put them on again, twitching them into position on his nose, and then propped the picture against an ashtray. "The only thing is," he said, "I know who'll never be satisfied until he's got it away from me."

"Who?" asked the child, wary but not yet curious.

"Ah, Denise!" said Uncle Basil, as he might have said, "Ah, Cleopatra!" or "Ah, Delilah!"

In a rush, curiosity came over her and put her into a pleading frenzy. "Who? But who? Oh, please, please, tell me who will take it!"

"Little Willie," said the man, as if she should have known it all the time.

"*Who?*" She screwed up her face into an urgent snarl of incomprehension.

"Little Willie, of course."

"Who's Little Willie?" she asked scornfully.

He drew her to his knee. "My dear Denny, you must know Little Willie."

"But who is he? Where did I see him? How does he know me?"

"He knows you," said Uncle Basil. "He never talks about anything else *but* you."

She was silent for a moment. Then she said, "Is that his real name?"

"That's the only one he's told me."

"Is he grown up?" she asked quickly. "Is he big or is he a child?"

Uncle Basil looked over her head, as if measuring.

"In between," he said.

She nodded in understanding. "Where does he live?" she asked.

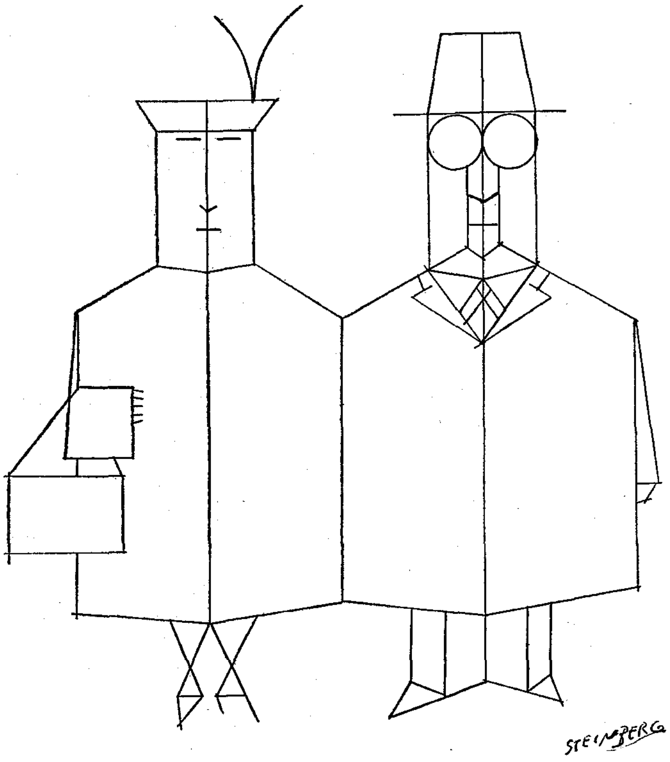
Uncle Basil looked her straight in the eyes. "In Railway Avenue," he said, and raised his eyebrows in a small movement of confession.

Denise abruptly slid off his knee and stood between his spread legs. "He doesn't!" she said.

The man nodded his head slowly.

In the gold-mining Transvaal town where Denise's father was town clerk, the railway gangmen were poor white Afrikaners. With their families, they lived in one mean street of corrugated-iron cottages, between the station and the black dump of a disused coal mine—Railway Avenue. The name of the street was not only the local synonym for poverty but an epithet for all standards that fell below those of the town clerk's family and friends. Because Denise had never been poor and had never known anyone who was really poor, she was imaginatively aware of all the shame and disgrace of poverty, just as, because she had never been rich or known anyone who was rich, she knew that wealth was a blinding glory of jewels and palaces. Poverty, in her mind, was a state compounded of the sufferings of children like Hansel and Gretel, wandering hungry in the wood (she had never seen a real wood, and she thought it was like one of the local plantations of rustling gum trees, planted to provide timber props for the gold mines), and the sight of the Railway Avenuers walking back from the Welfare Society office with their monthly allotment of charity groceries in paper carriers. In those processions, there were grandmothers with bandaged legs and old, incredibly battered straw hats, like the hats the town clerk's children had in their dressing-up box; mothers with the sucked-in mouths of women who have lost their teeth young; and a silent innumerability of children: children carrying smaller children, dragging them along, pushing them in gocarts, children who all had "Railway Avenue faces"—the sharp, wicked, and gleeful or dull, closed, stoically stupid faces that nature had hurriedly armed them with far ahead of the time of life when such a choice of front is usually made.

Often Denise would overhear her mother say of a neighbor's child, "It's a disgrace. He behaves like something out of Railway Avenue!" Or she would say to Denise's brothers, "Now, don't come home from the barber's looking like Railway Avenue." Railway Avenue boys wore their heads shaved almost clean, for reasons Denise's mother didn't like to think about; no doubt their schoolteachers had to insist on these haircuts, or even perform them themselves. Denise used to see the boys running about the town on Friday afternoons and Saturdays, when they sold the local weekly paper. Their skinniness, brownness, and generally wild and spare look were accentuated by the bony outline of their skulls, showing so clearly through the faint pile of shaven bristle, which, if it was blond, caught the light like spears of new grass. They darted and skimmed through the townspeople—the streets were always full on Fridays, when the miners were paid—and their startling faces would surface into the shoppers' attention at waist level as their hoarse voices cried, "'*Tiser*, sir? '*Tiser?*"



They never wore shoes, and somehow they always looked cold, even in summer.

"HE can't know me," Denise said to Uncle Basil, in a voice that had already accepted what it was in the act of denying.

"He's always told me you'd feel like that about it," said Uncle Basil. "But what can he do? That's where he does live. And his mother. And his *oupa* and *ouma* . . ." At his casual use of the Afrikaans words for "grandpa" and "grandma," there came at once to her mind the image of one of the old women with swollen legs—Little Willie's grandmother. In her hand she held the paper carrier containing the bag of mealie meal and the sugar and coffee that the Welfare people doled out. (Some of the families had lived off Welfare parcels for three generations and were proud of it, Denise's mother sometimes remarked.)

"You remember that time, after Christmas, when we went to the regatta?" Uncle Basil went on.

"What was that again?" the child asked.

"The time when we saw the boats racing, and we had a picnic."

"Oh, yes," she said at once. "I'd forgotten what it was called."

"Well," he said, "you remember the boys who stood around the landing stage, where the cold drinks were sold?"

"Yes?" she said apprehensively. She remembered that there was one boy there that day who had got a Coca-Cola from somewhere, and the others had fallen upon him immediately, snatching and punching. He was one of the dirtiest, with round patches of ringworm showing on his head. But all the boys had gone quiet when she and her family approached the refreshment stall, the way monkeys in the zoo drop their distractions of scratching and swinging, and sit, their eyes fixed on the bag of peanuts in your hand, as you come up to their cage.

"That was the first time he saw you."

She tried to remember the gang better—tried to search their faces in her memory, to identify this boy who had been watching her.

"And now he always watches for you when you go to town with your mother on Saturday mornings," Uncle Basil went on. "He looks forward to Saturdays so much."

Denise's mother had been standing with her back to the window, listening to all this. Smiling, with her hands on her hips, she said, "Basil! You are the limit!"

Dana Fradon

"Beat it!"

• • •

He raised his head and looked at her with prim inquiry, and then, with the meticulous air of a man returning to a matter that concerned him greatly, he said to Denise, "You won't mind if the poor chap gets the picture of you, will you? I don't see how I can promise to prevent it."

She rushed at him and buried her face in his lap, hammering at his chest with her chapped, scratched fists. "He doesn't know me!" she cried. "He doesn't!"

BUT evidently Little Willie did know her. A few weeks later, Denise went with her mother to an afternoon wedding reception. Uncle Basil was out of town that weekend, but the first time he visited her house after his return, he remarked, "I hear you looked very pretty at the wedding on Saturday. But you didn't smile to left or right as you went into the Town Hall—just held your mother's hand and looked straight ahead. Little Willie was disappointed."

"*He* wasn't there!" she said derisively.

"Oh, he wasn't *invited*. He couldn't expect that, of course." Uncle Basil lowered his eyes and paused a second, with his teeth on his lower lip. "But he saw you outside. He was waiting."

Whenever there was a wedding or a dance in the Town Hall, the Railway Avenue urchins spoiled the whole look of the thing by hanging round the doors; sometimes, if the drinks went freely and the party seemed likely to be too preoccupied to notice, the barefoot brats managed to slip in and filch some food from the nearest tables. Denise was confused and annoyed to realize that her admirer might have been among this group and that she hadn't recognized him. "I wish he'd mind his own business!" she snapped.

Uncle Basil looked pained. "Oh, he knows it's a fearful cheek," he said. "But he does admire you so much. I've told him to put it out of his mind. I've told him how you feel about Railway Avenue. But it's no good."

After this, on days when Uncle Basil took the family out in his car, he would sometimes slow down for no apparent reason. When he had crawled along for half a block, someone would say, "What's the matter? Are you going to stop here?"

Then, putting his foot on the accelerator and sending the car leaping ahead with a flourish, he would say casually, "I thought I'd give poor Little

Willie a chance to get a look at Denise.”

There would be a flurry in the car, Denise bridling, and her brothers jeering: “Where was he? Soppy thing! I didn’t see him.”

Then Denise would slide down in the back seat until she was well below the level of the window, and remain there in sulky exasperation, like a celebrity who has just escaped her importunate public admirers.

When Guy Fawkes Day came near, and Uncle Basil was helping the children of the family, as he did every year, to make their effigy for the bonfire, he brought along a shapeless, khaki-colored felt hat and a pair of *veldschoen* as his contribution to the dummy Guy Fawkes’ clothes. “They’re Little Willie’s father’s,” he explained cheerfully, “but he’s had them a long time, and Little Willie feels”—with a glance at Denise—“Little Willie feels he should get something better. So he persuaded his father to sell them to me.”

That year, Denise did not seem to be as enthusiastic as usual about the Guy Fawkes preparations. She would come into the garage, where the effigy was being made (of straw packed into old clothes, with a liberal seasoning of firecrackers to insure that his would be a sizzling and noisy incineration), and, after standing about for a minute or two, wander off again. “Denise is getting to the stage where the things that interest the boys are not the things that interest her,” her mother remarked to her father.

But on the night of the celebration Denise seemed seized by a mood of exceptional gaiety. The bonfire lit up her fiercely laughing face as she stood, right in the liquid-feeling heat of it, watching the effigy burn up. When the figure’s hat took flame and, curling in frenzy, fell from the straw head, she shrieked and swaggered with joy—a cue that set the other children leaping with the wild pleasure of destruction.

DENISE now felt the eye of Little Willie upon her wherever she went. She tried to remember never to smile in the street; it was her way of showing him his place. She begged—unaccountably, it seemed to her parents—to be let off her solo tap dance in the pupils’ display given by her dancing class. Her mother decided she must be “outgrowing her strength,” and put her on a course of pink tonic. To Denise, her mother’s attitude toward Little Willie was a surprising one: she seemed to be on Little Willie’s side. Denise had thought—or, rather, accepted the fact—that her mother would be forever on her side in everything. But now, when Uncle Basil came to dinner and reported on Little Willie to the unwilling but fascinated Denise, her mother would encourage him. Freshly powdered for dinner and smelling of the hand cream that she liked to use when she had finished cooking, her mother would watch Uncle Basil’s face with her chin lifted, her lips parted, and her eyes smiling. “Why don’t you bring Little Willie over one day, Basil?” she said once, as if she’d suddenly had a good idea.

“I’ll shut myself in the shed!” Denise said fiercely.

“Oh, the little madam!” Uncle Basil said. “What a snob your daughter is, Josie!”

“But Denny darling, he’s such a nice boy, and we could always lend him some of Dick’s clean things, couldn’t we?”

Denise’s father did not join in this baiting, but then he never joined in any sort of family diversion; he was the sort of man who brings his work home and carries it about with him, always looking for a corner in which to settle down with it, like a cat looking for a place to lie down with her kittens.

The fact that her mother was, in a sense, no longer with her produced a hardening in Denise that became her armor against, and finally defeated, Little Willie. She did not care any more if he saw her smile in the street. She did not care if he was watching her. She despised him. What cheek he had, what hopeless cheek, to look at *her!* All her embarrassment fell away; she scarcely thought about him. When Uncle Basil began, “I saw Little Willie yesterday—” she would interrupt, crying, “Horrible dirty thing, why doesn’t he have a bath? Haven’t they even got any soap and water in their house?” And her mother and Uncle Basil would laugh until he had to take his glasses off and wipe his eyes.

IN December, just before Denise’s ninth birthday, the family was to go for a holiday. “Little Willie’s quite envious,” said Uncle Basil. “He’s never seen the sea; still, he’s pleased that you’re going.” Denise felt a sharp, shameful pleasure, like a greedy swallow of some delicious liquid taken too hot; she was glad he had never seen the sea. A day or two later, Uncle Basil, writing trunk labels for the children, said, “Little Willie’s very keen to come to the station.” Then, on the day they were to leave, Uncle Basil telephoned to say goodbye and left a message for Denise saying that Little Willie would be there to see them off, from

SONG IN AMERICAN TYPE

Set and printed in Great Britain by Tonbridge Printers, Ltd., Peach Hall Works, Tonbridge, in Times nine on ten point, on paper made by John Dickenson at Croxley, and bound by James Burn at Esher.—*Colophon in a book published by Michael Joseph (London).*

Ah, to be set and printed in
Great Britain now that Tonbridge Prin-
ters, Limited, employ old John
Dickenson, at Croxley. On
his pages is Times nine-on-ten-
point type impressed, and, lastly, when
at Peach Hall Works the job is done,
James Burn at Esher’s job’s begun.

Hey nonny nonny nonny,
Hey nonny nonny nay!

Tonbridge! Croxley! Esher! Ah,
is there in America
a tome contrived in such sweet towns?
No. English, English are the downs
where Jim Burn, honest craftsman, winds
beneath his load of reams; he binds
the sheets that once John Dickenson
squeezed flat from British pulp. *Hey non-*

ny nonny, etc.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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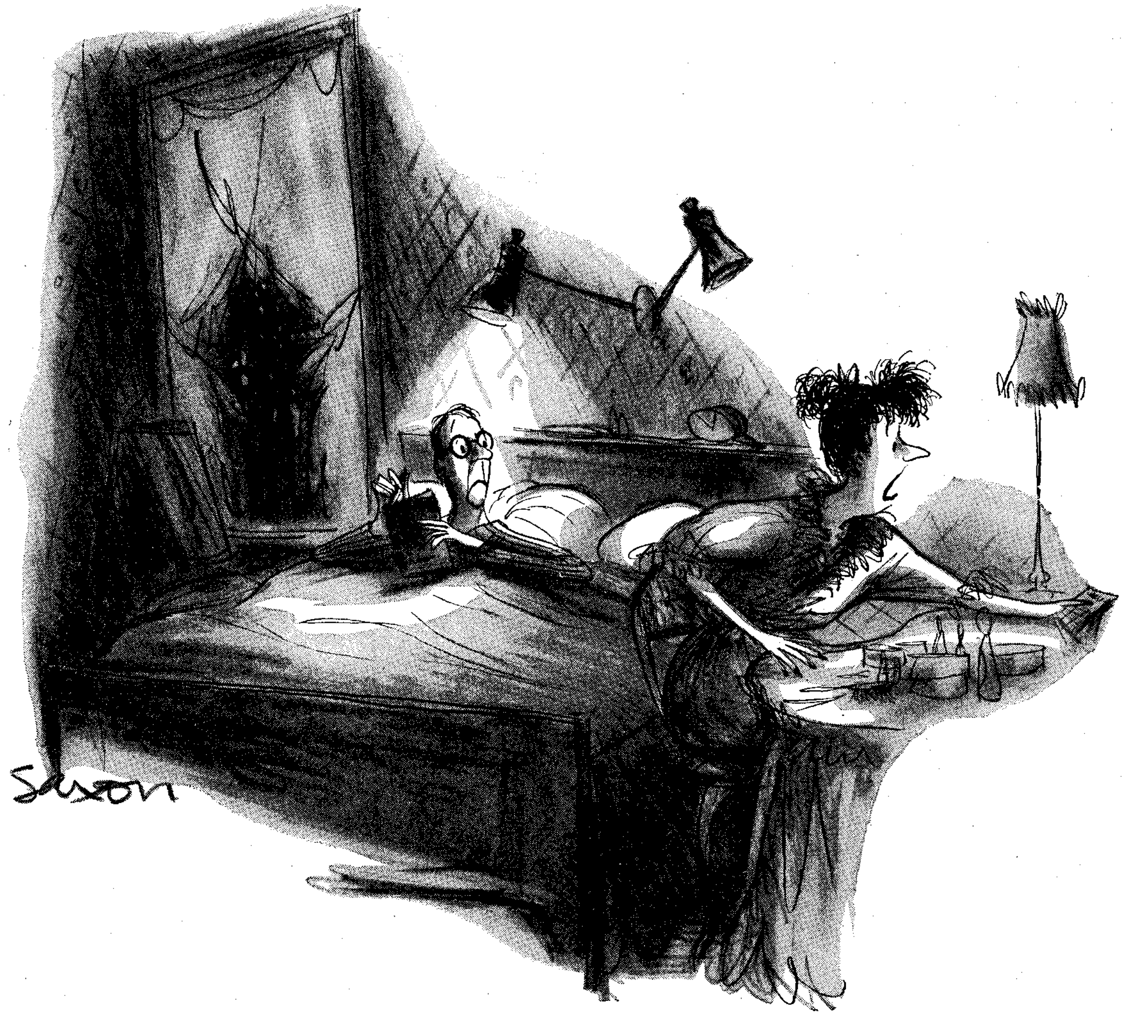

“Oh, good heavens, I knew this would happen! Tonight’s the night we had tickets for ‘My Fair Lady’!”

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Platform 11, at three-thirty. “He won’t come,” said Denise with apathetic derision. “Don’t worry—he won’t come.”

Yet as they drove to the station, a sudden apprehension turned like a turtle in her belly. But when they got there, Platform 11 was crowded, and she was reassured; he would never find her among all these people. She had quite forgotten him (she and her brothers were hanging out of the train-corridor window, watching for the wave of the green flag that would signal their departure) when the native office boy from Uncle Basil’s office came up to them through the crowd with a large, oblong parcel in his hands. “What is it? What is it?” her father asked, leaning out of the train impatiently, as if he felt himself pursued by the bulky minutes of some meeting of the town council. He took the parcel, and at once said, “It’s for you,” and handed it to his wife.

“ ‘Miss Denise Howle,’ ” she read. “It’s not for me—it’s for Denise.” The boys pressed round, and she lifted it over their heads, waving it and saying, “Denny! Denny!”

Denise sat down in their compartment, surrounded with importance. She had no idea why or from whom she should be getting a parcel two minutes before the train left to take her on her summer holiday. She pulled the string down over the hard corners of the package and tore away the paper. A layer of tissue paper underneath took off in the gust of live air that came in the window as the train began to move. On her lap was a toffee-colored, padded-satin casket with a big gold tassel hanging from the lid. A gasp rose from the children. Denise lifted the tassel and opened the box. The inside of the lid was satin-covered, too; the box was filled with chocolates wrapped in shining gold paper. Her brother Dick thrust his finger down the side. “Two more layers underneath!” he said excitedly.

“Oh, she’s *lucky!*” wailed the smaller brother.

“Wait a minute,” said Denise, and took a card from the band of ribbon that was stretched across the inside of the lid. They all read it at once—a pencilled note written in impersonal block letters.

“It’s from Little Willie! It says ‘From Little Willie’!” the boys shouted.

She swatted her brothers’ hands away like flies. “Get off!” she cried. And then she read the card herself, in peace. The train was going quite fast now; they were well out of the station. “Have you ever seen such a big box, Mummy?” she said, aware that the present was outside the range of her experience.

“It must have cost two or three pounds,” her father said to her mother, with a note of reproach.

“Well, you know what he is,” said the mother, half admiringly, half conceding the reproach. Smiling, she said to Denise, “Little Willie must have saved for months to buy you that.”

The child slid the golden tassel through her fingers. The casket lay on her lap, a chorus girl’s trophy. She was looking out of the window, without attention, and her cheeks were sleepily flushed. She thought of a group of ragged children—of a bony-headed boy, looking on at her pleasures and triumphs. A dirty boy without shoes. She was ashamed of him. She would never speak to him or look at him, and he knew this. But the present in her lap was not to be resisted. She had been brought up under the system that rewarded good behavior and punished selfishness, and had been taught that this was a code impossible to circumvent. Yet no one whom she had loved, been kind to, or tried to please had ever rewarded her with something as fine as this. It was magnificent, it was like nothing she had ever been given before, and she had earned it by scorn and disdain. She held the box recklessly tight, and when she peeled the gold paper off the first chocolate and put it in her mouth, the cherry inside was the fruit of knowledge on her tongue.

—Nadine Gordimer

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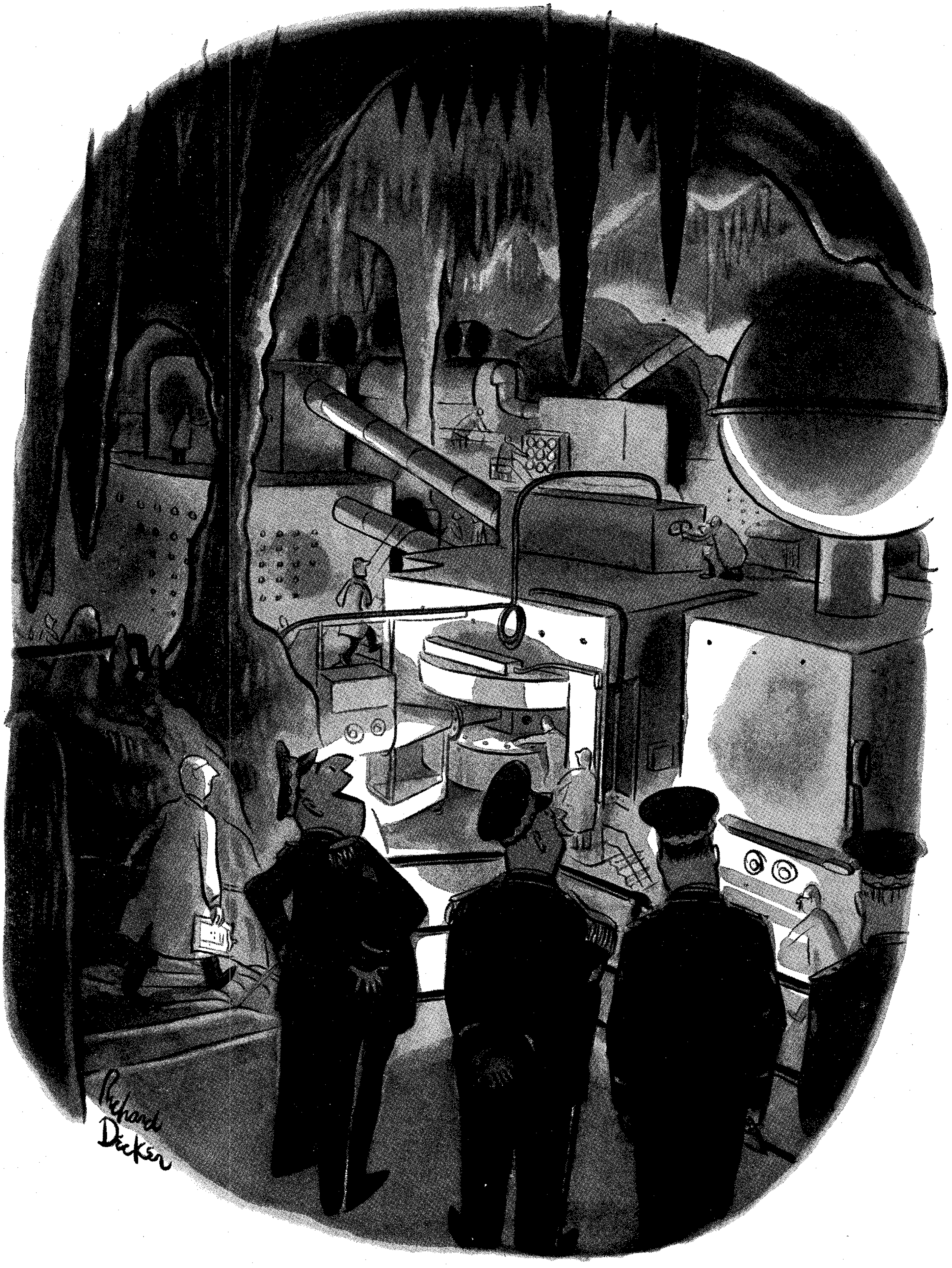
Midnight Friday is the deadline for receipt of applications for the state prison.
—*Santa Fe New Mexican.*

Noted.



"Well, we're ready for open-sky inspection."

A MAN OF HABIT

OLD Wang Chi-yang could not have lived anywhere in the United States except in San Francisco's Chinatown. A refugee from the Chinese mainland, he often thought of the strip of land around Grant Avenue as being a part of Canton or some other Chinese metropolis. Although there were no pedicabs, and no wooden slippers clap-clapping on the sidewalks, the Chinese theatres, the porridge restaurants, the teahouses, the Chinese newspapers, and the smells of the food and herbs all created an atmosphere so pervasive that he occasionally had to remind himself that he was in truth living in a foreign city. The language problem was his real reminder. He was from central China, and spoke only the Hunan dialect, which neither a northerner nor a Cantonese can understand. His working knowledge of English was limited to two words—"yes" and "no." And he seldom used "no," for when people spoke to him in English, he had no idea what they were talking about and didn't want to antagonize them unnecessarily.

His inability to communicate with most of his neighbors did not keep Wang Chi-yang from enjoying Chinatown to the utmost. Every other evening after dinner, he walked down Jackson Street, turned south on Grant Avenue and strolled for six blocks, until he reached Bush Street, and then crossed Grant. He regarded the section beyond Bush as foreign territory. There at the border of Chinatown, he stopped and looked back at the brightly lighted Chinatown thoroughfare for a moment—at its skyline with the pagoda roofs, at the lanternlike street lights, and at the blinking red, blue, yellow, and green neon signs in English and Chinese. He looked at the cars that crawled endlessly into the heart of Chinatown, and then he took a deep breath and started the journey back. The street was gay and noisy, and yet there was a tranquil quality about it; no one seemed to be in a great hurry.

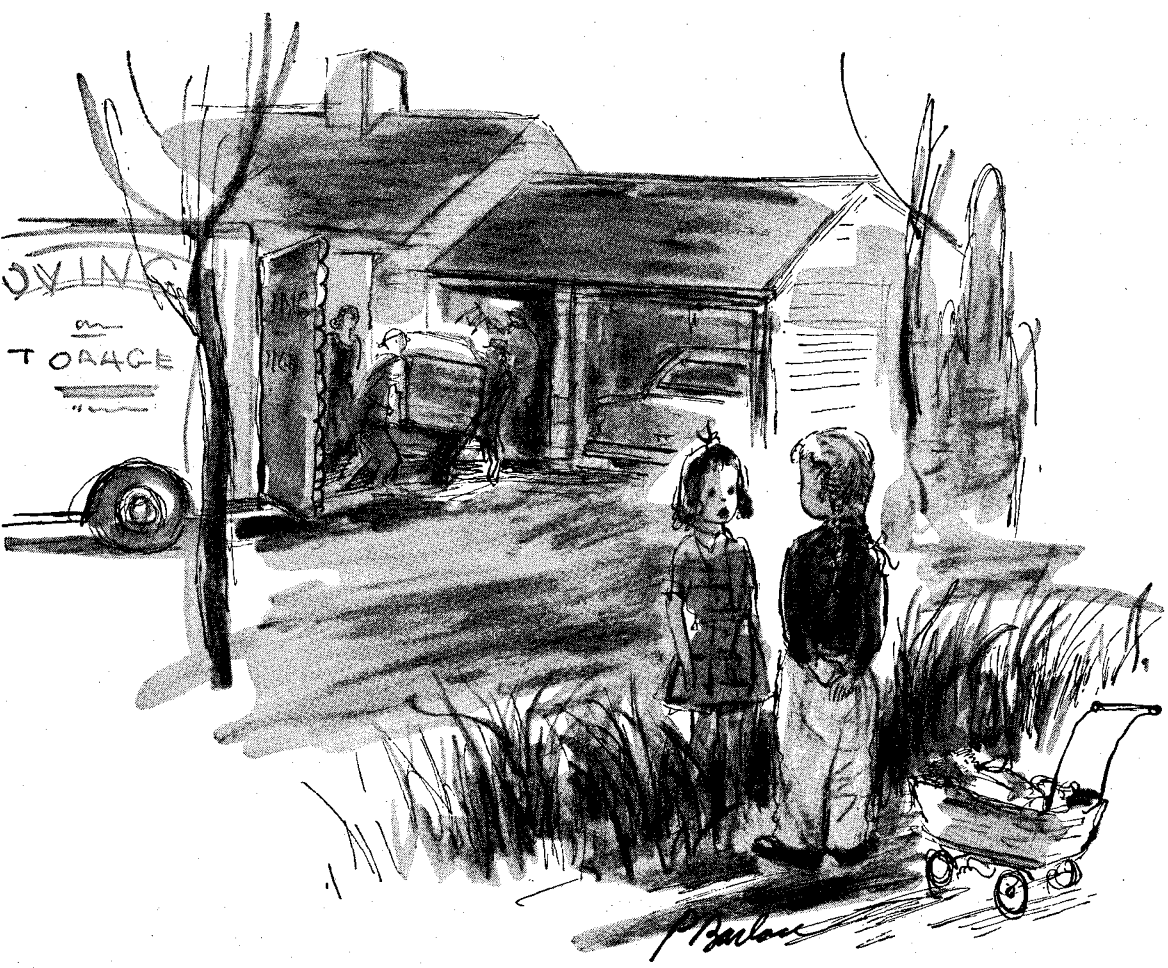
Wang walked slowly along the street and studied every poster and advertisement that was written in Chinese. During the New Year festivities, he loved to read the couplets written in orange paint and posted on the door of each shop. If he found the poetry to be well composed and the calligraphy to have character and strength, he would read a couplet aloud two or three times, with his head shaking rhythmically in a scholarly manner, and then grade it. He graded all the poetic New Year greetings on Grant Avenue, and memorized the best ones and wrote them down when he got home. He also enjoyed the articles displayed in the shopwindows—the delicately carved furniture, the brass and earthenware bowls, the straw hats and bamboo baskets, the miniature trees, the lacquer, the silk, the tiny porcelain, the jade, the gold and lavender silk brocade. His great favorite was an intricately carved eight-foot tusk in a large gift store near California Street. One evening, he had even gone in and inquired the price. The owner of the store, who spoke a little of Wang's dialect, managed to make him understand that it was a rare mastodon tusk that had been buried in Siberian ice centuries ago. The carvings, which told a story of a festival at an emperor's palace, had taken twenty-five years to complete. The price, therefore, was fifteen thousand dollars. For the next three weeks, Wang had stopped in front of the window, admired the tusk, and wondered whether he should buy it. Finally, he decided that he could enjoy the tusk on Grant Avenue as much as he could enjoy it privately at home, so why should he own it? Besides, it would be an act of selfishness to deprive others of the pleasure of looking at it by removing it from Grant Avenue. He was glad of the decision; for four years now, he had enjoyed the tusk every other evening as if it were his own.

WANG CHI-YANG lived comfortably in a two-story house, three blocks away from Grant Avenue, that he had bought four years earlier, shortly after his arrival from China. It was decorated with Chinese paintings and couplet scrolls, furnished with expensive teakwood tables and chairs, and staffed with two servants and a cook, whom he had brought from Hunan Province. The only "impure" elements in his household were his two sons, Wang Ta and Wang San—especially the latter, who in four years had learned to act like a cowboy and talk like the characters in a Spillane movie. At thirteen, he had practically forgotten his Chinese. Wang Ta, the elder son, was less of a rebel. Quiet and unhappy at twenty-eight, he was often embarrassed in his father's company. But he was reluctant to correct his father's old habits and mistakes, for Wang Chi-yang was a stubborn man. In his house, he was the lord; his words were the law. His servants still addressed him as Old Master Wang and worked for him seven days a week at ten dollars a month. They were loyal and respectful to this large man with a drooping mustache, although his stern expression, his constant cough, and his unyielding demands and orders would have been very unpleasant to any servant hired in America. The only person who refused to be awed by him was Mme. Tang, the widowed sister of his late wife. Mme. Tang came often to give him advice. She regarded her sixty-three-year-old brother-in-law as extremely old-fashioned and backward. "*Aiyoo*, my sister's husband," she often said, "please put your money in the bank. And buy yourself a suit of Western dress. In this country, you truly look like a stage actor in that satin gown."

Wang Chi-yang's policy toward his sister-in-law's advice was to listen to it as politely as possible and then ignore it. Wearing Western clothes, for instance, was out of the question. He had always worn long gowns—silk gowns in the summer, satin gowns in the spring and autumn, and fur or cotton-padded gowns in the winter. It would be unthinkable for him to change to suits with only two or three buttons and an open collar. Furthermore, a piece of rag tied around one's neck seemed to him an outrage, besides being ugly and an indication of ill omen. The Communists in Hunan Province had tried to discard the long gown and make everybody wear the Lenin uniform, which, in his opinion, was more formal than the Western dress, since it had more buttons and a closed collar. But even this had seemed too much of a change, and, indeed, it was one of the reasons he had decided to leave China five years before.

Keeping his money in a bank was an equally outlandish idea. It wasn't that he didn't trust banks; he simply couldn't accept the notion that one's money should be put in strangers' hands. In China, he had entrusted his money to close friends, without so much as the formality of a signature, and twice a year they had delivered the interest to him. He believed that banks in this country would probably take as good care of his funds, but in a bank everybody was a stranger. Money, in his opinion, was like a wife; he just couldn't let a stranger keep it for him.

His sister-in-law could not, in any case, accuse him of being a stranger to banks. She knew that every Monday he made a trip to the Bank of America, on Grant Avenue, to have a hundred-dollar bill changed into small bills and



"Then my mother and father got divorced, and for two years we lived in a little apartment next door to a nice man named Mr. Baxter, who was very lonely and wanted to marry my mother, but my mother couldn't decide, then one day . . ."

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silver. Early in the morning, he would put on a black satin jacket over his long gown, take a brand-new hundred-dollar bill from the double-locked iron trunk in his closet, and go out. The teller in the bank smiled when he appeared, and changed the money for him without a word. Wang wrapped up the bills and change in his handkerchief, and, savoring the anticipated pleasure of counting the money, hurried home. Counting money had become a habit with him, and almost a hobby. After he had counted the total sum, he always sorted the bills according to their denominations, then sorted them according to their degree of newness, putting the brand-new ones in one pile, the slightly worn ones in another, and the old ones in a third. He treated the silver coins with more deliberation, taking pains to examine them under a magnifying glass to see which were the newest. He would spend the old ones first and the fairly new ones later; he would save the brand-new ones, in an exquisitely carved sandalwood box, which he kept locked in one of his desk drawers. When he had nothing else to do, he would sometimes bring the box out and enjoy counting the shiny half dollars, quarters, and dimes. When their lustre began to fade, he would spend them to make room for other brand-new ones.

Wang Chi-yang was a man of deep and comfortable habit. At the same time every afternoon, he rose from his nap, sat down in the rattan chair in his bedroom, and waited for Liu Lung, the deaf manservant, to bring him tea, a water pipe, and the four local Chinese newspapers. He subscribed to all the Chinatown newspapers, mostly to watch for political disagreement among them. He always followed an editorial war with great interest; occasionally he would take sides and write an anonymous letter to the editor with whom he sided, praising the man's reasoning and fluency of composition. He invariably read all the newspapers all the way through, including the advertisements. He had no strong political convictions. He disliked Communism only because it had destroyed Chinese traditions and turned the Chinese social order upside down.

After the newspapers, he was ready for his ginseng soup. Liu Ma, the fat, talkative woman servant, who was Liu Lung's wife, brought in the soup, and, after he had drunk it, eased the Old Master's cough by beating his shoulders with the palm of her hand for five minutes at a stretch, in the meantime supplying him with the household gossip. After Wang had dismissed Liu Ma, he always tended his miniature garden, which he kept beside his bed. The garden was built on a huge Kiangsi plate, with a magnificent emerald-colored mountain, made of glazed clay, rising high above a lake. There were caverns, roads, bridges, paths, pagodas, and a monastery in the garden, with tiny goldfish swimming about in the water. He fed the fish and watered the moss and the miniature trees on the mountain. Tending his garden always made him feel better. The beauty of nature could cure him of a bad mood. Finally, he spent an hour every day at his large red-lacquered desk, beside his bedroom window, practicing calligraphy. With great care and deliberation, he wrote traditional poems on fine rice paper, his head moving slightly with the brush. Then he wrote the poetry all over again in grass style, his brush flying swiftly and smoothly on the paper. He was not satisfied with his grass style. To improve it, he often added some folk sayings at the top of the page: "Tight lips catch no flies," "Loud bark, no good dogs; loud talk, no wise man," and "Waste no time quarrelling with women."

EVERYONE in Wang Chi-yang's household knew and respected his habits, so he could tell at once that something unusual had happened one Friday afternoon when he was awakened from his regular nap by the servant, Liu Lung. "What is it?" he asked, raising himself up on one elbow.

"Mme. Tang has come," Liu Lung said.

"Ask her to wait." He seldom asked

his sister-in-law to come into his bedroom, where he received most of his guests. Instead, he met her in the large living room, which was furnished with straight-backed teakwood chairs that were so uncomfortable that they usually discouraged a visitor from staying long. Now he struggled out of bed, found his water pipe, and went into the room where Mme. Tang was waiting, her bright-colored umbrella at her side and her black handbag in her lap. She was fifty, but she looked a few years younger in her short-sleeved blue silk gown. She wore no makeup except a little lipstick, and her hair was combed back and tied into a small bun, neat and well-oiled.

"My sister's husband," she said as soon as Wang Chi-yang came in, "I have something very important to tell you." She opened the handbag and fished out a little newspaper clipping, which he could see was written in English. He sat down next to her and lit his water pipe, knowing already that it was nothing very important.

"Here is a piece of news I cut off from a foreign paper," Mme. Tang went on, brandishing the clipping importantly. "I shall read it to you and translate it for you. It will serve as a good warning, and make you realize that my advice concerning your money is sound." She cleared her throat and, with some difficulty and in an accent, read the story aloud: " 'Low Gee, manager of Sam Tai Café on Stockton Street, told the police yesterday how a well-dressed man came into the Café, ordered a meal, and when it came time to pay at the cash register, slipped him this pencilled message: "Give me all the money. I have a gun." The Chinese went blank. "So sollee," he said. "I no savvee." "You monee," whispered the bandit, trying to make the manager understand. "You monee! I have gun, I have gun!" But the manager was still puzzled. "So sollee," he said. "No savvee." The bandit, frustrated, started for the door. "So sollee," Low Gee called out. "Checkee, please!" The thug paid the eighty-five cents he owed and left!' "

When she had finished reading, she looked at Wang significantly, with her lips tightly pursed.

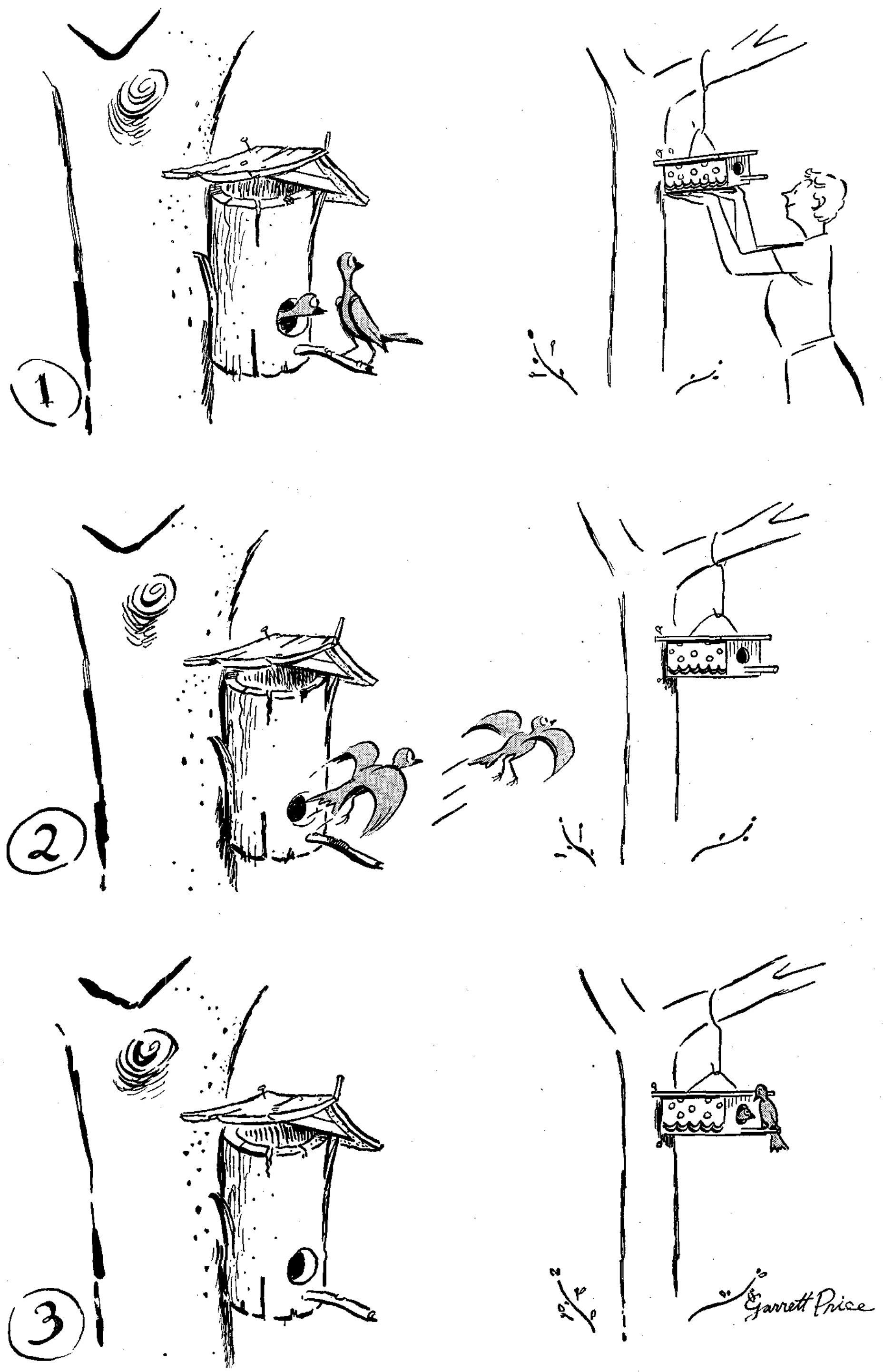
"What does it say?" he asked. "You know I don't understand English."

"A bandit robbed a Chinese restaurant on Stockton Street," Mme. Tang said. "The bandit had a gun; he almost shot Low Gee, the owner of the restaurant. Fortunately, Low Gee had only eighty-five cents on him. The bandit stole the eighty-five cents and escaped." She paused a moment for emphasis, and then went on, "My sister's husband, I have always told you to put your money in the bank. You will regret it one day when a bandit comes in with a gun and robs you of everything. This piece of news will serve you as a good warning. I hope you will consider my advice and do as I have repeatedly told you."

Wang Chi-yang grunted and took another puff from the water pipe. He found the news nothing much to worry about. Nobody outside his immediate family knew that his money was locked in an iron trunk in his closet. And he had long since planned his defense in case of a robbery; if a bandit came in, he would simply give him the silver in his sandalwood box. No, this was just another weapon of Mme. Tang's to make him give his money to strangers. He grunted again, and said, "I shall consider your advice, my wife's sister."

ON Monday evening, only three days later, Mme. Tang came home and found Liu Lung, her brother-in-law's servant, dozing on the steps of her house. She kicked him lightly on the leg and asked, "What brings you here, Liu Lung?"

Liu Lung jerked his head up and then sprang to his feet. "How are you, Mme. Tang?" he said. "Old Master



Wang invites you to his house." He spoke with urgency, almost running the words together.

"I have already had my dinner," she said.

"Enh?" he said, cupping his hand to his ear. "Old Master Wang invites you to his house."

"What is the matter?" she shouted at the deaf man.

"Enh?"

"All right, I shall go," Mme. Tang said despairingly. Already she knew that something was seriously wrong. When they arrived at the house, Liu Lung led her at once into Wang's bedroom. Wang Chi-yang was sitting in the chair behind his desk. He looked ghastly pale.

"My wife's sister," he said with formality, his voice trembling slightly, "I was robbed today."

The news struck Mme. Tang like a blow. She sat down suddenly in the rattan chair. "When did it happen?" she asked, at last.

"This morning," Wang Chi-yang said. "When I was returning from the bank."

"Were you robbed of everything?"

"Everything. Every copper of my hundred dollars that I had changed at the bank."

Mme. Tang inhaled deeply and then sighed. "Ah, only the hundred dollars," she said. "I thought a bandit had broken into the house and taken everything. How did it happen?"

"A strange foreigner followed me from the bank. When I reached a corner on Powell Street, he put something hard in my back and said something I did not understand. I quickly raised my hands. He snatched the handkerchief full of money from my hand and fled around the corner. That is all. I remember nothing more. It is too painful for me to talk about. But, my wife's sister, I suspect that the robber had been following me for weeks; he may now know where I live. Can you report this to the American government? I want two guards to watch the house day and night."

"My sister's husband," Mme. Tang said heatedly, "the American government is a democratic government; it is for the people and by the people, and the three principles of the Constitution are liberty, equality, and justice. You cannot just order the government to send you two soldiers to guard your house day and night, as though you were a feudal lord. This is not China. As for your money, it should be kept in a bank, as I have repeatedly told you." She looked at him narrowly and asked, "Have you deposited your money in the bank?"

"No, not yet," Wang Chi-yang said. "That is why I invited you here to—"

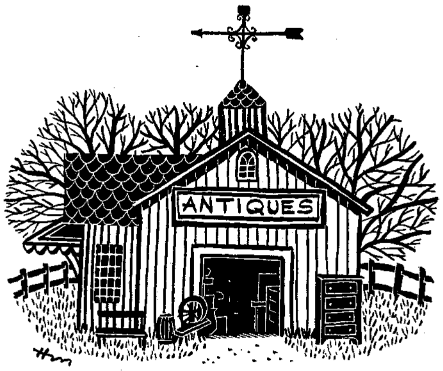
"I am glad a robber has robbed you of a hundred dollars!" Mme. Tang interrupted angrily. "It will be a good lesson for you! Luckily, I prayed for the safety of your money at Tin How Temple a moment ago; otherwise, the bandit would have broken into the house and robbed you of all your cash! *Aiyoo*, my sister's husband, why are you so stubborn? Why don't you listen to my advice?"

"I have decided to deposit it today," Wang Chi-yang said. "I do not know the foreign talk. That is why I invited you here."

"Not today," Mme. Tang said. "The bank is closed. We shall go to the bank at nine o'clock tomorrow morning. That is when it opens. Tell Liu Lung not to let anybody in tonight. You do not have a pistol, do you?"

"No."

"Well, I do not think the bandit will come to the house tonight, since he has already robbed you of a hundred dollars." She rose from her chair. "Keep quiet," she said. "Say nothing. I shall come tomorrow."



THE next morning, Mme. Tang arrived at the house promptly at nine o'clock. Wang had already been up for more than two hours, waiting for her. He had put an extra lock on the trunk in which the money was kept, but he had still spent a bad night. Every little noise in the house had startled him. "You do not look well," Mme. Tang said as she came in. "Are you sick?"

"No," Wang Chi-yang said. "This is all the cash I have in the house."

Mme. Tang looked at the huge iron trunk and frowned. "What? A whole trunkful of it?"

"No, it is not full." He unlocked the three locks on the trunk and opened it. Packed in one corner were stacks of brand-new hundred-dollar bills. "Only eighty-seven thousand and seven hundred dollars here. I shall tell Liu Lung to carry the trunk to the bank."

"Carry a trunk to the bank?" Mme. Tang said. "Nobody has ever carried a big iron trunk to the bank. We shall take the money to the bank in an old shopping bag. It is much safer that way." Mme. Tang went to the kitchen and asked the moonfaced cook to show her all his shopping bags. She selected the shabbiest-looking one and brought it into her brother-in-law's room. She stuffed the bank notes into the bag and covered them with a Chinese newspaper. "I shall carry the bag," she said. "Let us go now."

The Chinatown branch of the Bank of America was crowded, but Mme. Tang did not go to the end of any of the lines. She told a girl behind the counter

SMALL COLORED BOY IN THE SUBWAY

A slight-boned animal, young. What jungle fruit
Droops with such grace as you in the subway corner
In your Saturday suit? Your eyes, wide
With would-be wakefulness, are dark as plums
That have the aubergine's lustre, but your skin,
Smooth as an egg, offers the gentler color
Of coffee in the bean. You are a morsel
So fine that you feed the eye as other things,
Sweet-fleshed, pamper the palate. Now you lean
Lightly against your mother, in the surrender
Of weariness still keeping dignity,
As if, a child, you honorably upheld
What was too heavy for a child to hold.
The luminous look is hidden; your eyes are
Lidded at last. You sleep. The bleak surround
Crowds you a little. Yet, even in sleep,
Without defense, darkly your grace proffers
The grave accusation of innocence.

—BABETTE DEUTSCH

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that she wanted to see the manager. When the manager, a plump, amiable-looking Chinese woman, looked up from her desk and saw Mme. Tang, she hurried over to greet her. "I have brought a little business to you, Mrs. Hu," Mme. Tang said. "May we come in and talk to you in private?"

After Mme. Tang had introduced her brother-in-law and they were seated in the manager's corner, she handed Mrs. Hu the shopping bag. "My sister's husband intends to have some money deposited in this bank," she said. Mrs. Hu peered into the bag and then fished a stack of hundred-dollar bills from under the newspaper. She switched her eyes from Wang Chi-yang to the money a few times without saying anything. "I can vouch for the honesty of this money," Mme. Tang said. "There is eighty-seven thousand seven hundred dollars in the bag. My sister's husband wants to open a savings account for eighty thousand and a checking account for the rest of the money."

The manager smiled. "It can be arranged," she said. She turned to a pretty Chinese girl at the next desk and asked her to count the money in the bag. Then she wrote down Wang Chi-yang's name and address on several forms. When the girl returned with a slip of paper on which the total was written, Wang glanced at it and nodded in approval. "The girl is honest," he said to Mme. Tang. "Good!"

Mme. Tang coughed in embarrassment, and said hastily to the manager, "My sister's husband cannot sign his name in English. If he signs a check, is a Chinese signature all right?"

"I'm afraid not," Mrs. Hu said. "Some of our tellers do not read Chinese. You or some other relative of Mr. Wang's can write out checks for him in advance, but of course you cannot sign them. Some of our depositors use a seal. Does Mr. Wang have a seal?"

Wang Chi-yang had many seals, and he always carried one of them with him, in a little pouch chained to a button on his long gown. He produced it now, and when the impression of the seal had been stamped on the forms, Mme. Tang, smiling broadly, thanked the manager and left the bank with her brother-in-law. The great load was off her mind at last. But when they reached a corner two blocks away, she glanced quickly at her brother-in-law's face and then put her arm through his. "Come," she said, leading him into a men's store. "I shall show you how to use a check. Come in."

In the store, a salesman hurried up to greet them. "How much is your best suit?" Mme. Tang asked, in Cantonese.

"A hundred and twenty dollars," the salesman said. "Imported from England."

Mme. Tang took out the checkbook and wrote a check for a hundred and twenty dollars, then told her brother-in-law to put the seal on it. "See?" she said to him. "How simple!" Then she handed the check to the salesman and added, in Cantonese, "Endorse it before he changes his mind. And please show him the best suit you have."

When the salesman brought out a dark-gray worsted suit, smiling and holding it up to be admired, Wang's face reddened. "What is this for?" he said angrily. "I do not want any foreign dress."

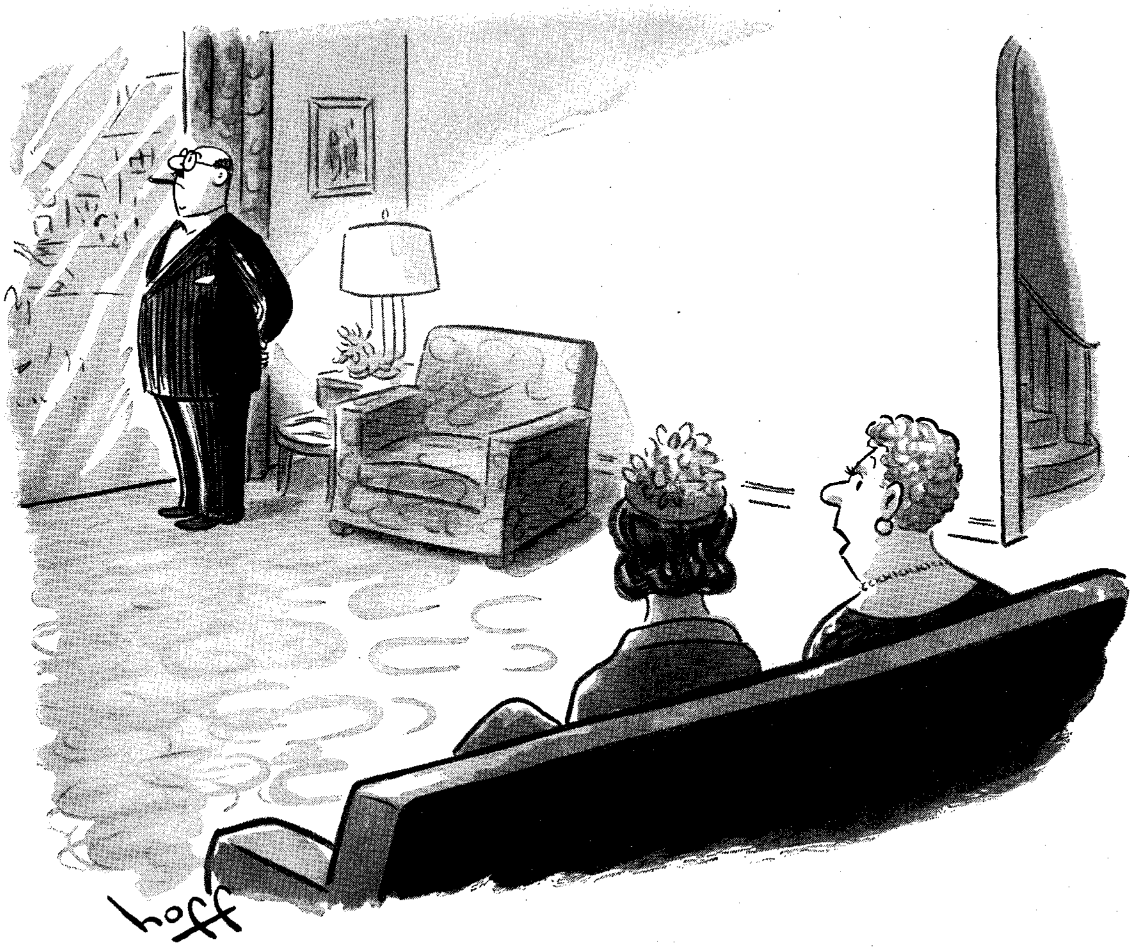
"*Aiyoo*, my sister's husband, do you still complain? You have a prominent stomach. You will look better in a suit of foreign dress. Please go and try it on. And remember that today I have saved all your money from the bandits."

"No, I do not want it!"

"Whether you want it or not, it is already paid for," said Mme. Tang firmly. "It has cost a hundred and twenty dollars, and you have already put your seal on the check."

"That's right," said the manager, who seemed to understand something of their Hunan dialect. "But I shall pay the sales tax for you, as a friendly gesture to a new customer. Come this way, please. Any alterations are free of charge."

Two weeks later, Mme. Tang called at Wang Chi-yang's house in the middle of the afternoon. Wang Chi-yang kept her waiting in the living room for almost fifteen minutes before he appeared, carrying his water pipe and wearing a long gown of black satin. They chatted warily about the weather, about his cough, and about his two sons. "And how is the checking account?" Mme. Tang asked, at



"If you want to know what a tight-money policy really is, you should stick around here awhile."

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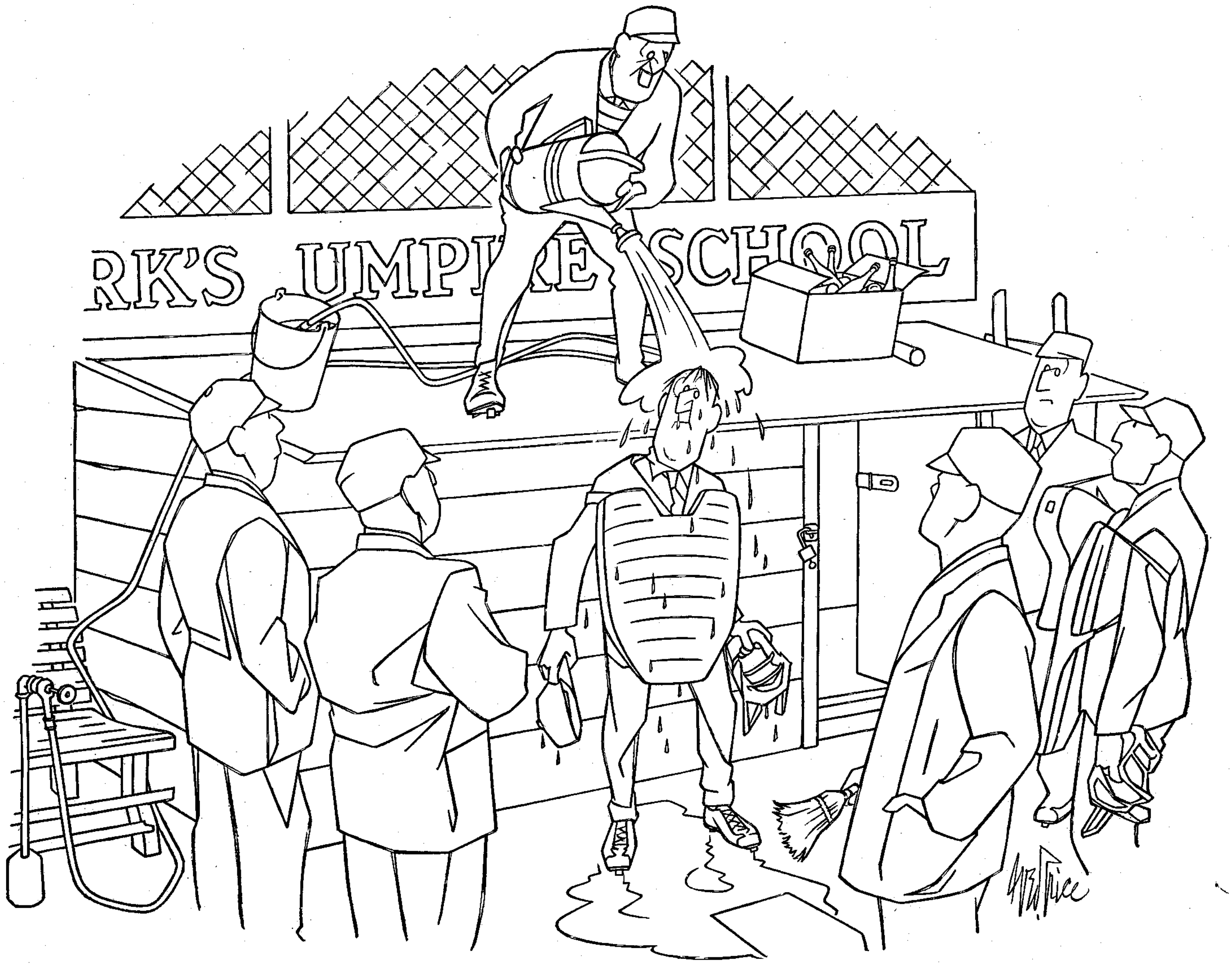

"All right, it's starting to come down a little heavier. Now would you call the game?"

• •

last. "Does it work? Don't you feel better with your money safe?"

"It works," Wang admitted, "but it takes longer to get my hundred dollars this way."

Mme. Tang looked at him narrowly. "By the way," she said, "what has happened to your foreign suit? Liu Lung tells me that you have not been wearing it."

Wang Chi-yang coughed. "I am saving it," he said when he had caught his breath. "For holidays and other occasions."

"Would you show it to me, please? I have not seen it since the alterations were completed."

"As a matter of fact," Wang Chi-yang said, trying not to stammer, "as a matter of fact, I accidentally burned a hole in it while smoking my water pipe. Now, about Wang San's school—"

"We shall not talk about Wang San now," Mme. Tang interrupted. "Please bring out the foreign suit and let me see the hole. I know a Miss Chao who is a fine seamstress; I shall ask her to mend it for you."

"It is beyond mending. I shall buy another foreign suit when I find a lucky day on my lunar calendar."

"You cannot throw an expensive suit like that away. It cost you a hundred and twenty dollars. Please bring it out. I am a woman. I am the one to tell you whether or not it is beyond mending."

Wang Chi-yang realized that he was about to argue with a woman, so he went into his bedroom, opened the iron trunk, and took out the suit, which he had thrown there. He lighted a paper spill and burned a hole the size of a half dollar in the suit coat, near the right pocket. Then he burned a larger hole in the right sleeve. He pressed the holes with the palm of his hand to make them look old, and then sprinkled a little water from his goldfish lake on the coat to kill the smell of freshly burned fabric. With his face grim and his heart beating fast, he carried the coat back into the living room.

Mme. Tang examined the coat with a deep scowl. "Hmm," she said. "What happened? Did you really fall asleep while smoking your pipe?"

"The material is made of wool," Wang Chi-yang said. "It burns easily."

"It must have burned long enough to cook a meal," Mme. Tang said angrily. "It is indeed beyond repair. You must be careful that you do not burn the house down next time."

Wang Chi-yang sucked deeply on his pipe and looked at Mme. Tang through the clouds of smoke. Then he grunted and said, "I shall consider your advice carefully, my wife's sister."

—C. Y. Lee

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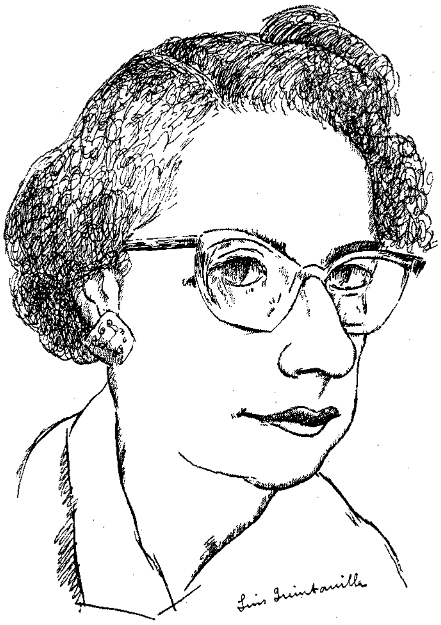
Blood donated to the Red Cross or to other blood banks is not deductible. —*"Your Federal Income Tax 1956 For Individuals."*

Made us feel a little faint, just the same.

PROFILES

A GIANT IN HER FIELD

Dr. Helaine Newstead, professor of English at Hunter College, is a scholar who specializes in tracing the origins of the characters, incidents, and minor details of the medieval Arthurian romances, starting with the earliest French texts and going back to their sources in Welsh and Irish legend, via the intermediate step of the bilingual Bretons of northern France—a task made no easier for her by the fact that not a trace remains of any Breton writing. In her intellectual life she resembles a foreigner in an obscure land; she is surrounded by people she cannot converse with, and her occasional meetings with one of her own countrymen are almost painfully sweet. "The number of people I can talk with about my work is extremely limited," she remarked rather wistfully the other day. Admittedly, she belongs to two organizations of similarly dedicated individuals—the Arthurian Romances group of the Modern Language Association of America and the Société Internationale Arthurienne—but the former, which has about two hundred members, meets only once a year, and the latter, which has about three hundred (many of the memberships, of course, overlap), meets only once every third year. Because she is so cut off, professionally, from the outside world, it can be readily understood how delighted she was a couple of years ago when she was invited to join a seminar of distinguished medievalists on the faculty of Columbia University who meet for dinner once a month at the Men's Faculty Club and then sit around the table talking shop. "It's wonderful, being with people like that," Miss Newstead told a group of non-medievalist acquaintances at a party during the holidays last December. "Why, there are fifteen of us, and we put in one whole year just discussing the subject of courtly love!" After disposing of courtly love, the seminar went on to other things, and in due time Miss Newstead was asked to read an after-dinner paper on King Mark's ears, which in some versions of the Tristan story are said to have been those of a horse. To have the undivided attention of fourteen persons who could comprehend what she was talking about was for Miss Newstead a heady experience indeed.



Dr. Helaine Newstead

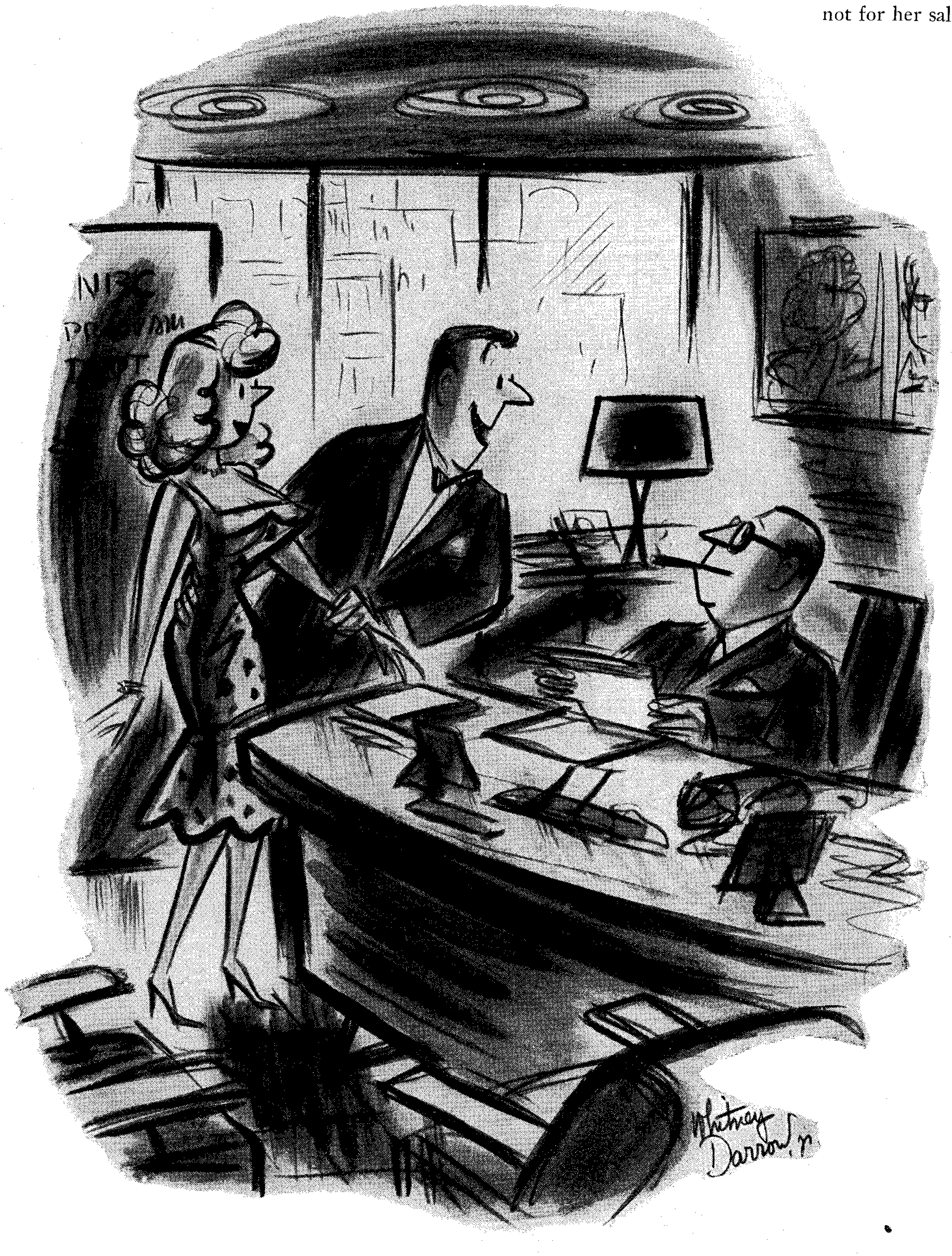
As a humanist scholar—a scholar engaged in studying one of what Webster rather mincingly describes as "the branches of polite learning regarded as primarily conducive to culture"—Miss Newstead has more occasion than her colleagues in the branches of utilitarian learning to hear the bromidic taunt that the ideal member of her profession is "someone who knows more and more about less and less." In a sense, though hardly in the disparaging one intended, the characterization is warranted. This is especially true when it is applied to scholars interested in a subject like the Middle Ages—a field already raked over with such thoroughness that anyone eager to contribute something original must really scratch around to find a bit of unexplored territory. As a rule, the claim that the medieval scholar finally stakes out for himself is so remote, and the fragments of learning it yields are so arcane, that the whole project becomes unintelligible to the outsider, who thereupon tends to dismiss it as pointless.

Miss Newstead is not inclined to quibble with critics of this sort; indeed, to a certain extent she goes along with their more-and-more wheeze. Where she does differ with them is in the value she attaches to knowing more and more about anything—even about less and less. "Arthurian scholarship plays its part—a small part, to be sure—in preserving a record of man's cultural history," she gently informed a dinner companion a few months ago. "I admit that many people can see no point to it, and I also admit that it produces no immediate results, like engineering or medical research. Even some of the anthropologists—who, after all, aren't in the least utilitarian—don't understand us. In fact, one of the best of them told me that I ought to switch over to anthropology so that I could be dealing with something real. Well, my answer was, and is, that I *am* dealing with something real—the life history of a body of legend. Every new thing I learn about it tells us more about man himself. I suppose that's the final justification for scholarship. But personally I have never felt any need to justify it."

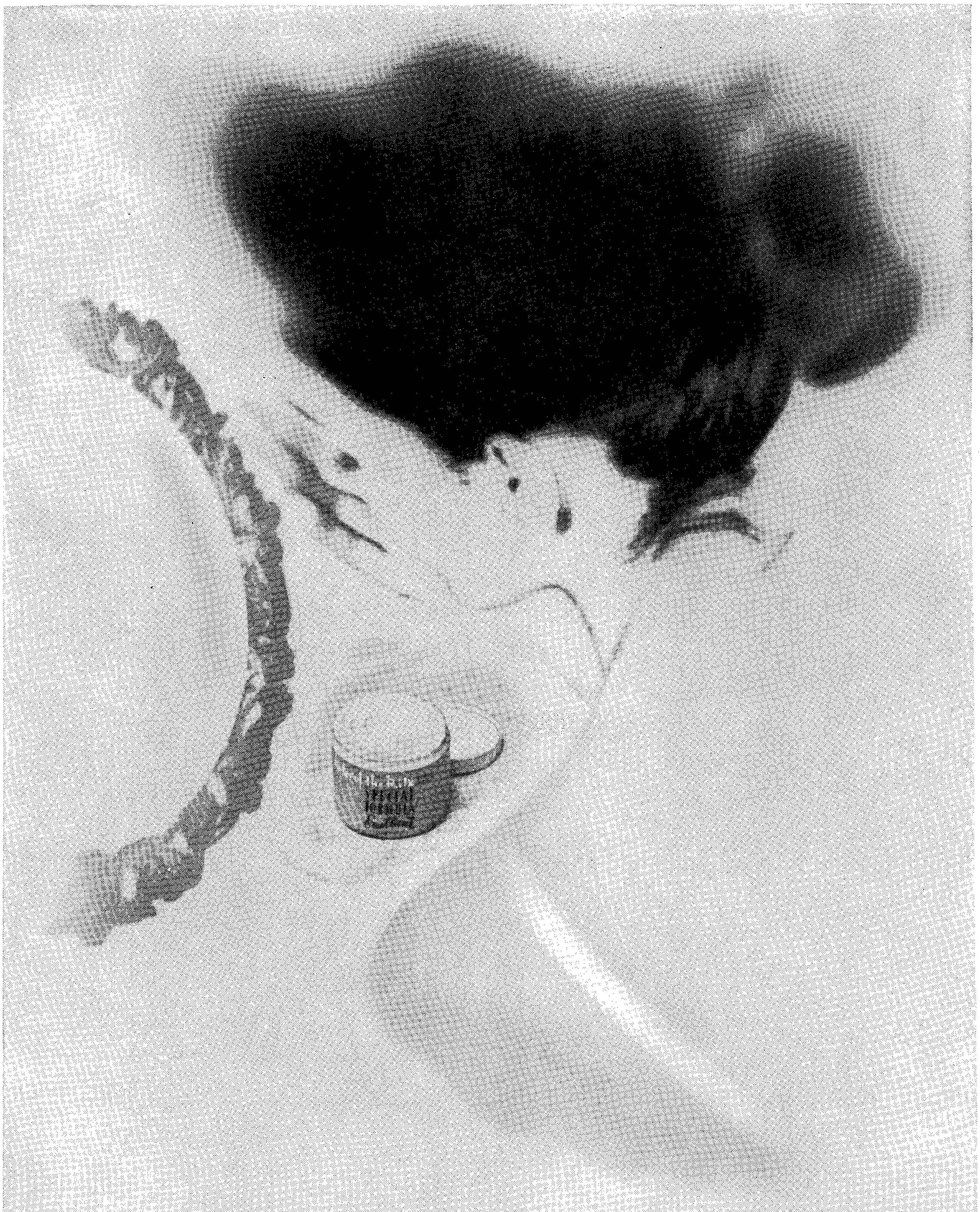
From the scholar's point of view, Arthurian literature is essentially a group of long romances—some of them in verse—written during the Middle Ages in any one of several languages and centering on the affairs of King Arthur and his court at Camelot. While these romances have the flavor of history, or at least of historical novels, they actually seem to have been almost entirely fictional. To be sure, it is a generally accepted hypothesis that there was a real Arthurian castle (possibly in Wales) and a real Arthur (a warrior but not a king), who in the late fifth or early sixth century led the Celts in their efforts to throw back the Teutonic invaders of England. But scholars have been able to find only one mention of the fellow before the eighth century—and that a mere phrase in a seventh-century Welsh poem, "Gododdin," which tells of a Briton the ravens fed on, "though he was no Arthur." Tristan's Isolt was unknown to this Arthur, if he did exist, for it is certain that she didn't; no Lancelot was on hand to become Arthur's best friend and the seducer of his wife (who, assuming Arthur had one, was in all probability not named Guinevere); and Arthur almost surely never heard of the Holy Grail, which, as first conceived, is thought to have had no significance as a Christian symbol. Not being a medieval historian, Miss Newstead isn't the slightest bit interested in who or what the real Arthur was, or may have been, or who his associates were. "I'm not at all concerned with the facts of Arthur's life and deeds," she says. "I'm concerned only with the life story of the *legend*, and what it reveals about creative man." The legend reveals very little information about creative man until the twelfth century, when Arthur began to emerge in literature as a figure of prominence. As time passed, his stature grew, and writers, drawing on the old legends and other sources that are the particular province of Miss Newstead's studies, made him a king. Then they gave him his world-famous court and the Knights of the Round Table, and extended his rule to numerous domains; Tristan and Isolt entered the picture, along with Lancelot and Queen Guinevere, and the Holy Grail, now identified with the Last Supper, became one of the principal themes of the legend.

THE Arthurian legend provided the most popular of the stories with which the members of the medieval aristocracy throughout Europe whiled away their spare time. Although these stories have lived on and have established a respectable place for themselves in the literature of all ages, very little is known about the writers responsible for them or about the sources of their inspiration. Arthurians feel a keen need to illuminate these dark areas, but for the most part their fellow-citizens do not share their sense of urgency in the matter and are content to let them do their illuminating on their own time and at their own expense. Miss Newstead's one great object in life has been to provide the needed light by means of tireless and painstaking study, and while her efforts have brought her some fame as one of the world's leading Arthurian scholars, they have brought her no fortune whatever. Indeed, if it were not for her salary from Hunter, where she has been on the faculty for twenty-nine years and where she conducts such routine courses as Freshman Composition, Medieval Literature, Chaucer, and History of English Literature, the already thin ranks of the Arthurians would probably be diminished by one.

A small woman of fifty, Miss Newstead has almost none of the physical attributes that have come to be popularly associated with the scholar. A somewhat receding chin, a prominent nose, and thick glasses combine to give her a pleasantly birdlike appearance; she wears her brown hair short, and her comfortable, middle-aged silhouette bears no hint of the ascetic. Unlike the cardboard scholar of the movies, she has been known to go swimming and to take a walk in the country; she frequently bustles around town after dark to attend poetry readings, plays, operas, and concerts (she is likely to anticipate such occasions with a visit to her hairdresser, where a friend recently discovered her sitting under the dryer deeply absorbed in a volume on Pictish archeology); and she sometimes accepts (but almost as often declines) invitations from her many



"I've got a tremendous idea for a giveaway show!"



SPECIAL FORMULA EMOLLIENT for dry skin . . . its penetrating powers unique among facial lubricants. Rich, creamy, golden, a synergistic combination of three different oil groups, each an effective beauty treatment in itself . . . together, a superior formulation that lubricates even the driest skin deeply, rewardingly. $5 and $8.50 plus tax. At favored department and specialty stores.

Charles of the Ritz

MY SIN

. . . a most provocative perfume!

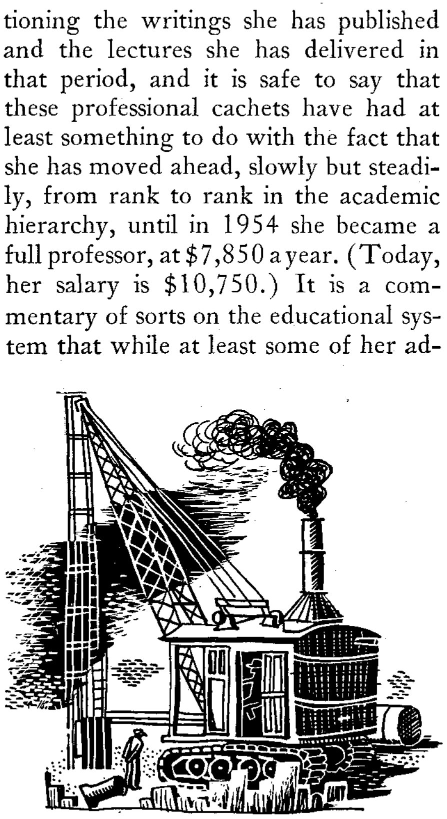
LANVIN

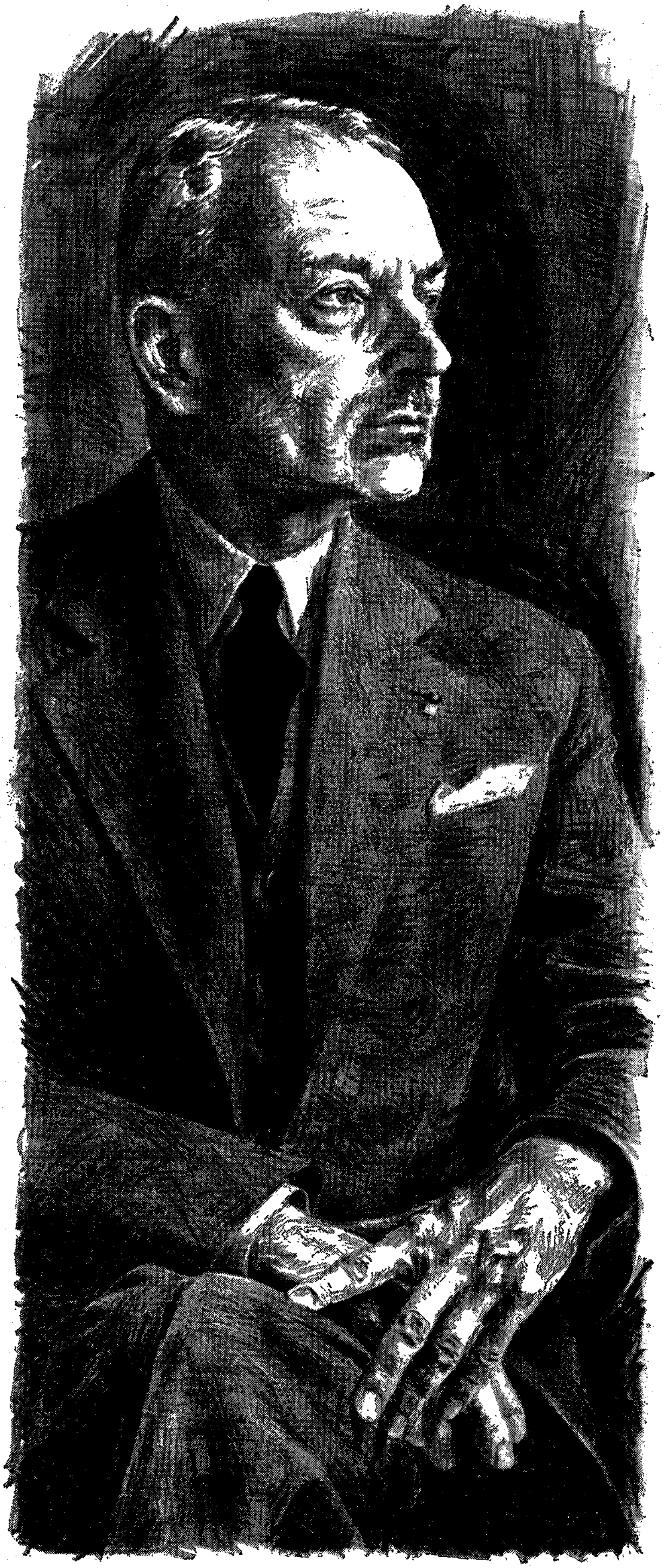
the best Paris has to offer

friends to join them at Sunday dinner. About all that prevents her from being a typical maiden aunt is that, as an only child, she has no nieces or nephews. She is, however, known as Aunt Helaine to the children of several of her friends, and these youngsters think of her primarily as a genial lady who brings them presents now and then or stands treat for a lunch at Longchamps. But although no movie producer would type-cast Miss Newstead as a scholar, she has established herself as an almost perfect example of one. She is happiest when she is spending a long, silent evening or weekend in the untidy study of an otherwise extremely neat and comfortably furnished apartment on East Ninety-third Street, where she lives alone. There, surrounded by an array of books dealing with early myths, sagas, legends, and rituals of many lands, she may sit for hours poring over an antiquated Welsh genealogy or squinting through a magnifying glass at the crabbed letters in a photostatic copy of the text of some little-known medieval Latin narrative. Usually she spends her Christmas, spring, and summer vacations in the same way, but now and then she takes a summer trip to Europe. Even there the story is much the same; she does a little sightseeing and she calls on a few scholars, but she passes fully half her time in places like the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, and the University Library, at Cambridge, scrutinizing card indexes and collections of ancient manuscripts.

Once in a while in the course of her long and patient quest, Miss Newstead will come upon a scrap of previously overlooked evidence, indicating, perhaps, that an incident in one of the Arthurian stories bears a singular similarity to some happening in an old Irish myth, and then her excitement is such that she can't sleep that night. It may even be that she has found something important enough to warrant her writing an article about it for publication in one of the several scholarly journals that are edited for medievalists. Miss Newstead has had nine such articles published, and these stand out like multicolored mileposts along the normally neutral-toned path her life has taken. Each of them announces, in an almost impenetrably learned prose that in no way reflects her inner elation, the addition of one more tiny morsel to mankind's prodigious store of knowledge, and the fact that the morsel can be assimilated by fewer than five hundred persons throughout the world (Japan, incidentally, is a comparative hotbed of Arthurians) does not in the least diminish the excitement she derives from her accomplishment.

In the eyes of many competent teachers who just don't happen to care for scholarly research and the composition of learned papers, Miss Newstead is an exceedingly fortunate woman, since the sort of outside study and writing she revels in is a prerequisite for advancement—if not, indeed, for simple survival—in most colleges, where a would-be professor must heed the dictum "Publish or perish." There is no doubt that even if such pressures did not exist, Miss Newstead would be just as diligent in unearthing bits of knowledge and setting them down on paper, but at the same time she is fully aware of the material advantages that these undertakings have brought her. Since 1928, when she joined the Hunter faculty as a tutor in the English Department at a below-subsistence-level salary, her published writings, in addition to her nine articles, have consisted of one book, eight book reviews (another form of expression that greatly enhances a scholar's prestige), and a chapter apiece in three books edited by other scholars; moreover, she has delivered about a dozen lectures before various groups of medievalists. From none of this has she made a cent. But each year in making out a report to the President's office on her accomplishments during the past twelve months—a requirement imposed on all faculty members—she has not overlooked mentioning the writings she has published and the lectures she has delivered in that period, and it is safe to say that these professional cachets have had at least something to do with the fact that she has moved ahead, slowly but steadily, from rank to rank in the academic hierarchy, until in 1954 she became a full professor, at $7,850 a year. (Today, her salary is $10,750.) It is a commentary of sorts on the educational system that while at least some of her ad-





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vancement almost certainly came about as a result of her study of Arthurian literature, she has never had an opportunity to teach a course in the subject, since none is included in the Hunter curriculum.

STUDYING the life history of a body of legend is not as fleshless a pursuit as might be imagined. An example of how earthy Arthurians can sometimes get is to be found in an energetic controversy Miss Newstead has been engaged in for nine years. The point at issue is whether two legendary characters—a young lady named Blancheflor and a young man named Perceval (also known as Parsifal)—behaved in a chaste or unchaste manner while spending a night together. In "Le Conte del Graal," a long, rhymed romance by the twelfth-century poet Chrétien de Troyes, Perceval stops off at a castle called Belrepaire, where he is welcomed and given a bed for the night. Presently he is awakened by the sound of someone weeping at his bedside; it is Blancheflor, the lady of the castle, who has come *en déshabillé* from her bed to tell him her troubles (an enemy has been besieging her). Perceval comforts her and then invites her to spend the rest of the night with him, and the lady straightway crawls in. In the course of an exhaustive study of the characteristics common to besieged ladies in those days—published in the September, 1948, issue of *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, the most widely read of the learned journals she contributes to—Miss Newstead registered her disagreement with a scholar who had speculated that the couple's conduct was chaste. After all, she pointed out, the poet himself had clearly specified that they lay all night "*boche a boche, braz a braz.*"

So deliberate is the pace of scholarly argument that not until three years later did Miss Newstead learn that her stand on the matter had produced a new adversary—Sister M. Amelia Klenke, a Dominican nun and professor of French in Columbus, Ohio. In 1951, addressing a group of scholars, including Miss Newstead, at a convention of the Modern Language Association, Sister Amelia vigorously asserted Blancheflor's purity. In all scholarly friendliness, Miss Newstead rose and learnedly dissented. A year later, an indignant article by Sister Amelia appeared in the 1952-53 winter issue of the periodical *Romance Philology*, in which she warned, "We must be alert and sensitive to his [Chrétien's] use of symbolism

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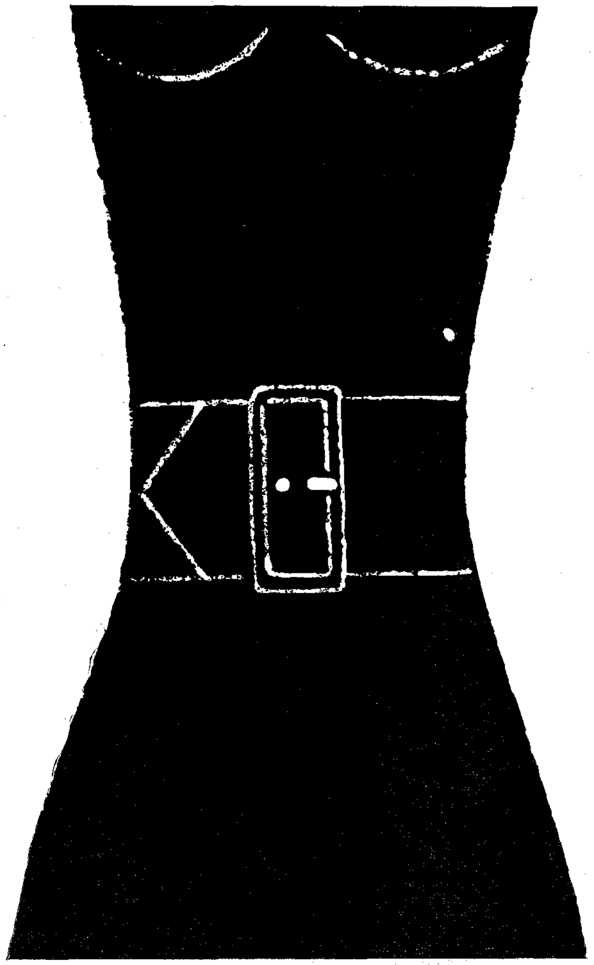

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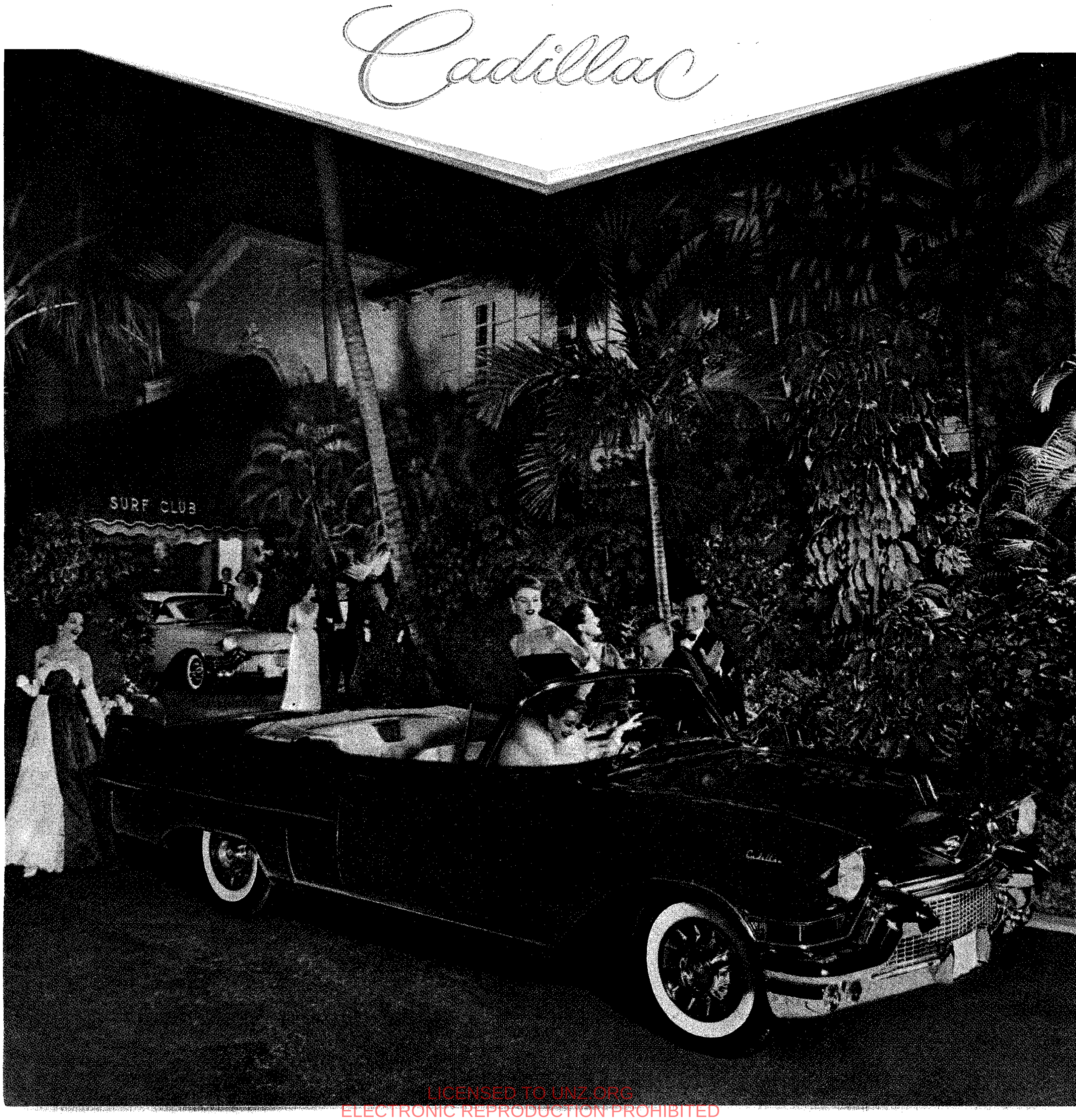

and to his mastery of the liturgy." Then, strewing references as prodigally as a baker strews flour, she held that the account of Perceval's night with Blancheflor was an artful portrayal of one step in his spiritual evolution and was not intended as realism at all. Furthermore, Sister Amelia observed, Perceval couldn't have had carnal contact with Blancheflor, because he didn't mention it in his subsequent confession to a hermit priest, and she topped this off by calling attention to a passage in which Chrétien himself specifically stated that Perceval enjoyed every comfort in bed except the love of woman—and of that, in the poet's own words, "he knew nothing at all, nor did he give it the slightest thought." Finally, Sister Amelia reminded her readers that under the medieval code of *l'amour courtois* couples could engage in any sort of conduct and still be considered chaste, provided only that they avoided actual intercourse.

Having read this, Miss Newstead did not hurry to her desk, scribble a blistering retort, and shoot it right off to Sister Amelia. Instead, she went over Sister Amelia's article line by line, and spent many hours in libraries and in her study consulting half a hundred books and shorter treatises. Only then did she feel in a position to draft a suitable reply, which she did in the form of an article, bristling with erudition, that was printed in the 1953-54 winter issue of *Romance Philology*. In it, she dispassionately skewered Sister Amelia for the way she had used the quotation about Perceval's not giving a thought to the love of woman; in the poem, she observed, that passage precedes the account of Blancheflor's visit to the young man's bed—a sequence that Sister Amelia had neglected to mention. Miss Newstead also expressed the belief that in his confession Perceval might easily have overlooked any indiscretions with Blancheflor, since he was equally silent about having committed the worse sin of abandoning his mother. As for the business about *l'amour courtois*, it was her opinion that Chrétien would most likely not have invoked the code in connection with his hero, since the poet indicated elsewhere that he disapproved of the whole concept, and especially of its most bizarre manifestation, called *amor purus*, which, in the words of Andreas Capellanus, a twelfth-century cleric whom she quoted, "*. . . procedit autem usque ad oris osculum lacertique amplexum et verecundum amantis nudae contactum, extremo praetermisso solatio . . .*" What's more, she wrote, since

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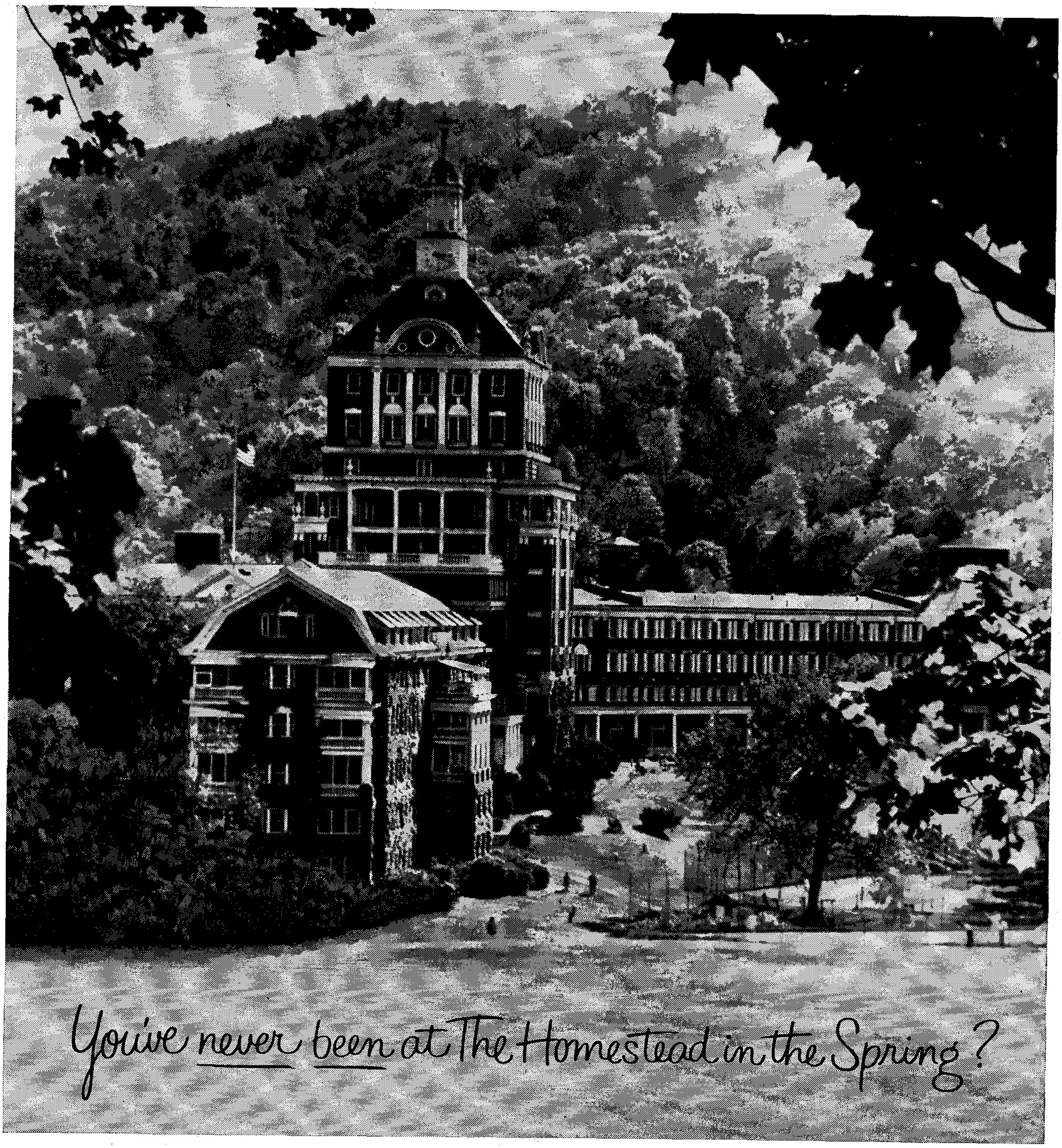
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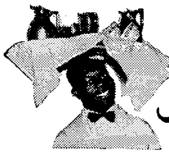

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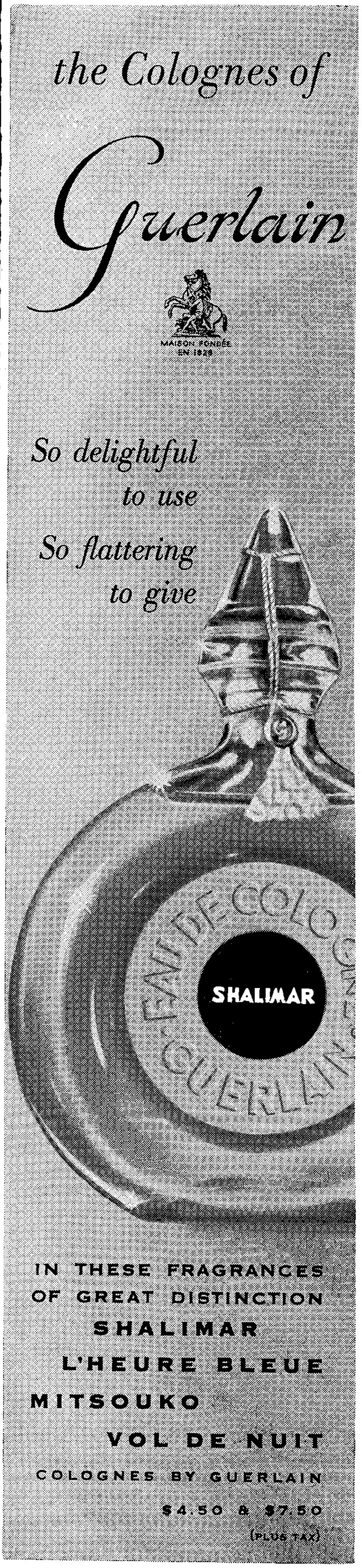
St. Thomas Aquinas had ruled the libidinous kiss and touch to be mortal sins, how could anyone contend that all had been unsinful at Belrepaire after reading Chrétien's description of the way the couple spent the night? And she quoted it:

Et cil la beisoit,
Qui an ses braz la tenoit prise,
Si l'a soz le covertor mise
Tot soavet et tot a eise;
Et cele suefre qu'il la beise,
Ne ne cuit pas qu'il li enuit.
Einsi jurent tote la nuit,
Li uns lez l'autre, boche a boche,
Jusqu'au main que li jorz aproche.
Tant li fist la nuit de solaz
Que boche a boche, braz a braz,
Dormirent tant qu'il ajorna.

Miss Newstead's presentation of these two quotations—so tantalizing to the layman because he can almost but not quite understand them—is characteristic of the way she and other Arthurian scholars communicate with one another. It might be thought that prudishness dissuaded her from translating the passages—obviously the most savory part of her argument—but nothing could be further from the truth. Arthurian scholars expect nobody to read their writings except other Arthurian scholars, and one and all would have considered it a gratuitous insult to their intelligence if she had provided translations. Miss Newstead could feel confident that any of the readers she had in mind when she wrote her reply to Sister Amelia, no matter what their native tongue or what part of the world they were living in, would find Andreas's definition as clear as the prose in a grade-school reader: "It [pure love] proceeds as far as the kiss and the embrace and the modest contact with the nude lover, omitting the final solace." Moreover, it would take an Arthurian less than thirty seconds to skim over the Chrétien quotation and realize that by St. Thomas's standards the couple were unquestionably unchaste, for, as described by the poet, this is how they spent the night:

And he kissed her,
Who held her clasped in his arms,
And he placed her under the coverlet
Quite softly and quite at ease;
And she permitted him to kiss her,
Nor do I believe that it displeased her.
Thus they lay the whole night,
The one beside the other, mouth to mouth,
Until morning when the day approached.
So much solace did he give her that night
That mouth to mouth, arm in arm,
They slept until day broke.

After Miss Newstead's broadside, the furor over just what went on that night at Belrepaire Castle and how to classi-



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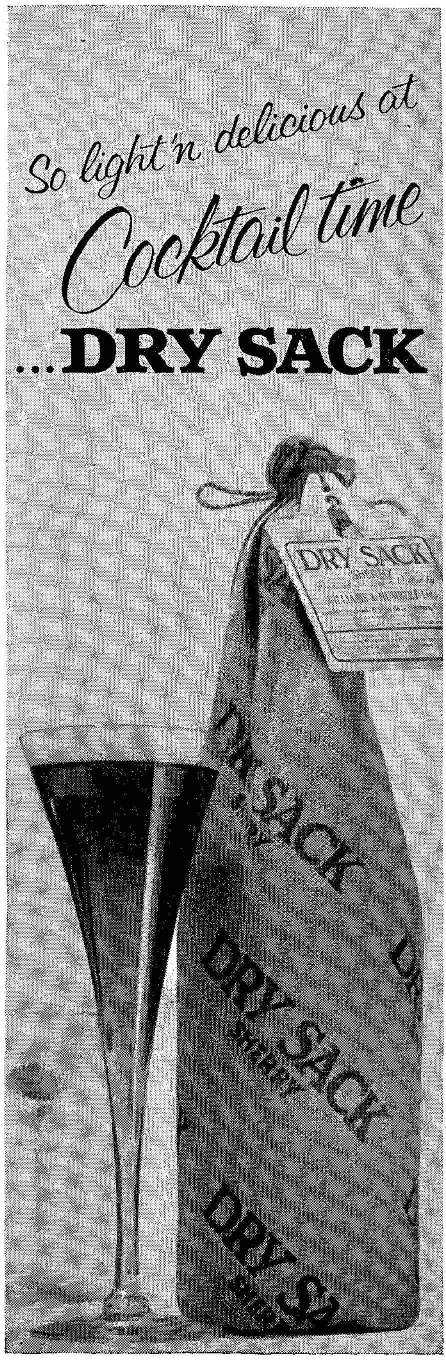

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fy it subsided for a couple of years while Sister Amelia prepared for the next round. Her barrage came in the January, 1956, issue of a journal called *Studies in Philology*, in which she sharply scolded Miss Newstead and then, without offering much in the way of new evidence to support her all-was-well theory, defended Blancheflor as the very personification of chastity and interpreted Perceval's night with the lady as indicative of his growing love of continence. Miss Newstead got the impression that the tone of Sister Amelia's latest riposte was more personal than scholarly, and she now says that she intends to let it go unanswered. In the past few months, however, two other Arthurians have entered the dispute, taking her side against the doughty nun and leaving little reason to suppose that the controversy will not continue to flare fitfully for at least another nine years.

Non-Arthurian friends who have won Miss Newstead's confidence know that she regards the peccadilloes of the knights and ladies of King Arthur's court with tolerance and amusement. People who know her only through her writings, however—even the stanchest Arthurians—sometimes have a hard time sifting out this or any other attitude, owing to Miss Newstead's exuberant use of quotations in little-known ancient tongues. It is all very well, one of her colleagues observed not long ago, to define *amor purus* in Latin, a language that almost every student of the humanities is familiar with; the trouble is that Miss Newstead, an extraordinarily versatile linguist, is also capable of breaking out into Anglo-Norman, Middle High German, Early Italian, Old English, Middle English, Old Norse, Old French, Old Irish, and Early Dutch, as well as modern French, German, and Italian. In so doing, it appears, she makes a too generous estimate of her fellow-scholars' attainments, since few have the time, the inclination, or the capacity to learn such a string of languages. Miss Newstead's position on this point is not wholly consistent, though; she condescends to translate all her Welsh quotations because she happens to regard that language as a barbaric slag heap of agglomerated consonants and cemented-together syllables, very difficult for anybody to read.

To friends who marvel at her wide-ranging repertoire of languages, Miss Newstead explains casually that she "just picked them up" as she went

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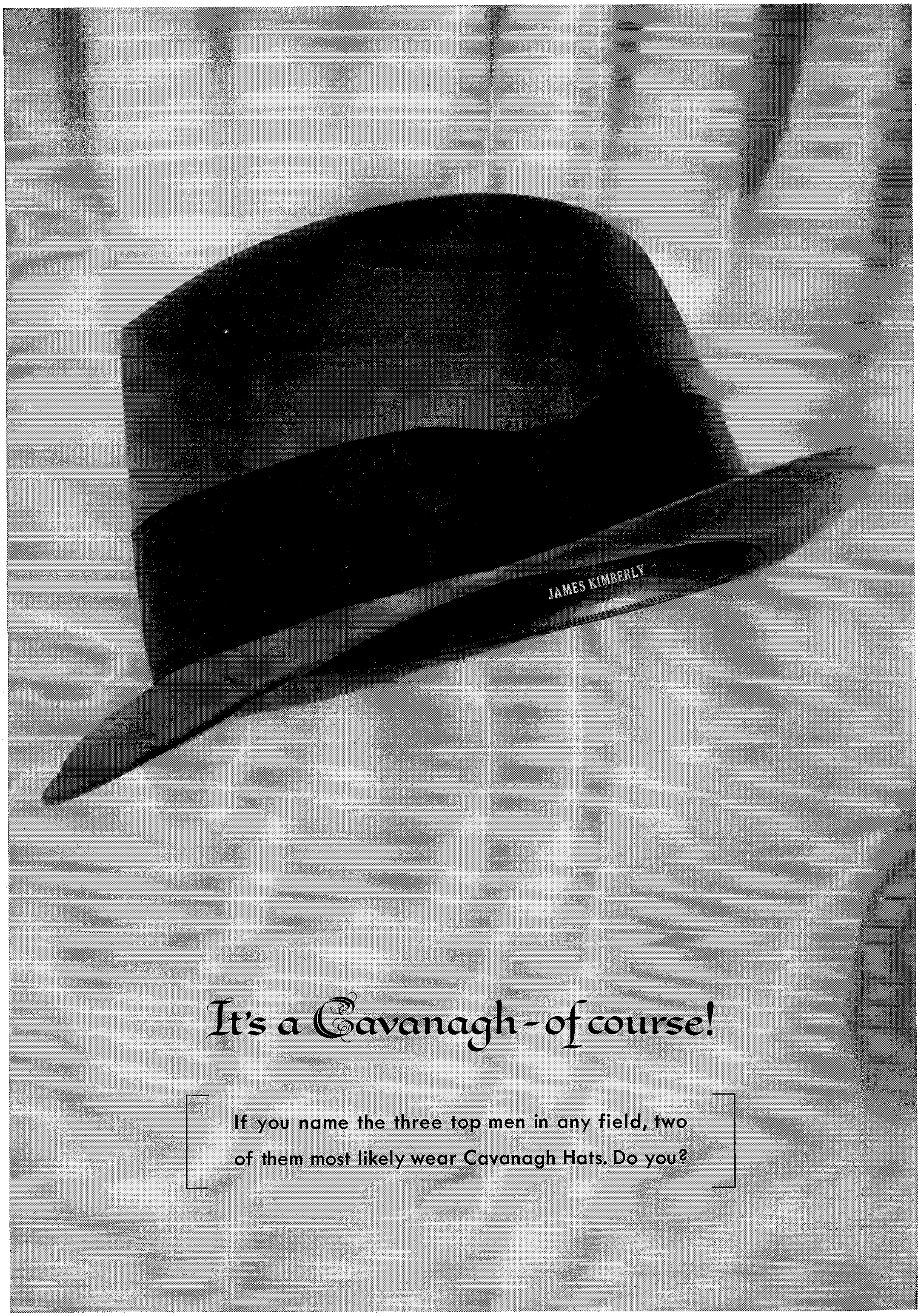

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along. And here again, pretty much by accident, her scholarship gives her added standing in workaday academic society. In such circles, each language mastered is comparable to a military decoration earned, while the appearance in a published paper of a lavish array of untranslated quotations from many discarded languages is much like the rows of ribbons on a hero's chest.

Another medium of communication among the small coterie of the enlightened is the scholarly footnote. To those people who, unindoctrinated but interested, hover uncertainly on the fringes of Miss Newstead's cerebral world, her expert use of the device gives her writing an impressively erudite hallmark. Even the most determined non-Arthurian can hardly help admiring her footnotes as exquisite little nuggets of the scholar's art. Their charm lies not so much in the many familiar Latin signposts with which she peppers them (*viz.*, *ib.*, *loc. cit.*, *cf.*, *passim*, and so on) as in the way she is able to compress the results of prolonged study into an elegantly compact pill of information. The composition of footnotes takes up a good deal of Miss Newstead's time. Night after night, she sits in her study, with a portable typewriter on a table in front of her and books and back issues of her favorite journals precariously piled in heaps and windrows all around her—on the window sill, on the floor, on her desk, on the typewriter's cover, on a sofa—each with slips of paper inserted in it to mark appropriate passages. Boxes of her own notes stand open, with more slips of paper sticking out of key spots; masses of manuscripts, letters, and reprints of papers by her colleagues are stacked here and there in ink-soiled snowdrifts of learning. Presiding over this chaos—darting first right, then left, nibbling at one book after another, extracting a word or a phrase or a name or a date from some source near the window or near the door or beneath her chair—she may manage after an hour's work to compress the product of several weeks of research into a single footnote. In one of her most recent articles, "The Tryst Beneath the Tree: An Episode in the Tristan Legend," published in the February, 1956, issue of *Romance Philology*, she endeavors to track down the origins of an episode: King Mark has hidden in a tree to spy on Tristan and Isolt, but they see him there, and put him off the scent by pretending to hate each other. "One version [of this episode] current in the twelfth century," Miss Newstead's text reads, "is the Latin tale *Lidia*, composed about 1175 but based on an earlier French source.[47]" Here is footnote No. 47:

> G. Cohen, *La "Comédie" latine en France au XIIe siècle* (Paris, 1931), I, 213-246. This is evidently the source of Boccaccio's tale, *Decameron*, VII, 9. For analogues see A. C. Lee, *The Decameron, Its Sources and Analogues* (London, 1909), pp. 236-244. J. D. Bruce, *Evolution*, I, 187, suggested the "Pear Tree Story" as the source of the episode; but, as Mrs. Dempster has pointed out (W. F. Bryan and G. Dempster, *Sources and Analogues of the Canterbury Tales* [Chicago, 1941], pp. 341-356), one must distinguish between those versions, like Chaucer's *Merchant's Tale*, in which the blind husband's sight is restored, and the others, like *Lidia*, where the deceived husband's vision is normal. Cf. Bédier, *Les Fabliaux* (4th ed.; Paris, 1925), pp. 269 f.

As an academic bench mark, this is all that it should be—a condensed guide to the reader, telling him where to go if he wants to dig deeper. But as a work of art it is far more than that. It is the scholar's equivalent of a coloratura soprano's cadenza—an interpolation that flirts and trills as it swiftly and flawlessly skips through four reference sources, three original literary works, and two contrasting theories, and winds up by nonchalantly uncorking a fifth, and key, reference ("Cf. Bédier," etc.), much like the singer's bravura high D that ends the performance and brings down the house.

FOOTNOTE No. 47 represents many years of study, reflective thinking, and the orderly arrangement of knowledge, all distilled by Miss Newstead into a few lines of small type. It is one of sixty-seven footnotes appended to an article that, no doubt,

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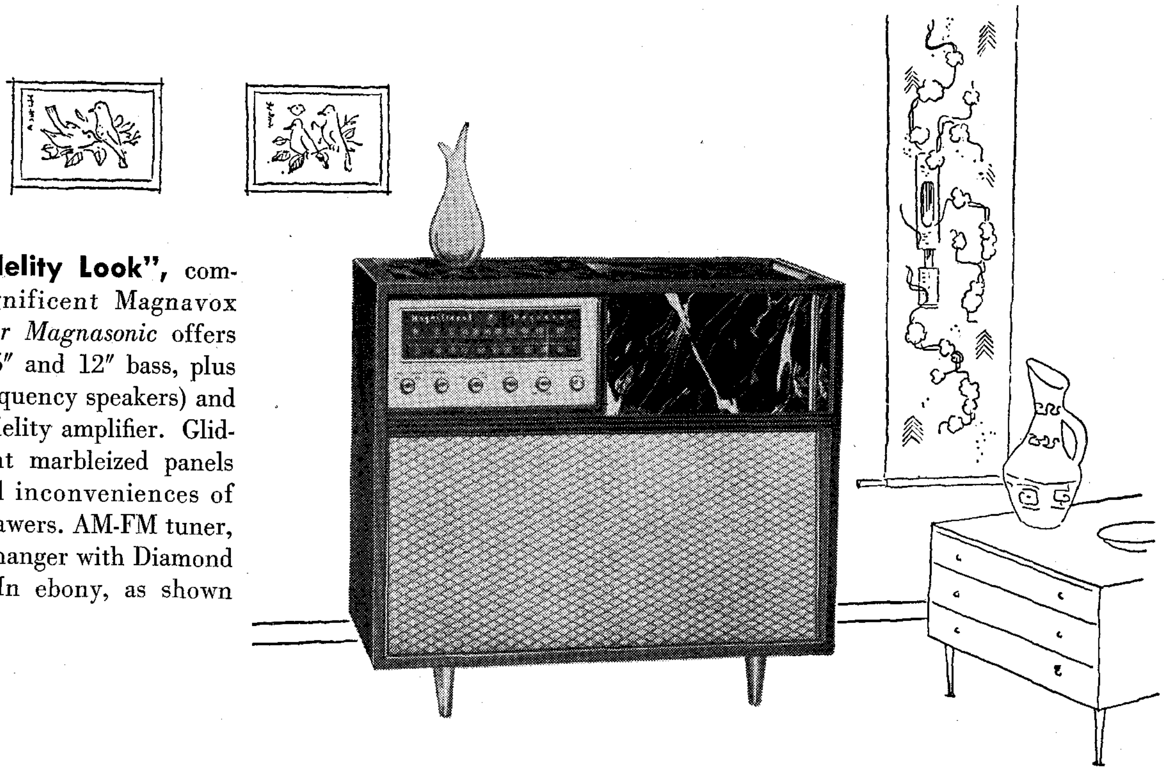

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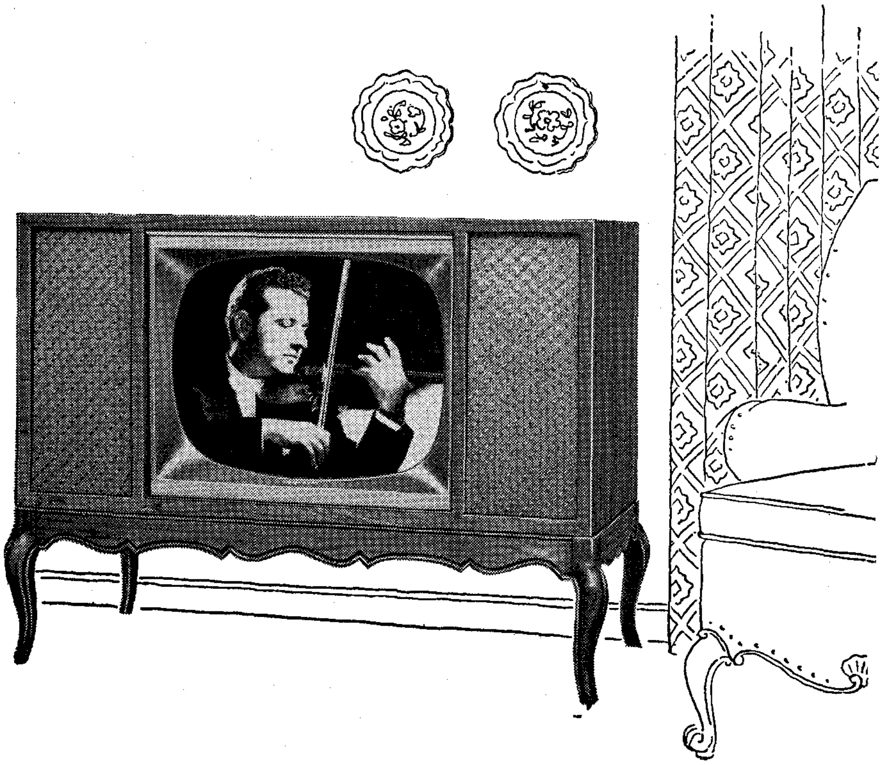

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will itself survive chiefly as a footnote to another article, by some future scholar. Thus does knowledge of the humanities accumulate, a grain at a time. Scholars absorbed in that branch of learning earnestly believe that the grains eventually compose a great bin of knowledge, from which present-day society can derive a better understanding of its antecedents and the development of its culture. Reward for contributing these grains must come principally from within, for present-day society seems to have put a rather low valuation on the privilege of finding out how it came to be what it is. Teachers of the humanities are not paid very well, and as a result there are relatively few of them—only twenty-eight thousand out of a total of about a hundred and fifty thousand men and women now teaching in American colleges and universities. A mere one and a half per cent of them are paid as much as ten thousand dollars a year, and the median annual salary for the group runs around five thousand—approximately what hourly workers in automobile factories and oil refineries receive. Unlike a teacher of chemistry, say, who may at any time be offered a better-paid job in industry, teachers of the humanities can have little hope of employment elsewhere.

Despite this bleak material outlook, however, and despite—or perhaps because of—a certain feeling of being cut off from the main stream of contemporary life, humanist scholars appear to be for the most part a reasonably contented lot. A substantial proportion of them are persons who, as adolescents, found that an afternoon spent alone exploring a library's stacks was more satisfying than sitting with a crowd in a football stadium or gossiping with classmates at a soda fountain. Miss Newstead counts herself one of this group. Possibly being an only child has something to do with the fact that as far back as she can remember she has been accustomed to solitude and to turning to books for relaxation. She was born in 1906, in an apartment house on Seventh Avenue near 113th Street—a neighborhood that is now part of Harlem and was then inhabited to a large extent by moderately successful Jewish businessmen and their families. Miss Newstead's father, Nathan, was a brewer's representative, and both he and his wife got just about all the intellectual stimulation they wanted from evenings of pinochle or small talk with friends, but they were determined to give their daughter the sort of background that would lead to

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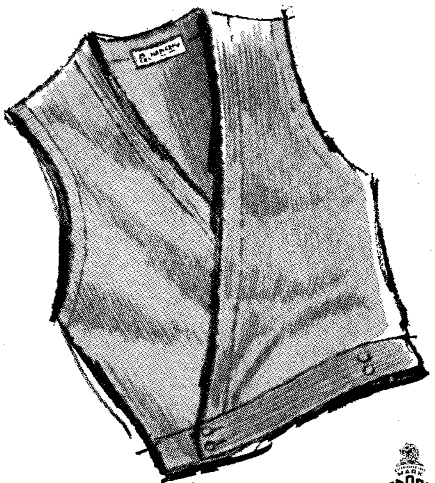

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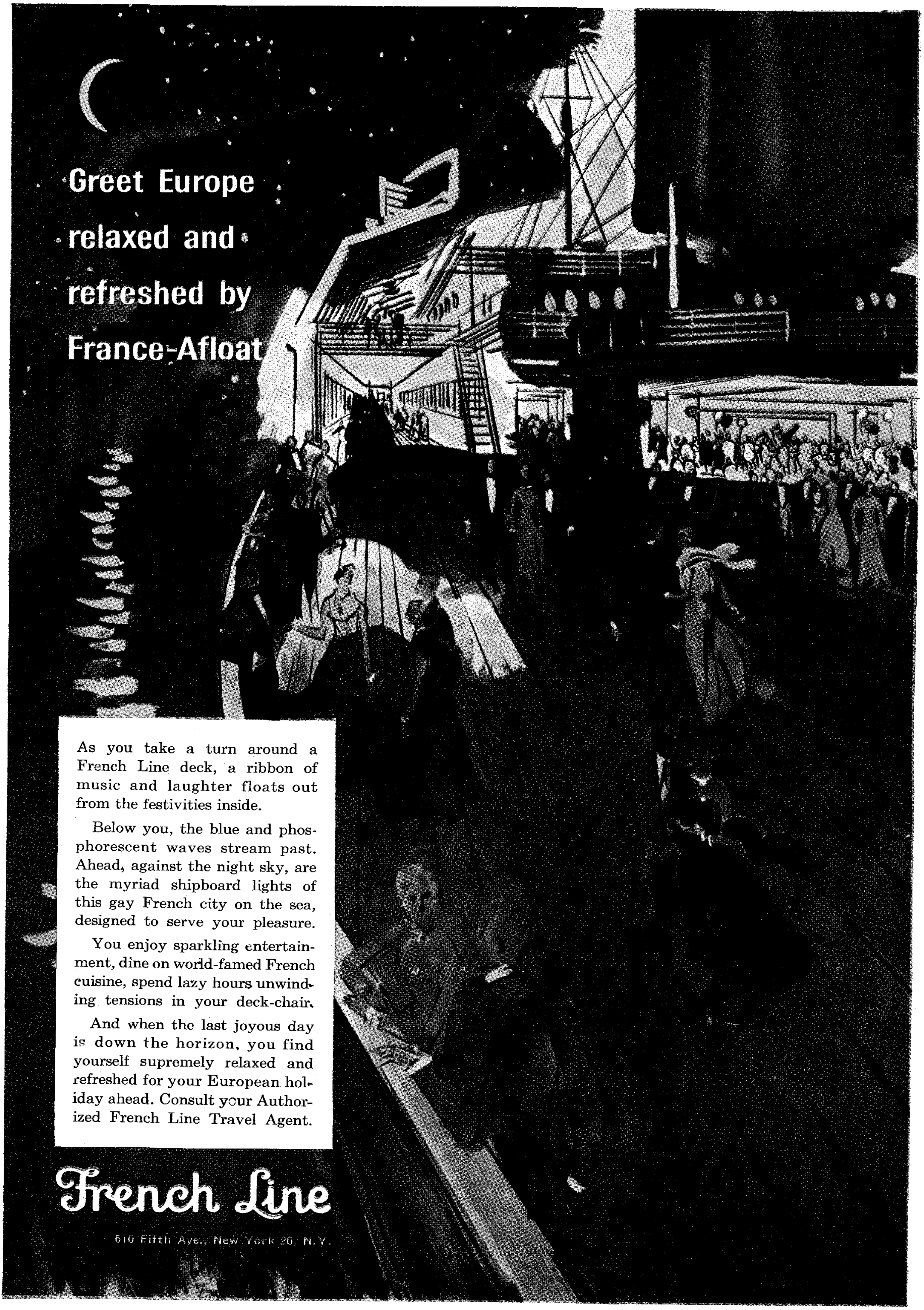

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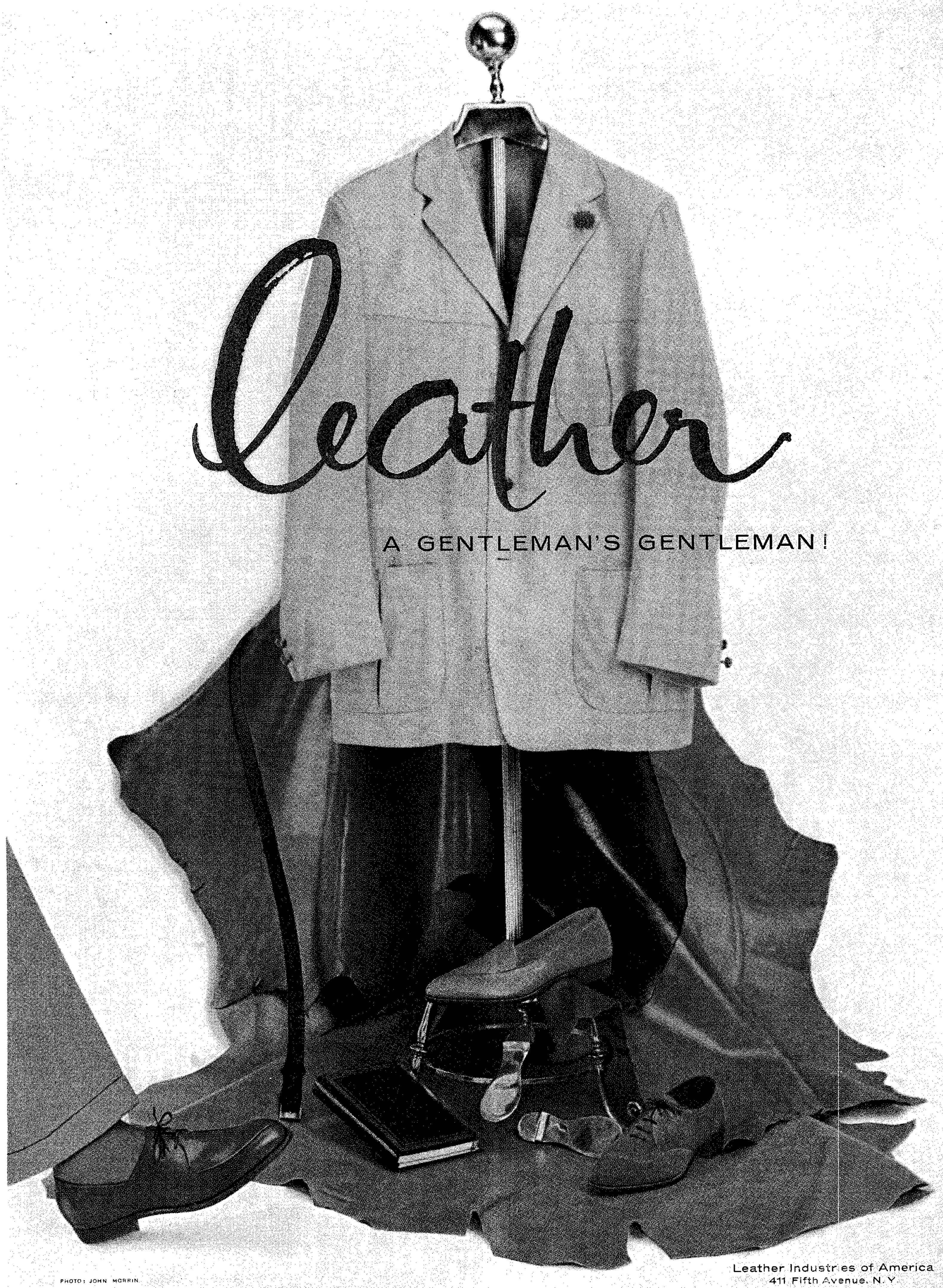
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a richer life—preferably as a concert pianist. (Mrs. Newstead had named her daughter Helaine—an Old French version of Helen—not because of any premonitory glimpse of the Arthurian future but simply because she wanted the child in every way to rise above the ordinary.) To this end, while Miss Newstead was attending Hunter College High School, on Lexington Avenue and Sixty-eighth Street, her parents practically insisted that she simultaneously put in a considerable number of hours a week at the Institute of Musical Art (now the Juilliard School of Music), where they hoped she would establish herself as a genius. Not only did she fail to achieve this end but her health nearly broke under the strain of attending two schools at once. She thereupon abandoned the idea of becoming a pianist, which gave her a lot more time for her real interest in life—reading books.

Never in her youth did Miss Newstead have much of a social life. As a child, she had no time for one because of her crowded educational schedule. She entered Hunter College in the fall of 1923, and soon began to distinguish herself in language and literature courses. Then excessive reading, coupled with a nutritional deficiency, brought on a painful eye inflammation that plagued her for more than a year. "There I was in college right in the middle of the roaring twenties," she recalled not long ago. "But I wasn't in any mood to go along on gin parties or wild automobile rides, even if someone had asked me. I was a longhair, and no doubt about it—constantly going to concerts and the theatre, and I guess I did pretty well in my classes, too." The satisfaction she derived from her classroom triumphs more than made up to her for any lack of gaiety in her way of living. "Helaine was a typical scholar even when she was an undergraduate," a former classmate of Miss Newstead's has said. "Before she was twenty, she already had a way of talking like a learned person. She never went in for idle girl-talk, like the rest of us." The elder Newsteads, recovered from their disappointment at their daughter's failure to become a musical genius, were delighted with the way things were turning out. It almost seemed that the less they understood about her intellectual interests the more they admired her.

IN June, 1927, Miss Newstead graduated from Hunter *magna cum laude*, taking with her, in addition to her diploma, the assurance of Dr.

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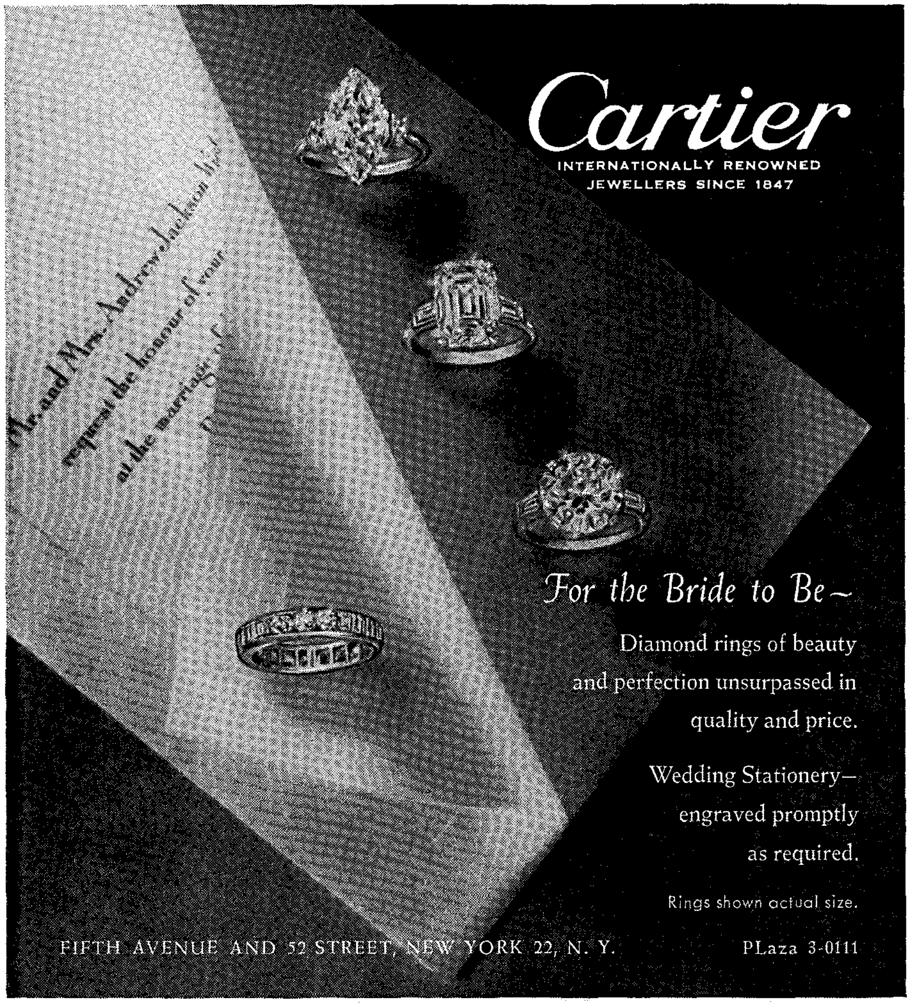

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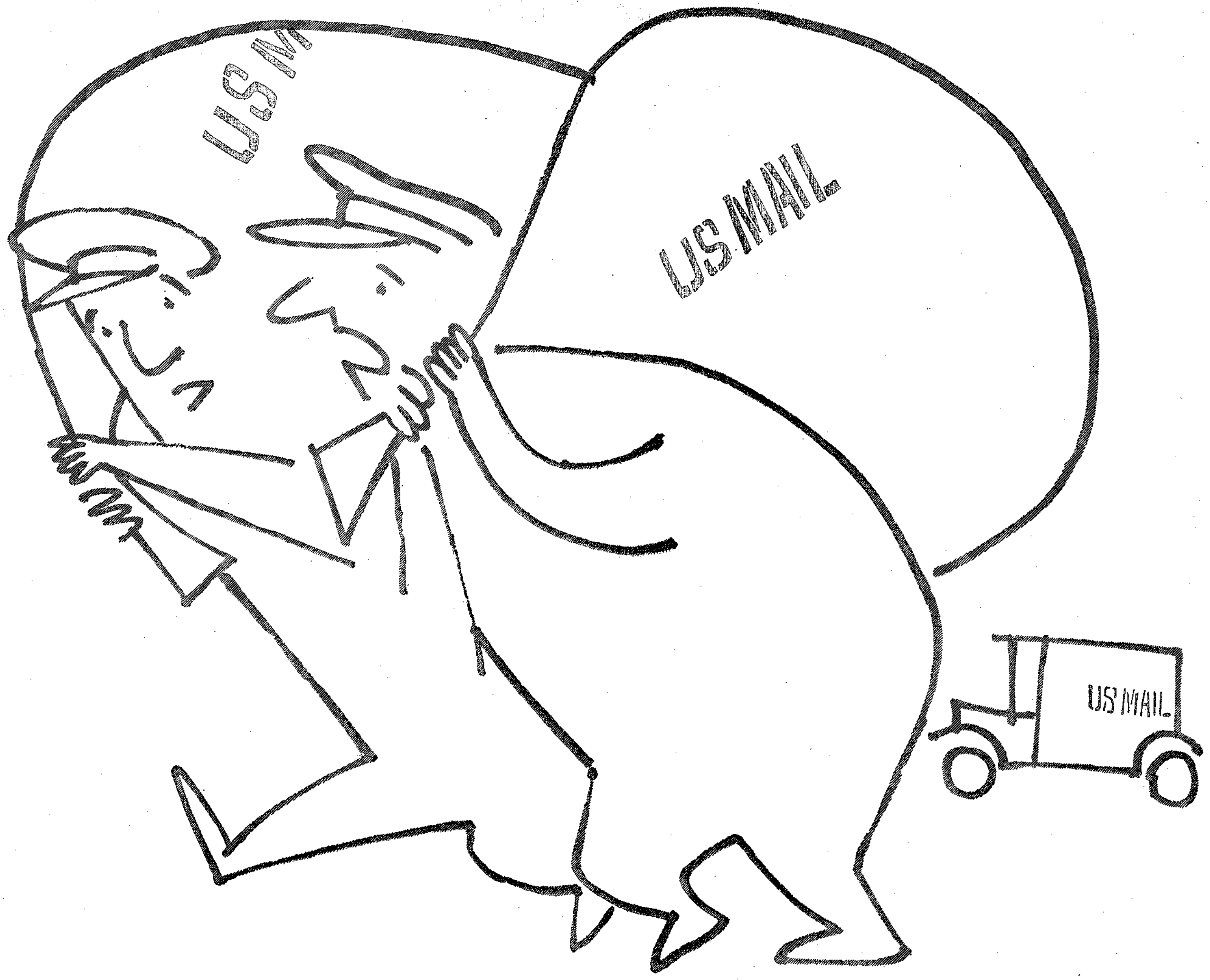
Blanche Colton Williams, the chairman of the English Department, that if she would immediately go on to study for a Master's degree at Columbia, she would stand a good chance of landing a job on the Hunter teaching staff the following year. Accordingly, she went ahead and got an M.A. in English, and in 1928 was appointed a tutor at Hunter. "I was terrified of my students," she recalled the other day. "I was a scared little rabbit." For the next eleven years, she devoted her after-class hours to getting a Ph.D. at Columbia, where she studied under Professor Roger Sherman Loomis, now retired, who is generally regarded as the ranking Arthurian in the United States. A tall, erect, and intensely consecrated scholar, Loomis has long contended that, notwithstanding the claims of an opposition party based mostly in France and Germany, the Arthurian romances derive more of their substance from early Celtic story patterns than from the inventive imaginations of French poets and storytellers. The derivation of the romances is clearly a matter of fundamental concern to Arthurian scholars, and from the beginning of her postgraduate days Miss Newstead has been in Loomis's corner during every round of the dispute. He saw in her the makings of a scholar when, shortly after she had enrolled in a seminar he was conducting on the riddles that bedevil Arthurians, he asked if any of the group could read German easily. Miss Newstead said that she could, whereupon the Professor handed her a sheaf of German articles discussing the Mabinogion, a controversial collection of Welsh prose romances, and instructed her to summarize their contents. She turned in such a proficient performance that even Loomis, brusque and crusty by nature, could not restrain a cautious display of admiration. She has been his protégée ever since, now and then tagging along with him and his wife on trips to European caves and old castles that may have some bearing on the Arthurian legend. "I can kid Helaine about herself and her work but not about Loomis," a Columbia professor said recently. "That's the way it is with scholars. All the rest of their lives, they figuratively stand up whenever the man who started them off enters the room."

While working for her Ph.D. under Loomis, Miss Newstead made her first significant contribution to Arthuriana. Listening one day in the spring of 1934 as the Professor elaborated on the confusions arising from errors that medieval scribes made in copying manuscripts, *Another thinly disguised WJR Success Story*



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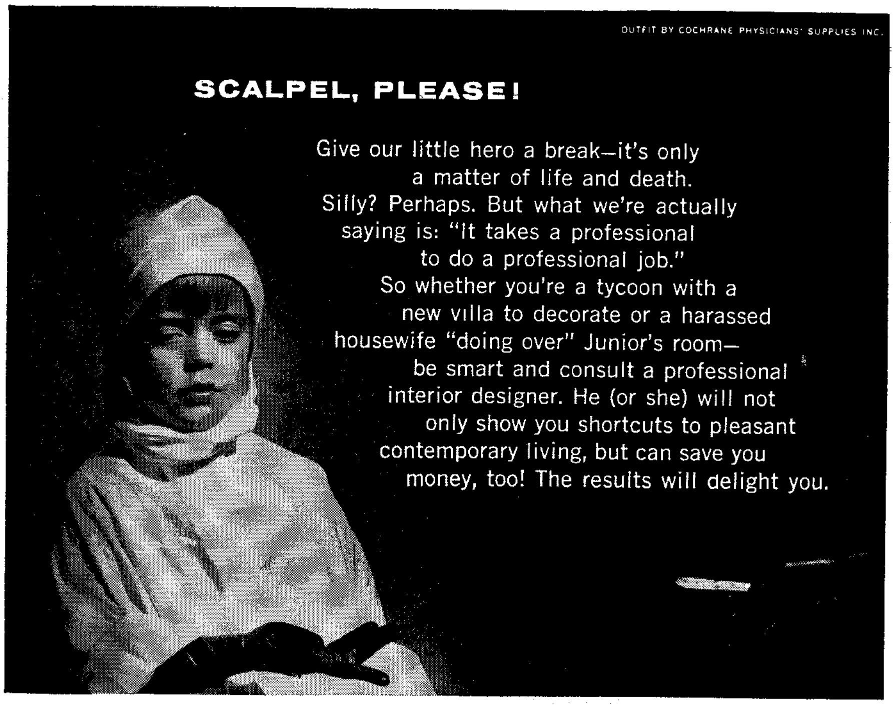

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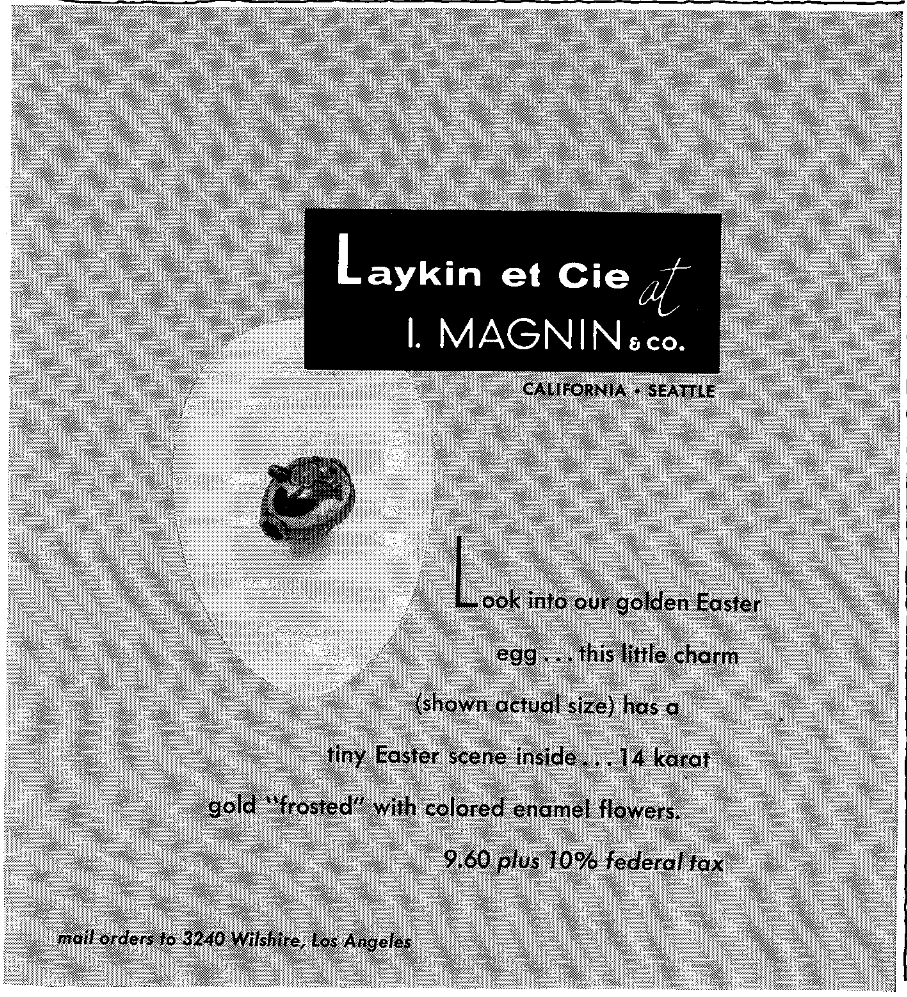

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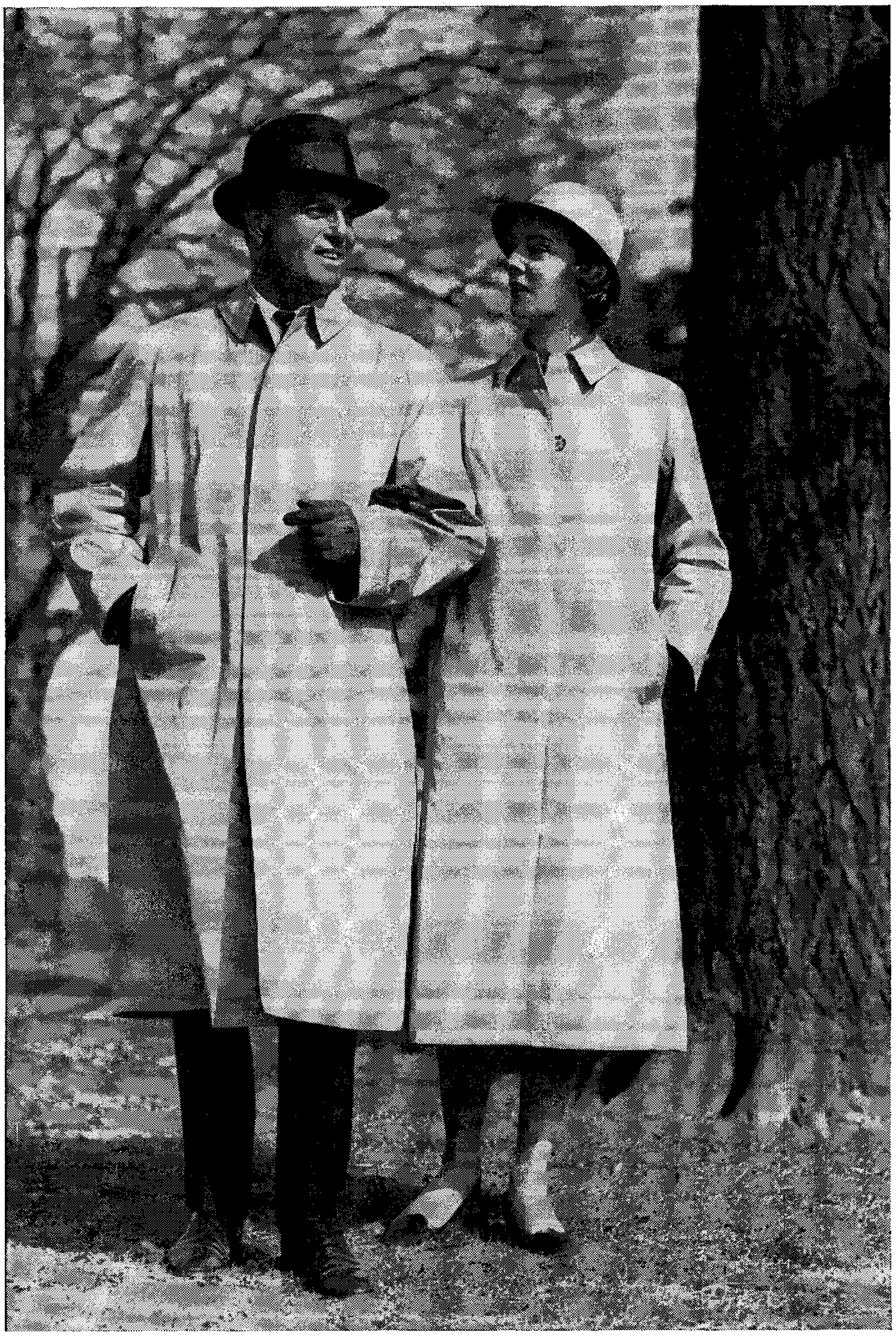
she experienced one of those flashes of intuition whereby the murky becomes clear. It occurred to her that if, by any chance, the word "*cort*," meaning "court," as it appears at one point in a Chrétien romance called "Erec," had originally been "*cor*," meaning "horn," many small references in the text that seemed to make no sense would take their part in a logical pattern of thought. Strongly encouraged by Loomis, she spent an entire summer writing a paper on the subject, with such impressive results that she was invited to read it at the 1935 convention of the Modern Language Association, and the following year it was printed in *PMLA*.

The horn Miss Newstead discovered in "Erec" was the horn of Bran, an ancient Welsh sea-god, whose half-forgotten chronicle, truncated and mangled, lies buried in several twelfth-century Arthurian romances. Bran, she became convinced, was the original of the mysterious "Fisher King" of the romances, and for her doctoral dissertation she would disinter his bones from every Arthurian tale in which she could find a trace of them and thus strengthen the evidence that the Welsh did indeed make important contributions to the French romances about King Arthur. It was slow going, for her classes at Hunter took much of her time, but in 1937, with the help of a six-month leave of absence from teaching, during which she spent every weekday from nine to five in the Columbia library, she passed the oral examination for her doctorate and entered the homestretch—completing the written dissertation. Nightly, she worked over her notes until nearly dawn, disregarding the entreaties of her gentle, devoted mother. (Mr. Newstead had died some years earlier.) Mrs. Newstead never asked what the dissertation was to be about; she knew it would make her daughter a Doctor of Philosophy, and that was all that mattered.

In 1939, climaxing eleven years of this kind of after-hours toil, Miss Newstead completed her dissertation and received her Ph.D. By then, she had found resemblances to Bran embedded in twenty-two Arthurian characters (of whom the best known is the wounded Grail King Anfortas—or Amfortas, as he appears in Wagner's "Parsifal") as well as echoes of his exploits in a number of references to Arthurian feasts, battles, castles, and miracles. Her dissertation, calling attention to these similarities, was published by the Columbia University Press under the title "Bran the Blessed in Arthurian Romance," and bears the



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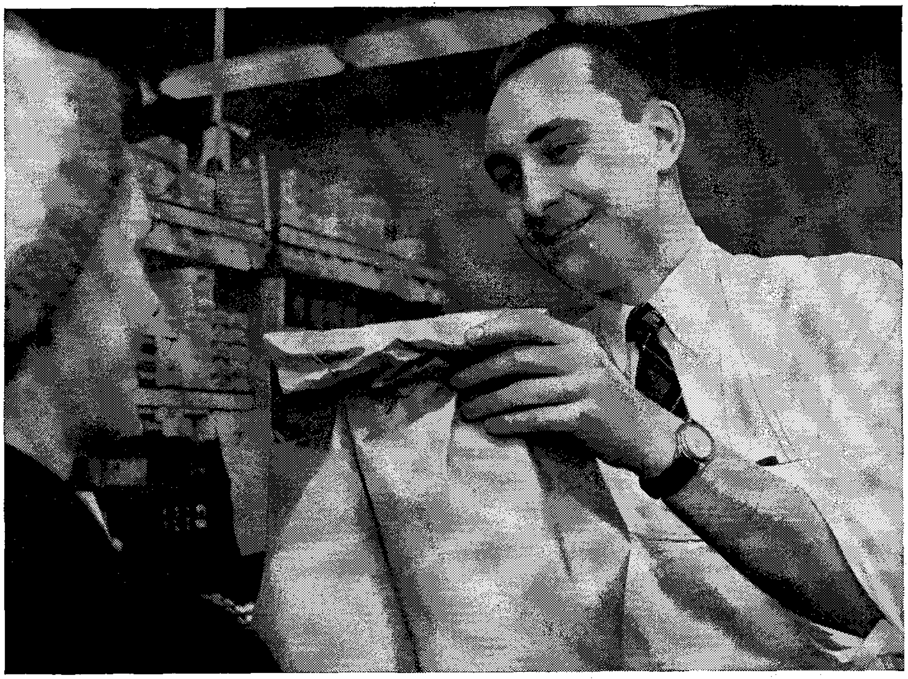

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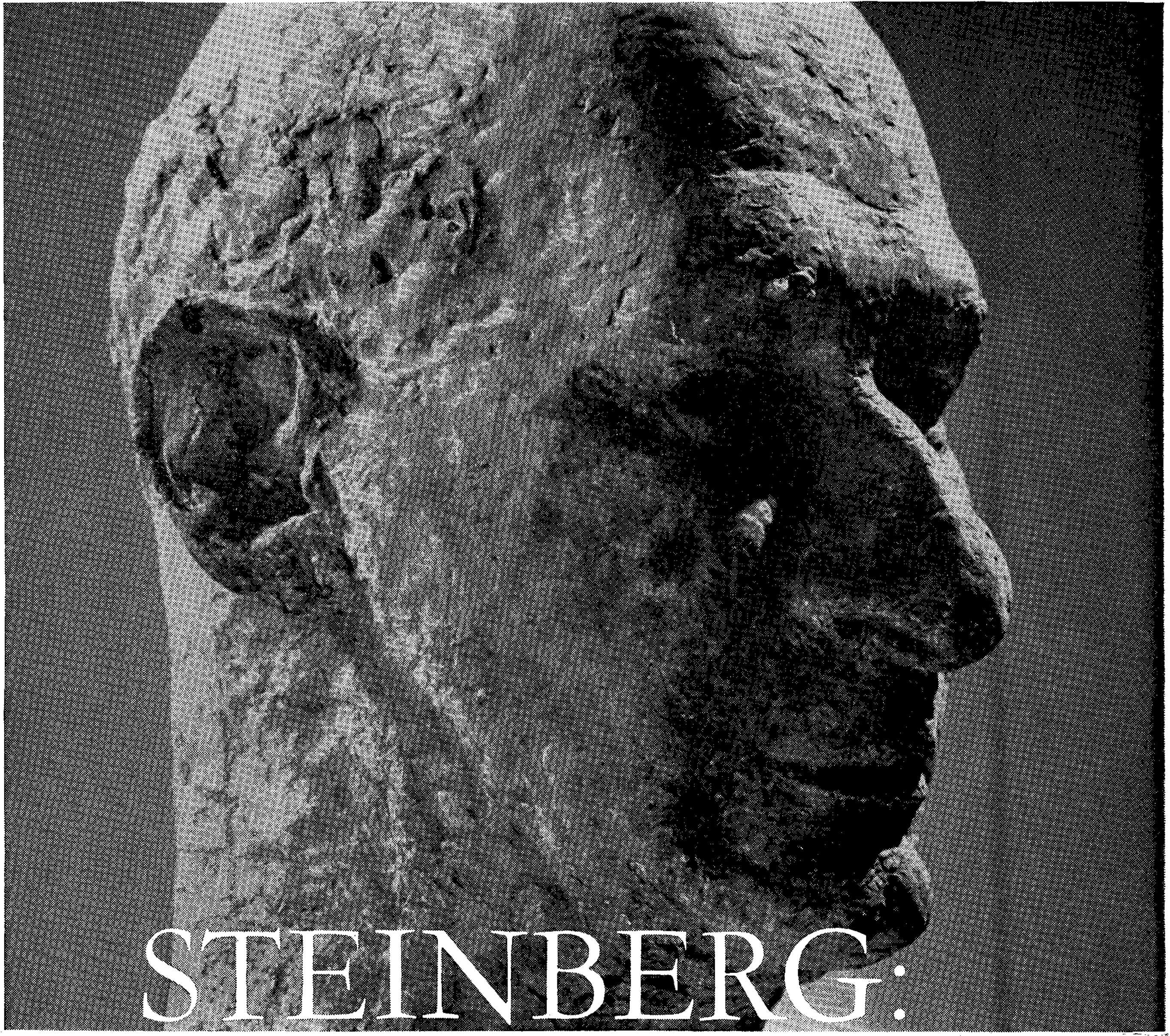
dedication "To My Mother." Those three words and the title page were the only parts of the volume that Mrs. Newstead ever tried to read, but her pride in the accomplishment was tremendous and, until her death five years ago, it surged up every time she heard Helaine addressed as "Dr. Newstead."

As books go, "Bran the Blessed" is a short one—a mere fifty thousand words—but it has an extremely high specific gravity: five hundred and thirty-two footnotes, two hundred and fifty-eight listings in its bibliography, and two hundred and five quotations, both long and short, in Latin, Old French, Anglo-Norman, Old German, and Welsh. The publishing of such a work bears about as much likeness to commercial publishing as the two-toed sloth does to the gazelle. A new novel has to sell anywhere from seven to ten thousand copies in order to break even, and if after the first year its annual sales drop below a hundred or so, it is liable to be remaindered and dumped on bargain counters in the vicinity of Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue, priced at around nineteen cents a copy. In the rather different case of "Bran the Blessed," only five hundred copies were run off, a printing order that was based on the most sanguine estimate of the potential demand for copies; there was never any thought of the book's breaking even financially. University-press managers look forward calmly to losing money on all the works of rarefied scholarship they publish, even if a whole edition should sell out. Their deficits are covered by subsidies from the universities or from foundations, and it is therefore hardly surprising that they find themselves publishing most of the thousand or more scholarly books that appear each year. About a tenth of these books, according to the rules of the game and the decisions of the press's trustees, are paid for by the authors themselves. Painful though this may be for struggling young students, most of them manage to scare up enough money to back their manuscripts, stoically realizing that it is all part of the business of making one's way as a scholar. Doctoral theses being within that unhappy tenth, the printing costs of "Bran the Blessed"—a matter of nine hundred and ninety-three dollars—had to be borne by Miss Newstead, and neither she nor anyone else had the slightest expectation that she would recoup them. Seventy-five copies were presented, free, to the Columbia library, in accordance with the Ph.D. requirements then in effect. (Three



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typed copies and one microfilmed copy now suffice.) "You might call the other four hundred and twenty-five copies our trade edition," Henry Wiggins, Manager of the Publication Department of the Columbia University Press, told a visitor a couple of months ago. Then he broke into an uneasy, slightly bitter spasm of laughter. "Trade edition!" he gasped. "Oh dear, oh dear!"

Mr. Wiggins went on to explain that sixty-six additional free copies of "Bran the Blessed" were sent to reviewers or to friends of Miss Newstead, and that the first year's actual sales, most of them to libraries, reached a trim total of fifty-nine copies, at two dollars and twenty-five cents apiece. During the second year, as might be expected, demand fell off somewhat, and fifteen copies were sold. Over the next eight years, annual sales ranged from two to ten copies. In 1949, inexplicably, they zoomed to a total of twenty-nine copies; then the yearly average dropped to four and a third until 1956, when the sales figure bounced modestly to thirteen. In all, a hundred and eighty-three copies have been sold, netting Miss Newstead $90.50 in royalties. Of a hundred and sixty-nine copies that Wiggins and his colleagues prudently did not bind, pending a call for them, a hundred and forty-four have been destroyed and twenty-five have been given to Miss Newstead, leaving seven bound copies still in stock. Now, seventeen years after the début of "Bran the Blessed," Wiggins, harassed by the trouble and expense of carrying such odds and ends on his inventory, would dearly love to throw out this lingering remnant of a publication that typifies what university-press people call, with mixed emotions, "a saleless wonder." But when he hinted to Miss Newstead that it might be well to dispose of the seven copies, she became so distressed that he didn't have the heart to proceed. "It's an important book," she told him. "And I'm not the only one who feels that a library anywhere in the world should be able to buy a copy as long as there are any left." Avarice definitely has nothing to do with Miss Newstead's position, since royalties from the seven copies would still leave her almost nine hundred dollars shy of getting back her original investment.

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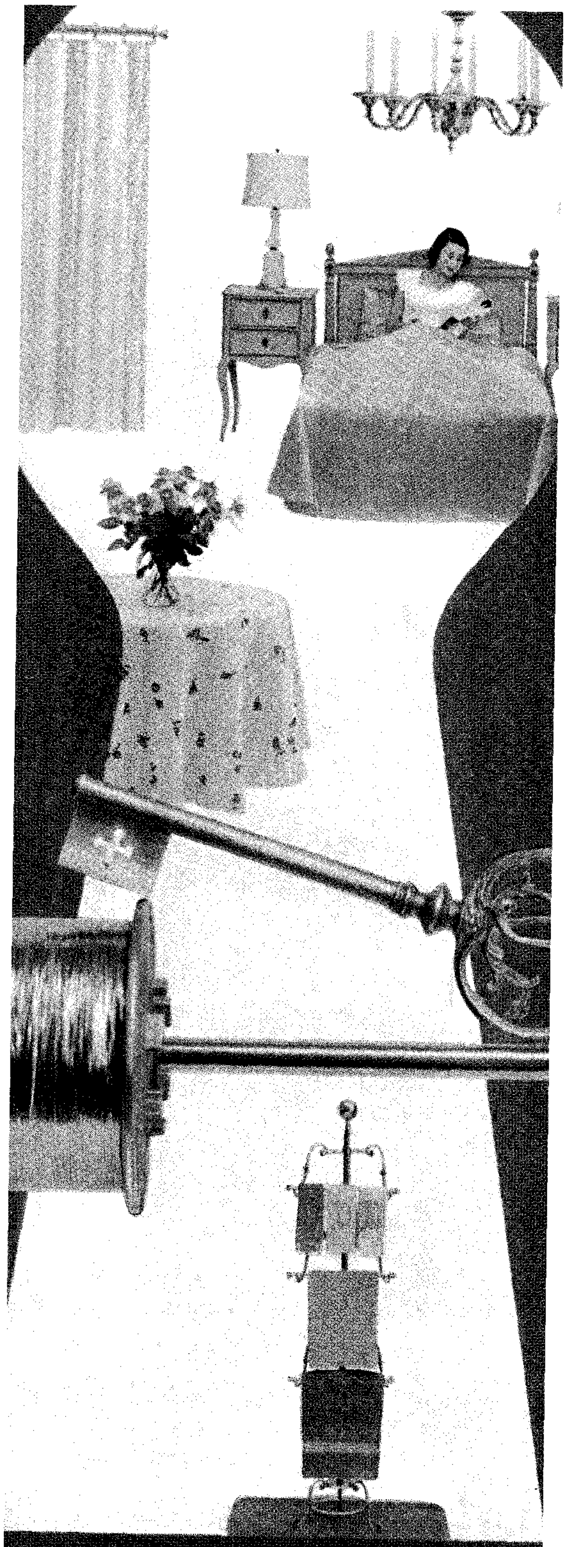

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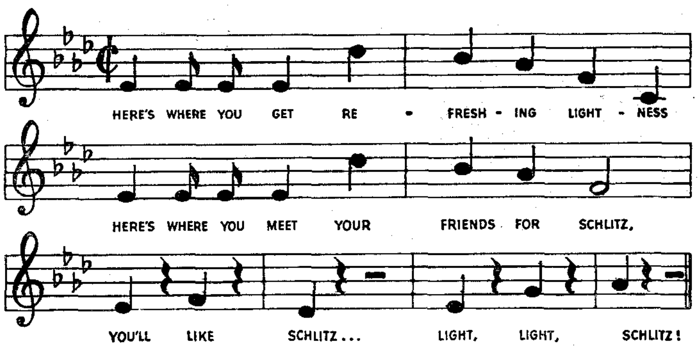
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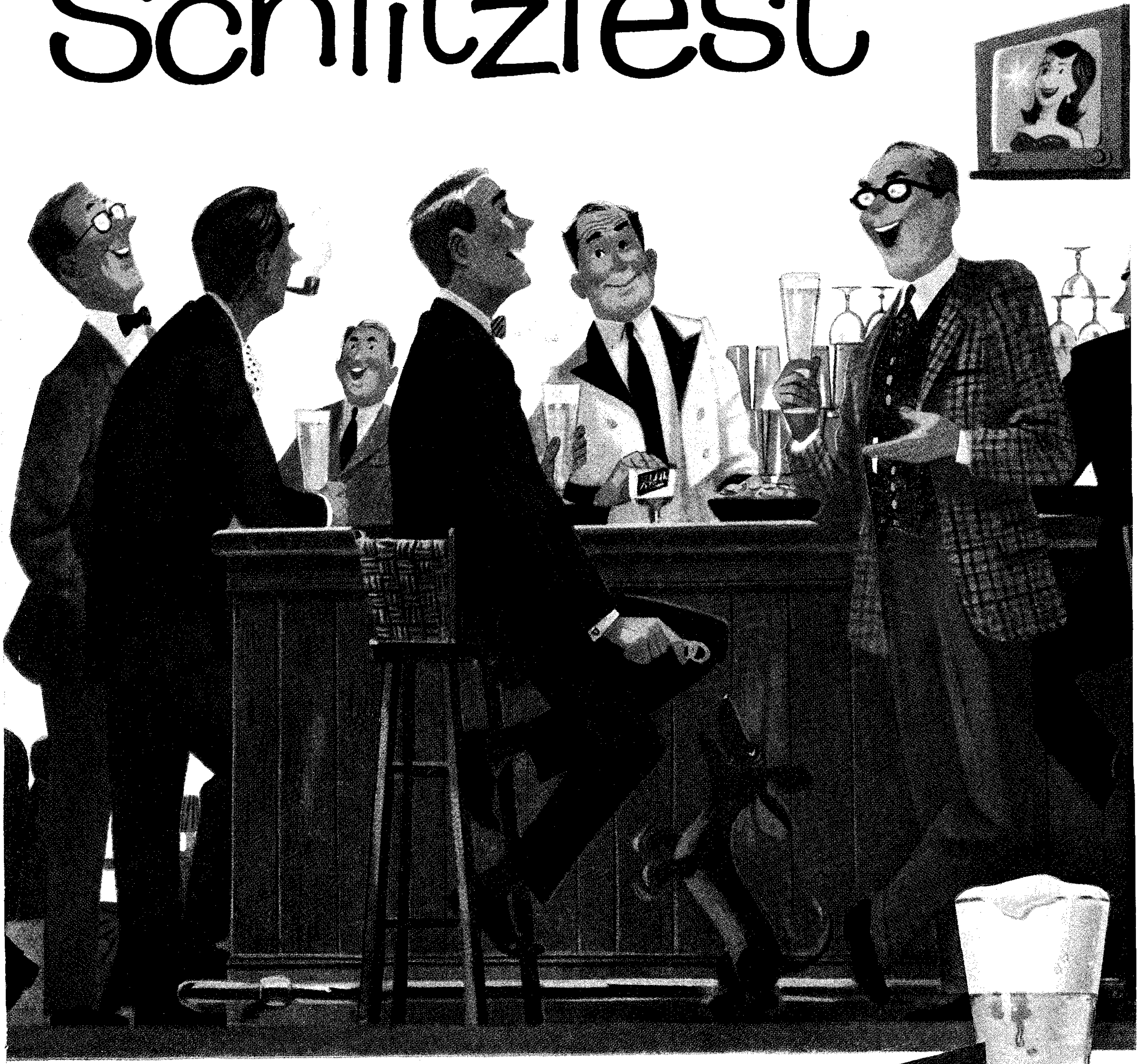

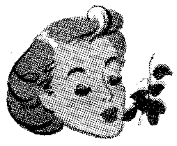

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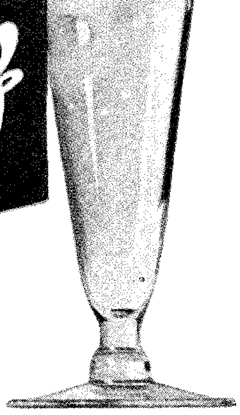

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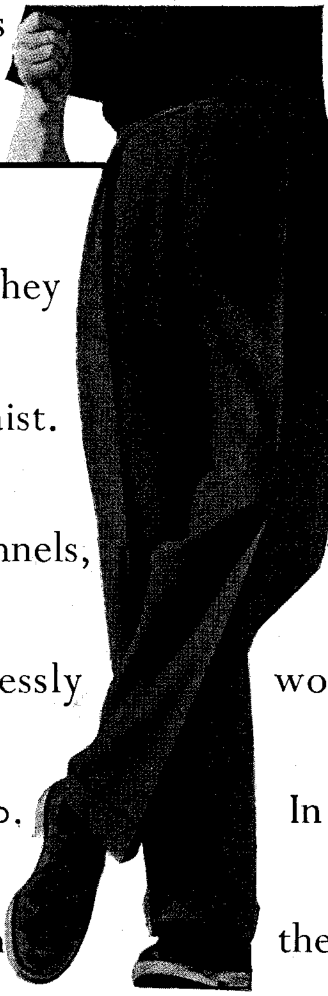

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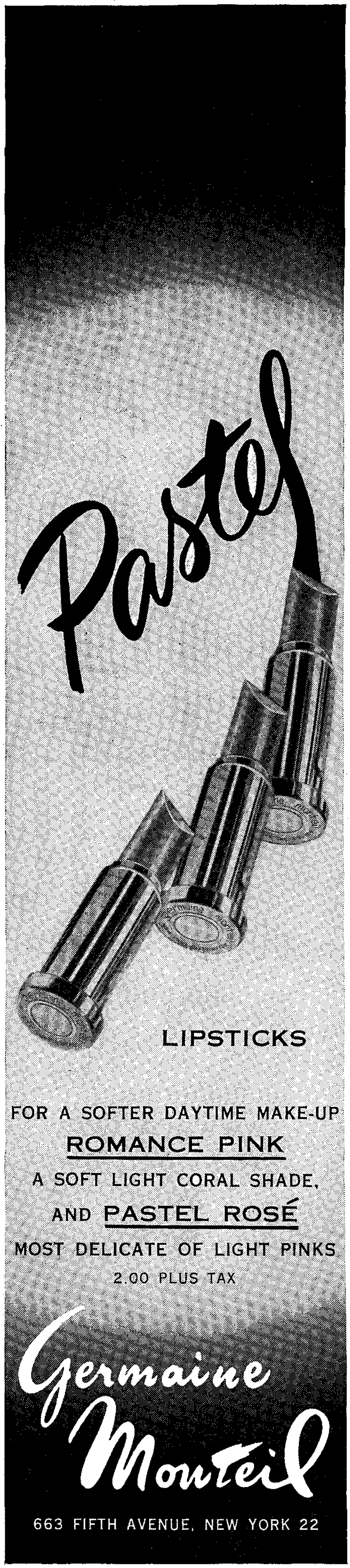
cording to an authoritative estimate, nearly one out of every two college teachers of language and literature gets something into print every year. Arthurians do even better; in a single year, the Société Internationale Arthurienne has noted in its annual bibliography as many as two hundred and forty-six works, or almost one per member; to keep his head above water in these seas, a conscientious Arthurian would have to read nearly five treatises a week—a task impossible for body, spirit, and most budgets. Since 1922, when records started being kept, more than forty-six hundred additions to the sum of Arthurian knowledge have appeared. "Sometimes when I'm feeling tired, I think that at last the Arthurian field must be exhausted," Miss Newstead said a while ago. "But it never is. There's *so* much yet to do. Take one example—the thing I'm interested in right now. That's the need to disentangle the Wagnerian influence and reveal the original Tristan story in its true light. Most people, including many scholars, think of this legend as a solemn tragedy, with weighty moral significance. That's Wagner's fault. The real Tristan legend was a rattling good story—full of adventures, hair-raising escapes, and moments of low farce. That's what originally made it so popular." Miss Newstead has been working intermittently for eight years on a massive study of the Tristan legend, which she expects will clear away the Germanic underbrush that has grown up around a lusty medieval tale.

An auxiliary literary exercise that is rated highly among scholars—and one at which Miss Newstead excels—is reviewing books by other scholars in the pages of their favorite journals. This, too, can add a tidbit now and then to the sum of human knowledge, since a scholar's review of a scholarly book bears little similarity to an ordinary book review in that the reviewer is not content simply to offer a synopsis and evaluation of the book's contents but feels obliged to demonstrate that his own scholarship is at least as formidable as the author's. Bringing this off successfully is likely to entail a prolonged period of research. "Helaine Newstead may occasionally annoy an editor by excessively delaying a promised review but not by submitting one hastily written," says Professor Yakov Malkiel, of the University of California, at Berkeley, who himself edits *Romance Philology*. Miss Newstead admits that it has taken her as much as a year to do a book review, and when she describes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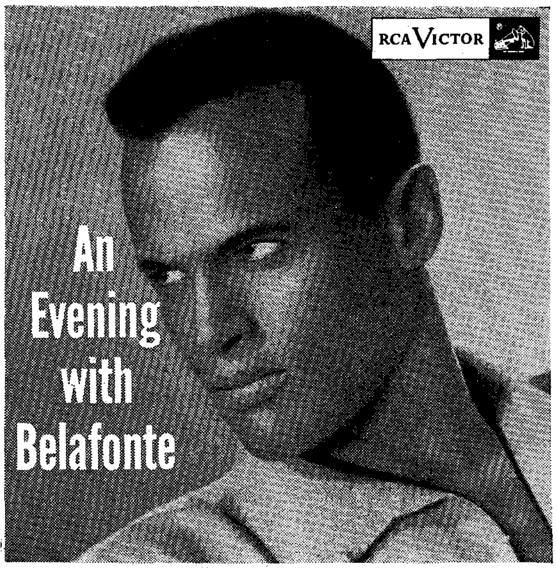

the way she goes about it, one easily understands why. After reading the book, she goes over it again, checking every line for misquotations, misinterpretations, omissions, or other shortcomings. Then, with a perhaps quite damaging list of these at her elbow, she starts to write, and—in an effort to be fair to the author by thoroughly documenting her criticisms and to the reader by presenting a detailed background of the subject—she stirs in generous portions of quotation, citation, and parenthetical comment as she goes along, producing an extremely concentrated brew that outsiders are likely to find even more difficult to assimilate than her original writings. As if to make her reviews still less palatable to the general reader, she refuses to spice them, in the manner of some scholars, with injections of personal feeling. Among the reviews of her own "Bran the Blessed" is an excellent example of this sort of spice, provided by the late Dr. A. H. Krappe, of the University of Minnesota, who, after taking issue with her over a minor point, grumpily wrote in a footnote: "It is unnecessary to discuss the matter more fully; this was done, years ago, in my study 'Lancelot et Guinièvre,' *Revue Celtique*, XLVIII, 94-123, which I find nowhere quoted."

Like the university-press approach to books, the business of getting out the journals in which so many of the accretions to knowledge are printed defies all the rules of conventional publishing. A manuscript received by one of these journals is read by the editor, or editors, and then, if it seems to be on the right track, is sent on to a succession of experts for appraisal. Since neither the editors nor the experts are paid for this work, and since they have other jobs for which they *are* paid, the manuscript may lie around on any one of their desks for months before being read. After a year or two, the manuscript may be returned to its author, either rejected or with suggestions for extensive revisions that have been recommended by the experts. If the revisions are made, the new manuscript, after another long wait, may or may not be accepted, and even if it is, it probably won't be published for another year or two, or even three. When, at last, it does appear, its author becomes literally a contributor, since the learned journals cannot afford to pay anything for the material they accept. The generous ones give an author seventy-five free reprints of his article; the rest charge him for any he may request. Because of Miss Newstead's high standing, she gets treated a little better

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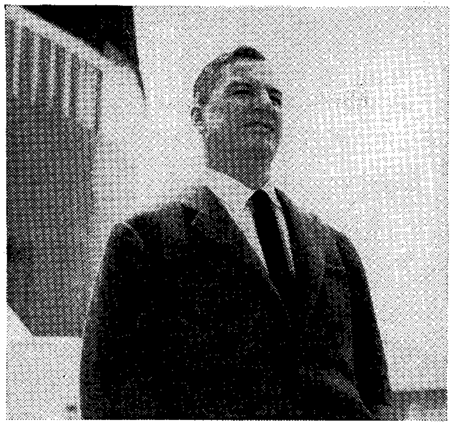

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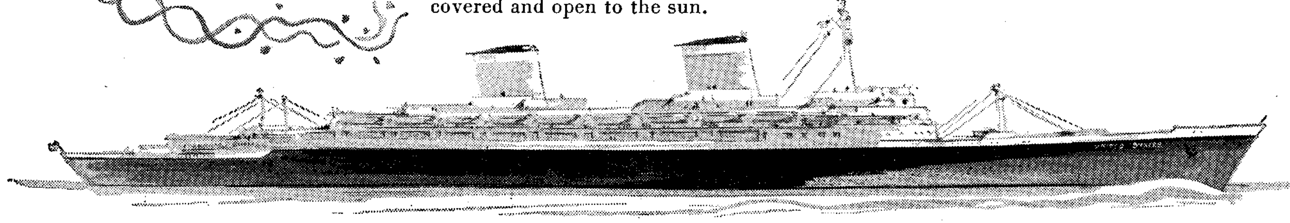

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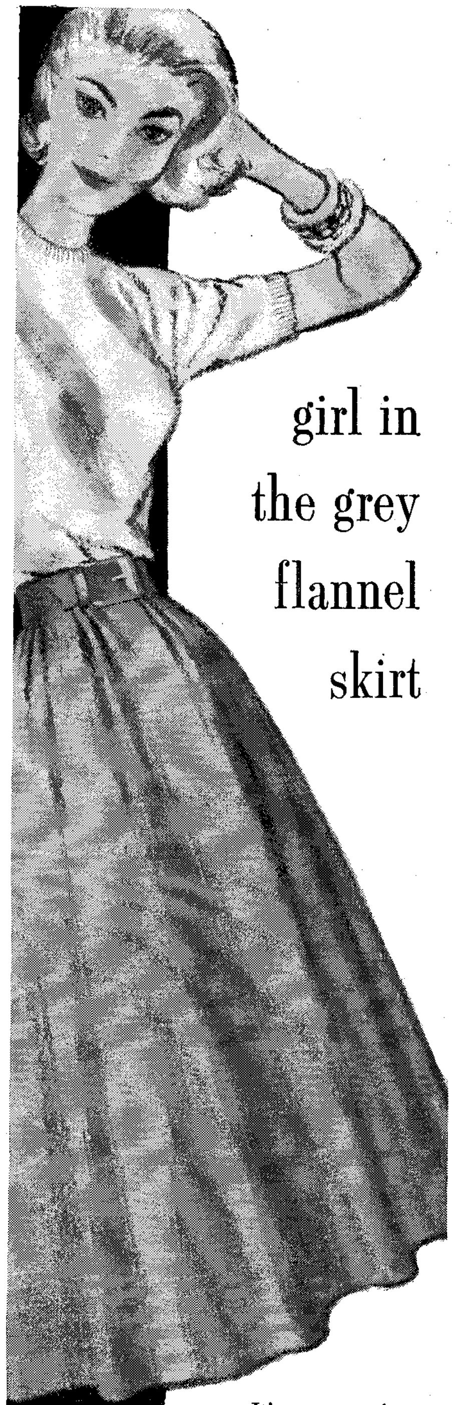

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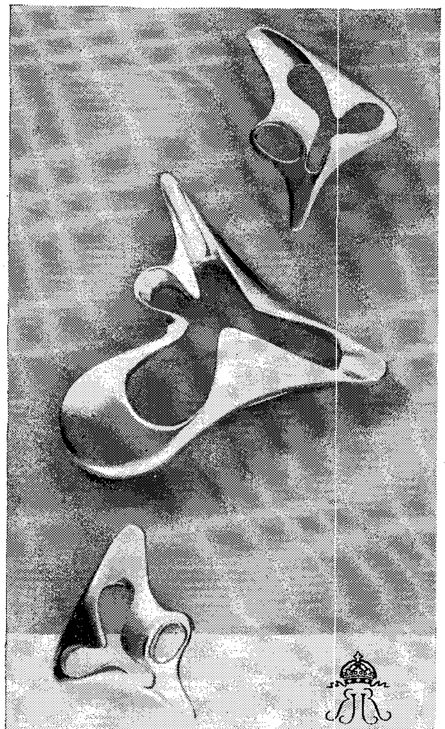
by the journals than the average scholar does. Not that she receives any payment for her articles; it is just that the handling of her manuscripts is expedited to such an extent that they often show up in print less than a year after being submitted.

None of the journals to which Miss Newstead contributes has a circulation that puts much of a strain on the presses. *PMLA*, which has published three of her articles, far outstrips the rest of the field by circulating some 10,500 copies of each issue, no doubt because it covers a wider range of interests than the others. The *Journal of English and Germanic Philology*, in which she has been represented once, has a more modest, and more characteristic, circulation of 702. *Romance Philology*, which served Miss Newstead as a forum during part of her duel with Sister Amelia, and which has since made her a member of its Advisory Council, sells 232 copies of each issue to libraries and 233 to individual subscribers, and gives away 78, for a grand total of 543. "Scholars write for journals, read journals, make their students read journals, but rarely, rarely support journals by actually subscribing to them," the editor of *PMLA* complained in the December, 1954, issue of that publication. While some of the journals receive a little financial help from universities or foundations, their principal means of keeping going is a heavy reliance on what in less genteel circles might be called exploitation, or even slave labor. Still, although most scholars enjoy griping about this state of affairs, those who, like Miss Newstead, have achieved recognition by long and patient acquiescence give the impression of being at heart not opposed to a system that so pointedly makes learning its own reward.

In Miss Newstead's case, a quarter of a century of acquiescence to the system, far from accentuating the meek and submissive qualities that marked her character at the outset of her career, has given her confidence and a certain amount of pride in the work she has done. In her early days as a member of the Hunter faculty, her annual reports on her accomplishments consisted of a few meagre, half-apologetic notations over a faint and microscopic signature. In recent years, her reports have grown fat with explicit and straightforward entries, listing her research activities, her contributions to journals, and the honors that have come her way—among them the chairman-



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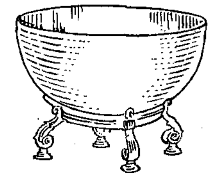

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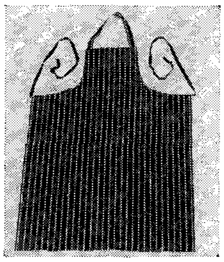

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ship of the Arthurian Romances group of the Modern Language Association (1956-57), the presidency of the Medieval Club of New York (1950-52), and a Guggenheim Fellowship (1948-49), which started her off on her investigation of the Tristan legend—and her signature has grown steadily larger and more self-assertive, to the point where today it looks almost bold. She is still by no means an aggressive person, but in her flat, precise speech only occasionally does a residual "um" or "ah" occur as a reminder of her former timidity. "It's hard for me to imagine Helaine's ever having been shy," a Columbia professor who first met Miss Newstead only a few years ago said the other day. "If she was—and people do claim she was—then it's all disappeared since she became a giant in her field." Miss Newstead's colleagues at Hunter concede that she is a giant, but most of them are willing to take her stature on faith. "We all admire her work, but only by hearsay" is the way a senior member of the faculty there has put it. "I don't believe any of us has read more than one of her papers. While we can't always understand what Helaine is up to, we certainly do like the way she goes about it."

Some of Miss Newstead's associates of long standing have remarked that she has lately seemed to be developing what they call "the light touch" in her writing. Most laymen must be alerted in advance to a bit of scholarly humor if they are to detect its fleeting presence. As an example of how "amusingly" Miss Newstead can handle difficult material, a fellow-Arthurian cites one of her articles in which, after discussing a possible connection between two ancient tales, she observes, "These two stories are so divergent that one might well doubt any relationship between them, were it not for the inconvenient presence of the Grail as the central element in both." Very, very rarely, in Miss Newstead's writing, does the sound of elfin laughter rise to the thunderous level of a whisper. Conceivably it does in an article of hers that summarizes the plot of a twelfth-century romance: A maiden allows her many suitors to pay for the privilege of spending the night with her and then outsmarts them as soon as they get into bed by putting them to sleep with the help of a magic feather. At last, one of the suitors, while rearranging his pillow, happens to brush the feather onto the floor. "Thus," Miss Newstead concludes, with the scholar's equivalent of wanton hilarity, "to the maiden's great

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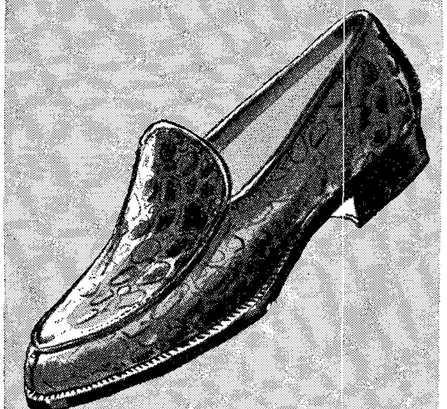

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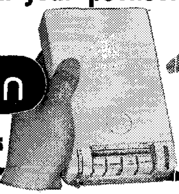

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astonishment, he is able to fulfill the requirements."

Lacing learned texts with such froth would have been unthinkable to Miss Newstead before she reached her present eminence and the sense of security that goes with it, for in the matter of humor scholars are much like businessmen; the boss makes the jokes and the junior executives do the laughing. It seems unlikely, however, that Miss Newstead will ever take more than a passing interest in making her juniors laugh. Intellectual adventure, rather than humor, is today, as it has always been, her mainstay, and it is significant that in summing up the excitement she derives from her work she now and then repeats a line from the writings of a fellow-scholar—Dr. Marjorie Nicolson, professor of English at Columbia—who speaks of "moments of splendid isolation when each of us has had the momentary experience of being the only living person to know something that the world has never known or long forgotten." After dinner at the home of a non-scholarly couple one night a couple of months ago, Miss Newstead, sitting in the living room with her host and hostess and two or three guests who were also outside the pale, lapsed into what was for her an unusually outspoken exposition of how deeply she feels about her career as an Arthurian explorer. "Marjorie Nicolson put it in just the right words," she said, and quoted them. Then she went on, "The thrill in my work doesn't come from the possibility of finding a lost manuscript in someone's attic, or anything like that; I'm not hunting for lost manuscripts. And it's not a matter, either, of discovering, say, that Chrétien had two wives or an illegitimate daughter; there isn't that kind of gossipy information left over from the twelfth century. My discoveries are less dramatic, maybe, by Hollywood standards, but that doesn't make them any less dramatic to me. Take the Tristan story as told by the poet Béroul. There's a scene in it where Isolt is about to be turned over to a group of lepers by her jealous husband. Now, that's a curious detail, since it isn't in the original legend. How did it get in? Well, I thought about it and I studied everything that might have any bearing on it, and I finally discovered—and proved—that it was added because stories of wrongly accused queens were popular in the Middle Ages. To me, that was a thrilling thing to discover and to prove."

Pausing, Miss Newstead looked

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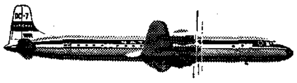

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around her questioningly, in the manner of a person unused to taking others into her confidence. But the mood was on her, and now she began talking about the stirring days when she both made and reconstructed history with her revelations about Bran the Blessed. "Gradually, in my reading, I began to notice something," she said. "Gradually it became apparent to me that the shadowy figure of Perceval's father bore some traits of the early Welsh sea-god named Bran. No one had ever noticed the similarity before. I felt just as thrilled as if I *had* found a lost manuscript in an attic." Miss Newstead's listeners smiled and nodded in glassy admiration, and it was plain that she was again enjoying a moment of splendid isolation. —MORTON M. HUNT

●

LIFE ON MADISON AVENUE
(WHERE BIRCH BEER IS KING)

[*A "fact sheet" issued by the Marschalk and Pratt Division of McCann-Erickson*]

COCA-COLA IN THE REGULAR
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To meet the requirements of the Coca-Cola Company's legal and advertising departments the following points should be observed in all broadcasts and telecasts.

NOMENCLATURE

The "small" 6½ oz. bottle should always be referred to as the "*regular*" size.

The "larger" 26 oz. bottle should always be called the "*Family Size.*"

The Family-Size should never be referred to as King Size because there is a 10 oz. and 12 oz. size available in some markets (not in Greater New York) which is officially called the "King" size. Only two sizes are marketed here: the "Regular" and the "Family" sizes.

DO'S AND DON'TS

1. Please do not refer to ounce contents of either size or attempt to say definitely just how many people the Family-Size will serve.

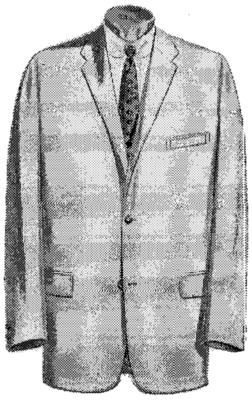
2. Coca-Cola should never be personalized. Phrases such as "Coca-Cola will help you . . ." or "Coca-Cola means . . ." are incorrect. Only The Coca-Cola Company or The Coca-Cola Bottler can "help" you and Coca-Cola cannot "mean" or stand for anything but itself, a soft drink.

3. Coca-Cola should never be pluralized or referred to as "the original" or "genuine." There is only one Coca-Cola.

4. Try to avoid using "Coca-Cola" as an adjective. The trade name Coca-Cola is and must remain a noun. These trademarks are valuable property rights and must not become generic terms.

5. Coca-Cola should never be advertised as "giving you more pep," "restoring energy" or any other patent medicine claims. Coca-Cola "refreshes," it is "delicious," it "puts you at your sparkling best," etc.

6. Never say "a coke" or "a Coca-Cola." The exception to this rule is the "have a Coke" or "have a Coca-Cola" slogan. If this slogan is not used, the reference should always be to "a *bottle* of Coke



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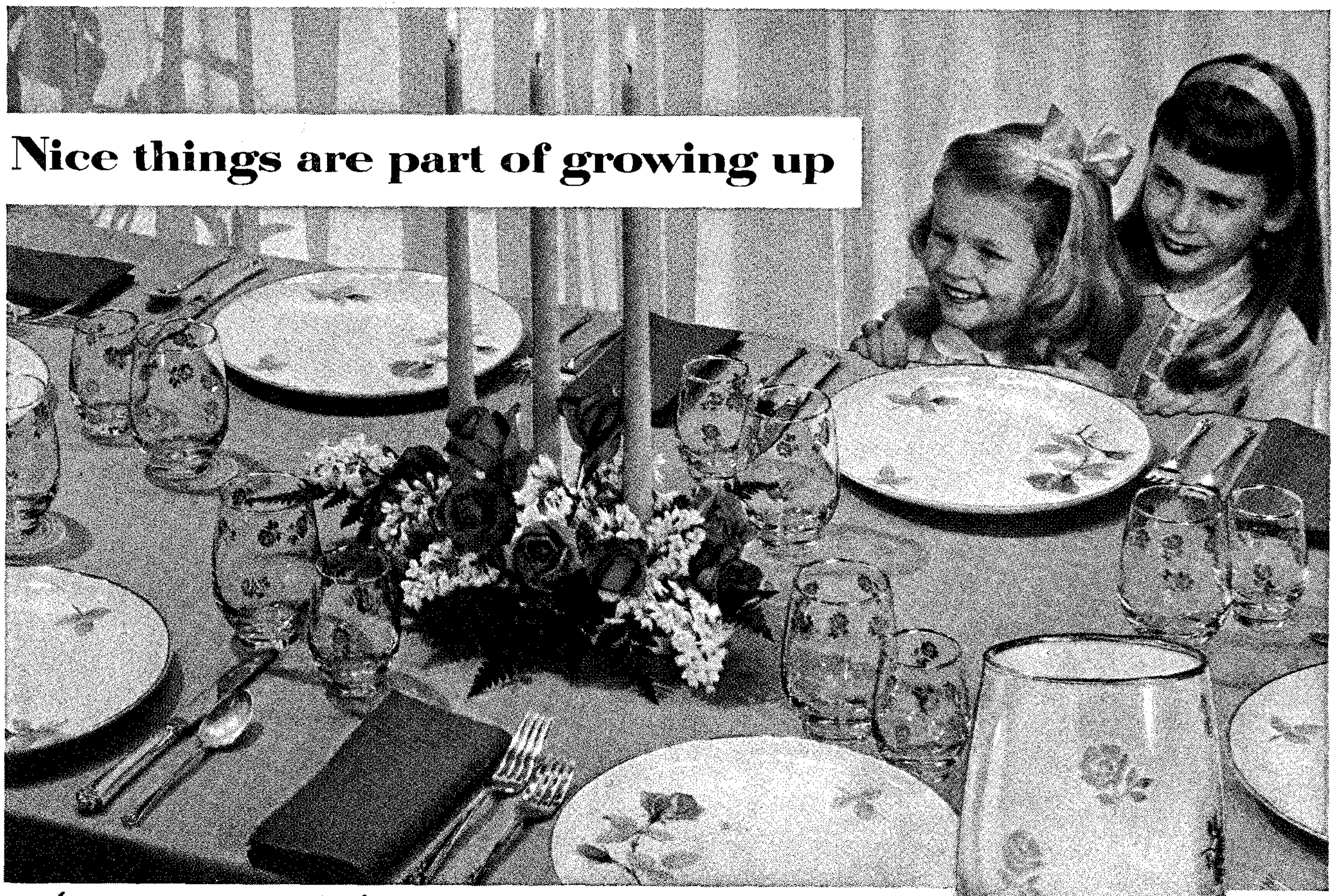
Nice things are part of growing up



A pretty table teaches pretty manners Set a shining example of good taste with Libbey's lovely new Provincial Rose glasses. Your family can enjoy their sparkling beauty *every* day for each has Libbey's chip-defiant rim.* In 5 sizes—only about $3.95 for 8-of-a-kind sets. (Syracuse "Bridal Rose" china; "Damask Rose" in Heirloom Sterling)

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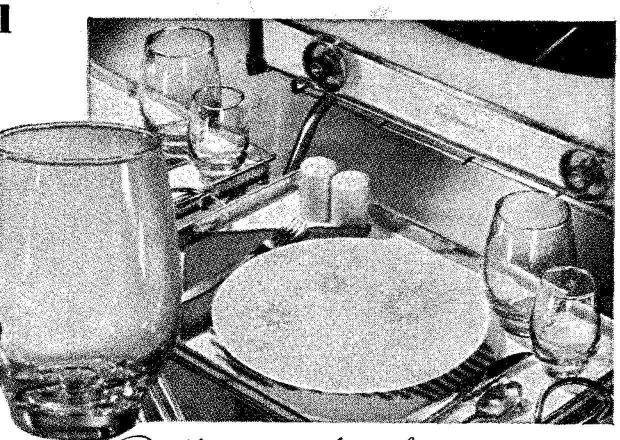

Pretty airs for the TV tray, too Set the stage for exciting drama with Libbey's sparkling Aqua Tempo—only about $2.00 for 8-of-a-kind! In fact, *all* Libbey glass costs so little you'll want 2 or 3 sets. (Iroquois Impromptu "Stellar" plates; International "Scope" Stainless)

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or Coca-Cola" or to "a *drink* of Coke or Coca-Cola."

7. Always stress *ice-cold* Coca-Cola. The reason for this is the flavor of Coca-Cola is better when it is thoroughly chilled.

8. The phrase "the pause that refreshes" must never be used synonymous with "Coca-Cola" or "Coke;" use it as "Coca-Cola" makes *any pause* "the pause that refreshes."

9. When a bottle of Coca-Cola is shown by itself, it should be shown capped. If it is shown with food or people, it should be uncapped.

10. When people are represented as drinking Regular Size Coca-Cola, they should be shown drinking it from the bottle, not the glass.

11. Always show: 6 Regular bottles in a carton
24 Regular bottles in a case
12 Family-Size bottles in a case
The *front* of a cooler.

12. Use alternately the two registered trade marks "Coke" and "Coca-Cola."

13. Always make it clear that Coca-Cola is purchased from "your dealer or grocer," "your local dealer," "your friendly dealer," etc. It is not purchased from The Coca-Cola Company or The Coca-Cola Bottler.

14. Avoid advertising directly to an audience less than thirteen years of age. Do not use models that are to appear to be younger than this.

•

THREE STAGES OF SPRING

It was to have been
an enchanted spring—
the house friendly,
the neighbors kindly,
the mornings misted,
the birds soft-breasted,
the children easy,
the days lazy
with early flowers,
the time ours.

Not as it is—
days ill-at-ease,
a plague of crows,
the first leaves slow,
the children jumpy,
the cook skimpy,
slant rain in streams,
goblin dreams,
the roof leaky,
work unlikely.

Or will be later
when, like a dead letter,
the past stiffens
and afterthought softens.
Yet, distant in winter,
I still will wonder:
was it we who engendered
the spring's condition,
or a ghost we had angered
with expectation?

—Alastair Reid

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EVERYBODY WHO TRIES THIS LIGHTER SMOOTHER SCOTCH COMES 'ROUND TO MAKING IT HIS OWN

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GLASGOW · SCOTLAND
4/5 QUART
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FROM ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST RESERVES OF AGED SCOTCH WHISKIES

Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 Proof, Quality Importers, Inc., N. Y., N. Y.

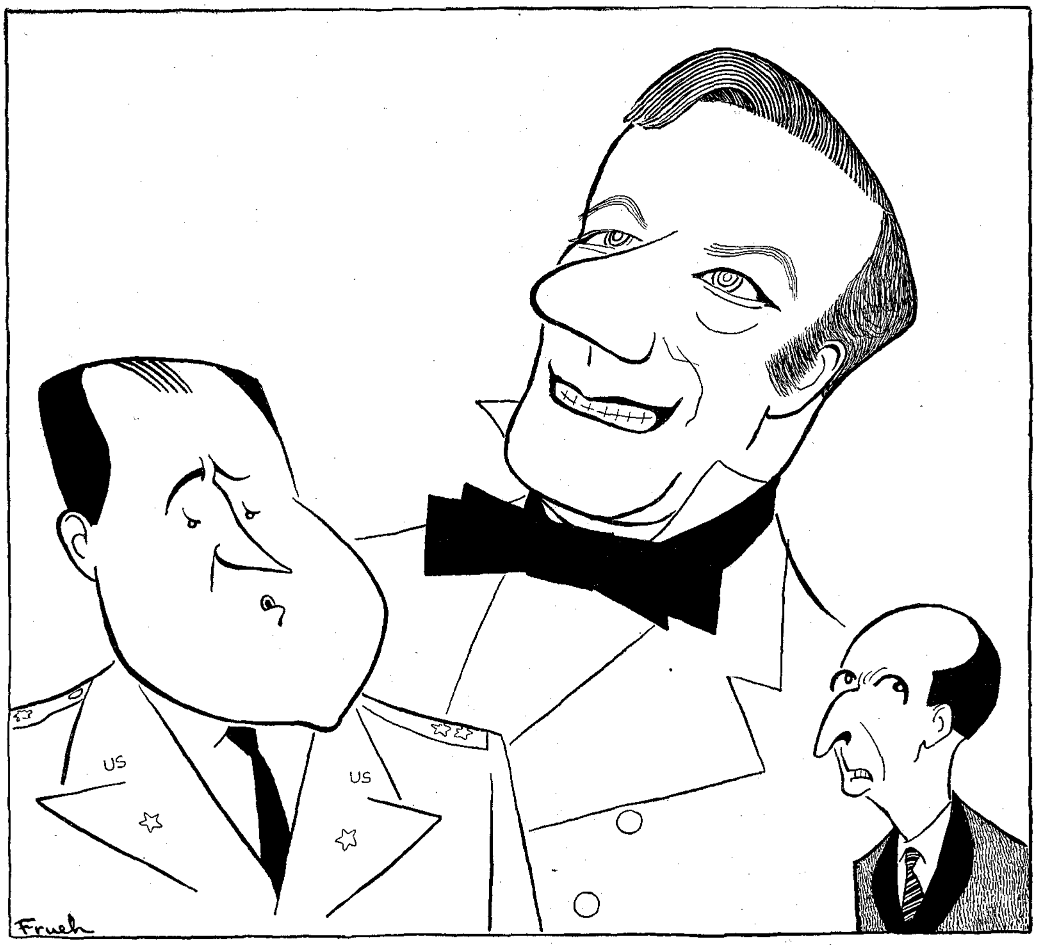
THE THEATRE

WELL, DESCENDING, ANYWAY

THE trouble with Tennessee Williams' new play, called "Orpheus Descending," is, I should say, that the people in it aren't really terribly interesting. The heroine, named Lady Torrance, is a sex-starved woman (her husband, an invalid hopelessly wasting away in a room upstairs, can hardly be regarded as a man), and she is in charge of a combined general store and "confectionery," patronized, on the whole, by remarkably tedious customers; the young man who drops in to console her is a variation of a sexual symbol we've seen quite often before; a girl, paler than death, who seems to represent ultimate corruption is also moderately familiar; and the rest, including a religious maniac, a sadistic sheriff, and an old conjure man, are bizarre enough but not very fascinating.

Beyond all other writers, Mr. Williams has the gift of re-creating the atmosphere of Southern decadence. Hitherto, however, there has appeared to be a certain underlying design. Blanche Du Bois in "A Streetcar Named Desire," for instance, was lost because she was the product of a doomed society, and her sister stood for a necessary compromise with life. In its way, the play made some kind of affirmative statement, and there was a comprehensible reason for the destruction of the central character. In "Orpheus Descending," I could see nothing but purposeless ruin, and while the author writes a good many of his customarily vivid scenes, I don't believe that he has turned out a coherent play, or that he was quite sure of what was on his own mind. In the end, the old husband, in a dying effort, shoots his wife from the stairs, and the young lover is torn apart by the sheriff's hounds. It seems a good deal of melodrama, even for the Deep South, and it occurred to me that Mr. Williams may have found himself in a theatrical dilemma that was impossible to resolve.

In spite of the fact that "Orpheus Descending" struck me as a highly unsatisfactory play, saying very little about any recognizable human experience, there can be no question that it has been beautifully produced. Maureen Stapleton, who may be the most accomplished dramatic actress in the theatre today, is superb as Lady Torrance. Her part—that of a woman who is married to an invalid and is frequently forced to declare that she wishes he were dead, who seduces a younger man with somewhat indecent rapidity, and who is entrusted with a series of lines by no means the worst of which is "My body has burst into flower"—might easily be grotesque, but somehow she manages to overcome all these handicaps. Her great quality, I suppose, is an enormous sincerity. She clearly believes in the character she is playing, and after a while so do you. There is also the matter of technique, which permits her to do things that few other performers would attempt at all, but they are hard to describe and I don't think we'll go into them here. As the lost young man ("Nobody ever gets to know nobody"), Cliff Robertson does an admirable job, even seeming comparatively inoffensive when equipped with a snakeskin jacket and a guitar; Lois Smith is excellent as a neurotic young woman with a high-powered car; and Crahan Denton is suitably sinister as the moribund husband, who, as it happens, had a hand in killing his wife's father. There are



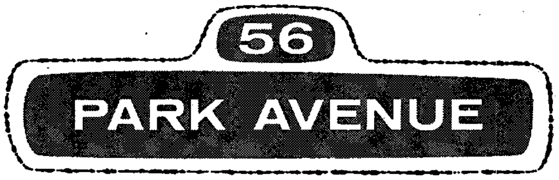
"A VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET"

The top man in this picture is Cyril Ritchard, who plays a visitor from space in Gore Vidal's comedy at the Booth. His military companion is Eddie Mayehoff and the troubled figure on the right is Philip Coolidge.

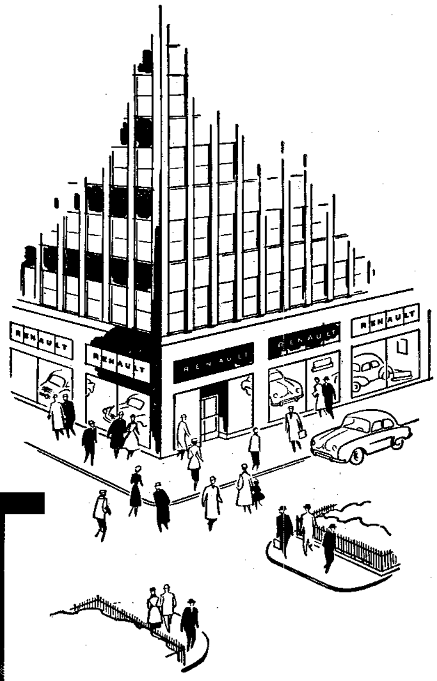
where

AVENUE
DES
CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES

meets



A little dash of Paris in New York . . . a spanking new Renault of France showroom . . . created because our new 1957 Dauphine Sedan simply had to have a jewel-box setting. Do drop in soon, at the southeast corner of Park Avenue and the Champs Elysées . . . Park at 56th Street, to be quite factual about it.



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Rain, sun, cold, Alligator is the coat you can depend on as you would a good friend or companion. In flare, in drape, in fabric luxury, this is your kind of coat, the coat you'll live in. Choose from luxurious outercoats to feather-light rainwear, in many fabrics, colors, and patterns, all water repellent or waterproof.

Shown: The **Alligator GOLD LABEL,** America's most wanted gabardine, in sleek, smooth all wool worsted. **$41.75**

Other Alligator coats **$9.50** to **$49.75**

Better Stores Everywhere Feature

Alligator

the Best Name In Rainwear

The Alligator Company • St. Louis
New York • Chicago • Los Angeles

also extremely competent performances by Joanna Roos, as an advanced eccentric; R. G. Armstrong, as the sheriff; John Marriott, as the conjure man; and Virgilia Chew, as a nurse who disapproves of all the goings on. Harold Clurman directed to the best of any man's ability; Boris Aronson designed the set, which is presumably an accurate presentment of what Mr. Williams saw in his dreams; and Lucinda Ballard did the costumes, which ought to make your hair curl. As you can see, a lot of talent is involved.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

MONMOUTH—A large crowd turned out Friday night to hear Dudley Crafton Watson of the Chicago Art Institute speak on the "Evolution of Modern Art" at the Monmouth College Auditorium.

He used both pictures and music during his talk which was interesting enough but I for one—and I suspect there were others, got a little drowsy before the evening was over. However, lack of ventilation was more responsible for that than the speaker.

Watson pointed out in his preliminary remarks that day by day the modern world finds a faster way to get work done which means more leisure time. That, he pointed out, will leave us with more leisure time, and an opportunity to enjoy the arts . . . one of which is painting.

It was his belief that painting is the greatest of the arts and he attempted to prove his point by saying a few dollars of paint and some hours of labor produced masterpieces that are valued at a million dollars.

He warned his audience those over 50 would not care for the modern art he would show later in the lecture. Those between 30 and 50, he said, would perhaps enjoy some of it, but those under 25 would be delighted.

I have an idea that a lot of people saw many different things in the same picture. Maybe that is art appreciation, I don't know . . . anyhow I'm not too concerned because I doubt whether too many of us in the audience have very much of that leisure time he spoke of, and few of us are going to spend it, if we ever do get it, looking at modern painting.—*Galesburg (Ill.) Register-Mail.*

So much for the arts. Now back to ventilation.

•

> Personal injury damages of $135,000 were sought yesterday from the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp. in suits filed by George Konkus, 44, of 1877 E. 81st Street, and his son, Richard, 19.
>
> They charged the company was at fault in an accident in which they were burned by molten metal from an overhead crane. The suits were filed in U. S. District Court. in a fireplace."
>
> —*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Oh-oh!

BOSTON • CHESTNUT HILL

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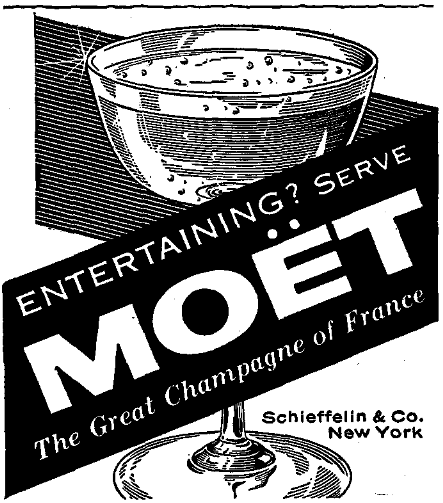

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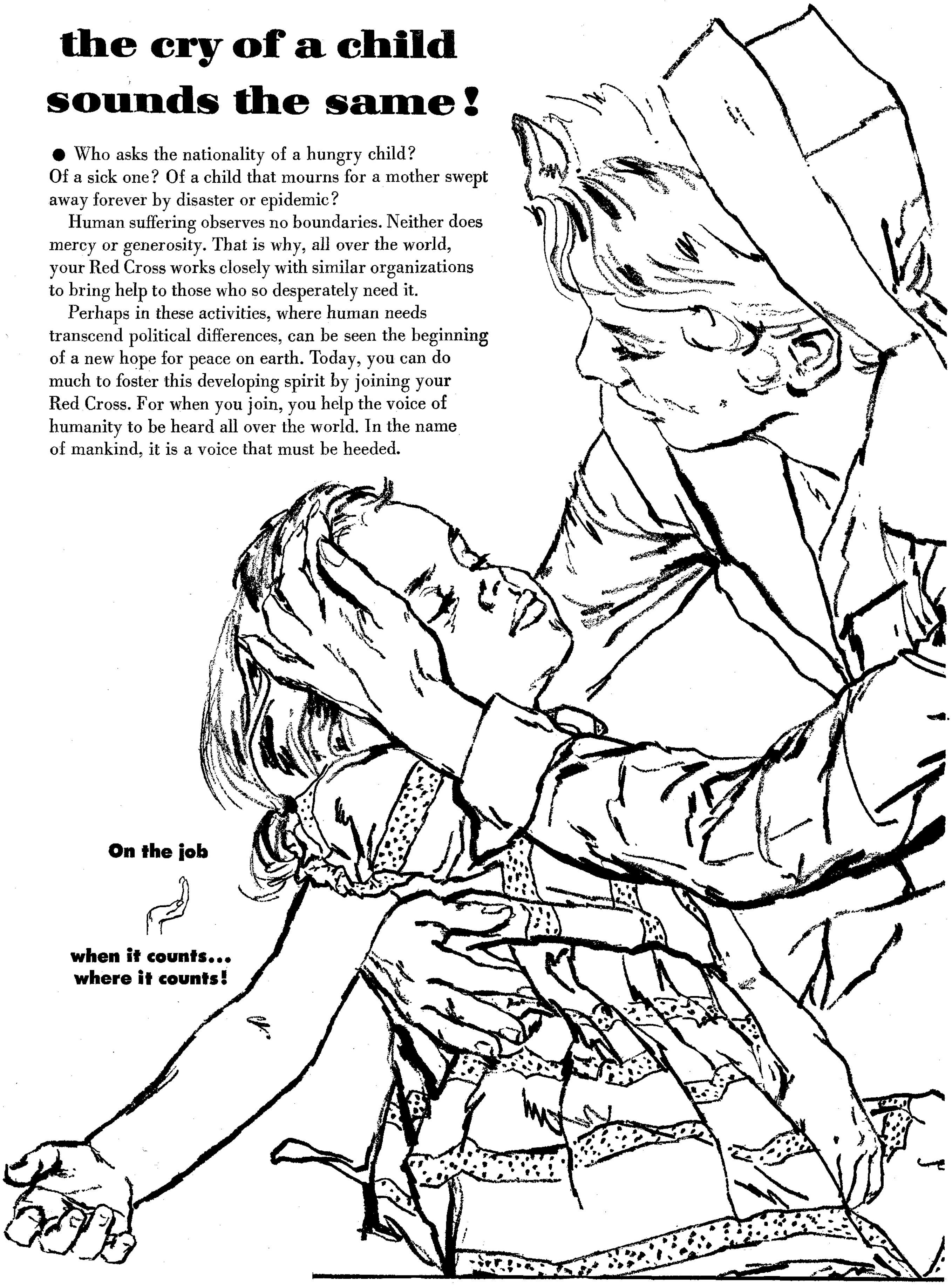

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Neglected Tradition

DAVID DIAMOND's Symphony No. 6, which was given its New York première in Carnegie Hall on Wednesday evening of last week by the Boston Symphony, under Charles Munch, is, I think, possibly the worst composition of its type by a composer of any pretensions to have been heard here since the Philharmonic performed Carlos Chávez' Third, about a year ago, and I can only attribute the flutter of polite and tepid hand-clapping that greeted it to the apathy of an audience that has ceased to make the effort required to distinguish good music from bad. My unfavorable impression of the work is not the result of any jolting departures from conventionality on Mr. Diamond's part, for the symphony contains no trace whatever of technical originality. On the contrary, it is an academic composition in the truest sense of the word. Such technical formulas as it exhibits were invented and exhausted by the late Arnold Schoenberg nearly fifty years ago, and, as far as I am aware, have never contributed much to the progress of musical composition. My objection is simply that the musical language, if it can be called a language, employed by Mr. Diamond in this symphony, as in others, is even weaker than that of most of his formalist contemporaries in those elements of suspense and catharsis that are necessary to the expression of musical meaning—that, in fact, the only skill the work exhibits is a consistent ability to prevent a hundred orchestra players from saying anything musically intelligible.

If I seem a bit intemperate in these remarks, it is not because I consider the perpetration of some twenty minutes of vapid and boring sounds to be, in itself, a crime. The issue, I feel, is larger than that. Mr. Diamond's style of composition has been a more or less fashionable one for a generation. It is a style that is apparently looked on with favor by the small but powerful group of composer-politicians who nowadays are apt to control the awarding of fellowships, prizes, and publishing contracts. It is also, I am afraid, a style that is rapidly reducing the art of symphonic composition to the status of an unimportant and irresponsible little private hobby, about as significant to the music-loving public as knitting or playing marbles. The sinister trouble with the style is not that it wastes the time of composers, performers, and audiences but that the weight of its current prestige and the mass of artistic deadwood it gives rise to are likely to stifle such shoots of living music by younger and better composers as are at present struggling for survival.

The composing of symphonic music is, to my mind, a very serious business, related to a glorious tradition to which many great masters of the past have contributed. Some of the greatest of these have changed and extended the tradition, but their alterations have invariably been made with reference to the established norms of musical communication that it embodies, and have been significant and interesting precisely because they were departures from the expected and universally understood path. It is notable, but scarcely surprising, that virtually all the symphonies by recent composers that have gained any permanent hold on musical audiences—works by such figures as Shostakovich, Prokofieff, Vaughan Williams, and Paul Creston, and that single outstanding composition by Roy Harris, the Third Symphony—have been firmly rooted in this tradition, and have conveyed some degree of meaning for the sole reason that they were related to it. I can only conclude that Mr. Diamond either is ignorant of the tradition or is perversely and fashionably bent on writing as if it didn't exist. In any case, his Sixth Symphony is, in my opinion, not only not a symphony; it is not, even by the most generous definition, music.

A COUPLE of other performances I listened to last week were, I fear, only a little less dreary. Mr. Munch followed the Diamond symphony with Mozart's Clarinet Concerto in A Major (K. 622), in which the Boston Symphony's first clarinettist, Gino Cioffi, undertook the solo part. Mr. Cioffi, who is doubtless a first-class craftsman at his desk in the orchestra, did not show himself to be any great shakes as a virtuoso. His performance was fluent enough but rather wooden where subtleties of phrasing were concerned, and the playing of the orchestra seemed to lack its customary elegance and sheen. . . . And on Monday evening, at Town Hall, Thomas Scherman led the Little Orchestra Society, a chorus, and the soloists Elena Nikolaidi, Teresa Stich-Randall, and Pierrette Alarie through a concert performance of Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice," and it was so inept technically and so generally dismal (at least during the first two acts, which were all I stayed to hear) that I shall refrain, in a spirit of mercy, from commenting on it in detail.

ON Thursday evening, a couple of rays of sunshine appeared. The first came when Georg Solti took up his baton in Carnegie Hall for the start of his second week as conductor of the Philharmonic. In Beethoven's Second Symphony, Mr. Solti confirmed my impression of the week before—that he is a maestro who combines vigor with fastidiousness—and the Philharmonic once more performed under his direction with the polished virtuosity that the right kind of conductor can draw from it. The other ray of sunshine was provided by the violinist Erica Morini, who appeared as the soloist in Mozart's A-Major Violin Concerto. This ray was a little clouded at first by inaccurate intonation. I got the impression that Miss Morini had failed to tune her instrument precisely with the orchestra, or that perhaps she had not warmed up properly beforehand; in any event, there were a few passages in which she played flat. But by the time she reached the final movement she was in her most scintillating form, and this particular part of the work, which often baffles violinists because of the exotic Turkish folk-music elements that Mozart introduced into it, emerged, in her hands, with unusual coherence and nearly flawless taste.—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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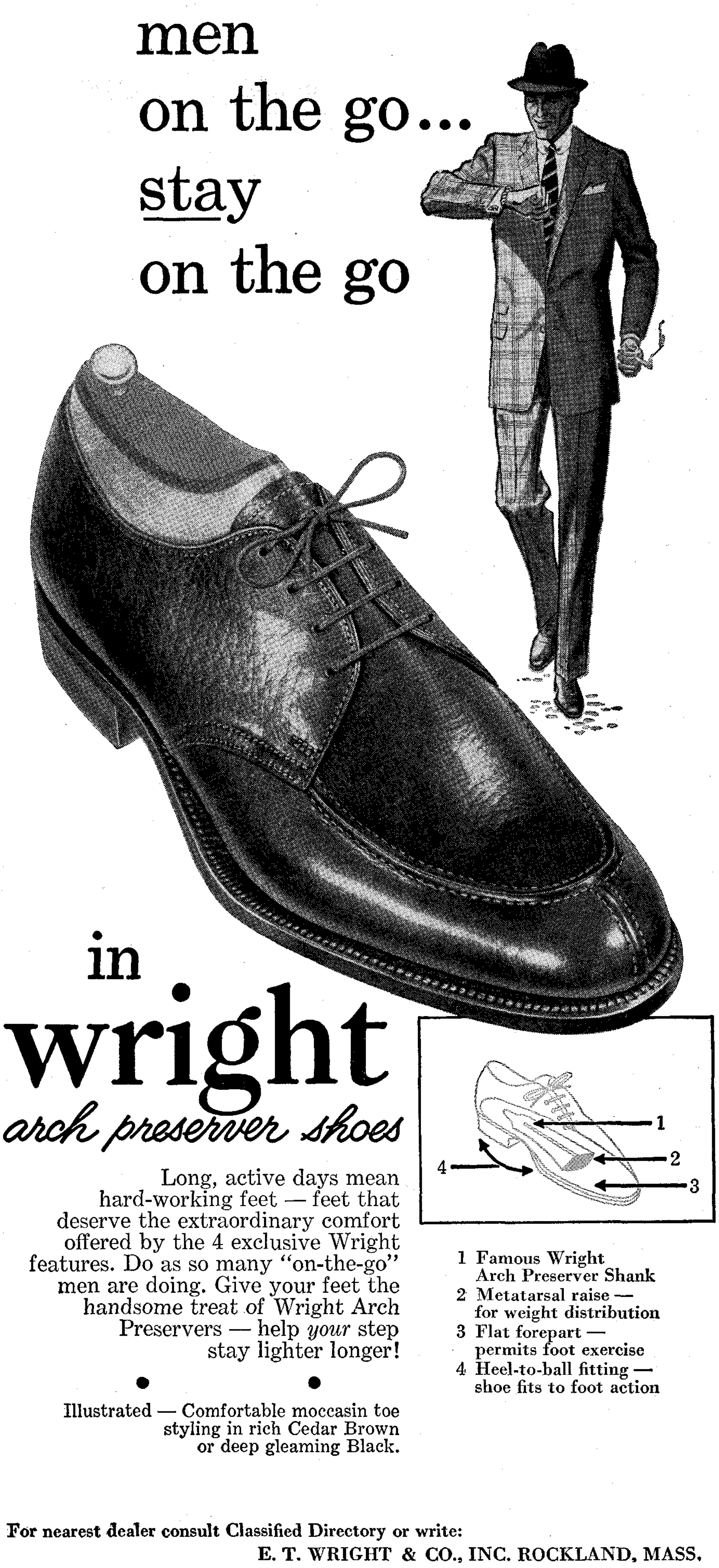
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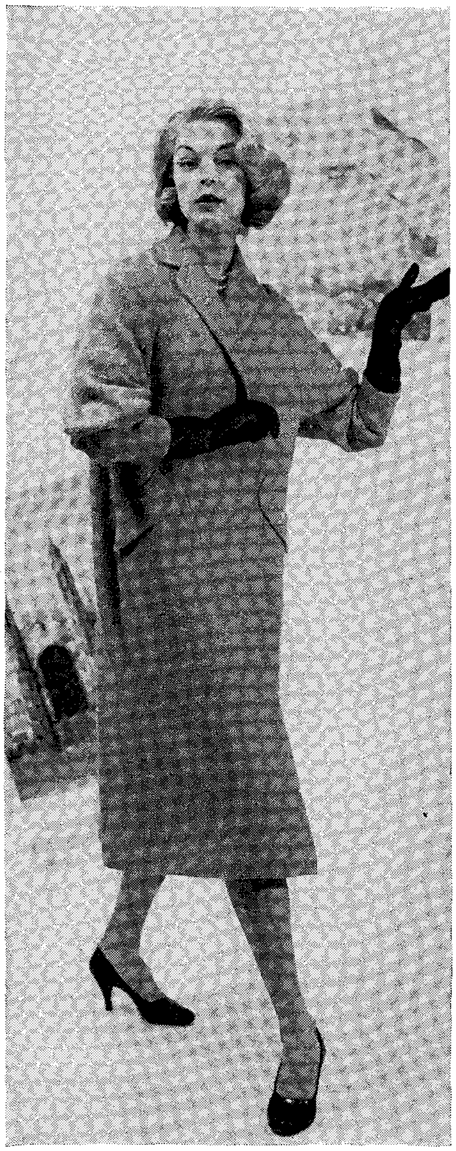

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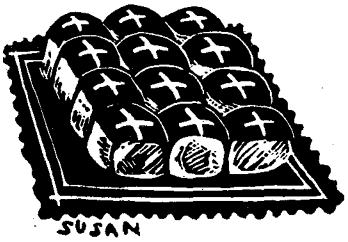
DANCE AT THE COLUMNS

WHEN, a while ago, the Yugoslavian National Ballet troupe came to Frankfurt, Germany, where I was then stationed with the United States Army, I went off to see it, the way a New Yorker will go, in search of novelty or in the vague pursuit of "culture," to gawk at the visiting Indonesian dancers or the Comédie-Française. The evening was not what I expected. "Ballet" is a misleading description of the troupe, because the program was largely made up of folk dances that were far closer to the roots of dance than anything usually associated with ballet. These dances, which were mostly group dances based on courtship, marriage, or battle themes, held moments of naïve humor, an occasional suggestion of sex, and only once or twice a glimmer of anything sophisticated or profound. Here was the world of the *National Geographic* vindicated: lovely, smiling young girls and stalwart men, gorgeous peasant costumes, haunting melodies, and picturesque high spirits. The dancing was artful. The ensemble footwork was as fast and precise as that of the Rockette chorus on the stage of the Music Hall, and, as is true of the Rockettes, there was nothing spectacular about any single performer. Not once did an individual's personality or talent project itself out of the total effect; even a solo dance or song was only a detail of the whole pattern. What permeated the evening and made it memorable was the impersonality of it all—the simple pleasure of the dancers in submerging themselves in the dances.

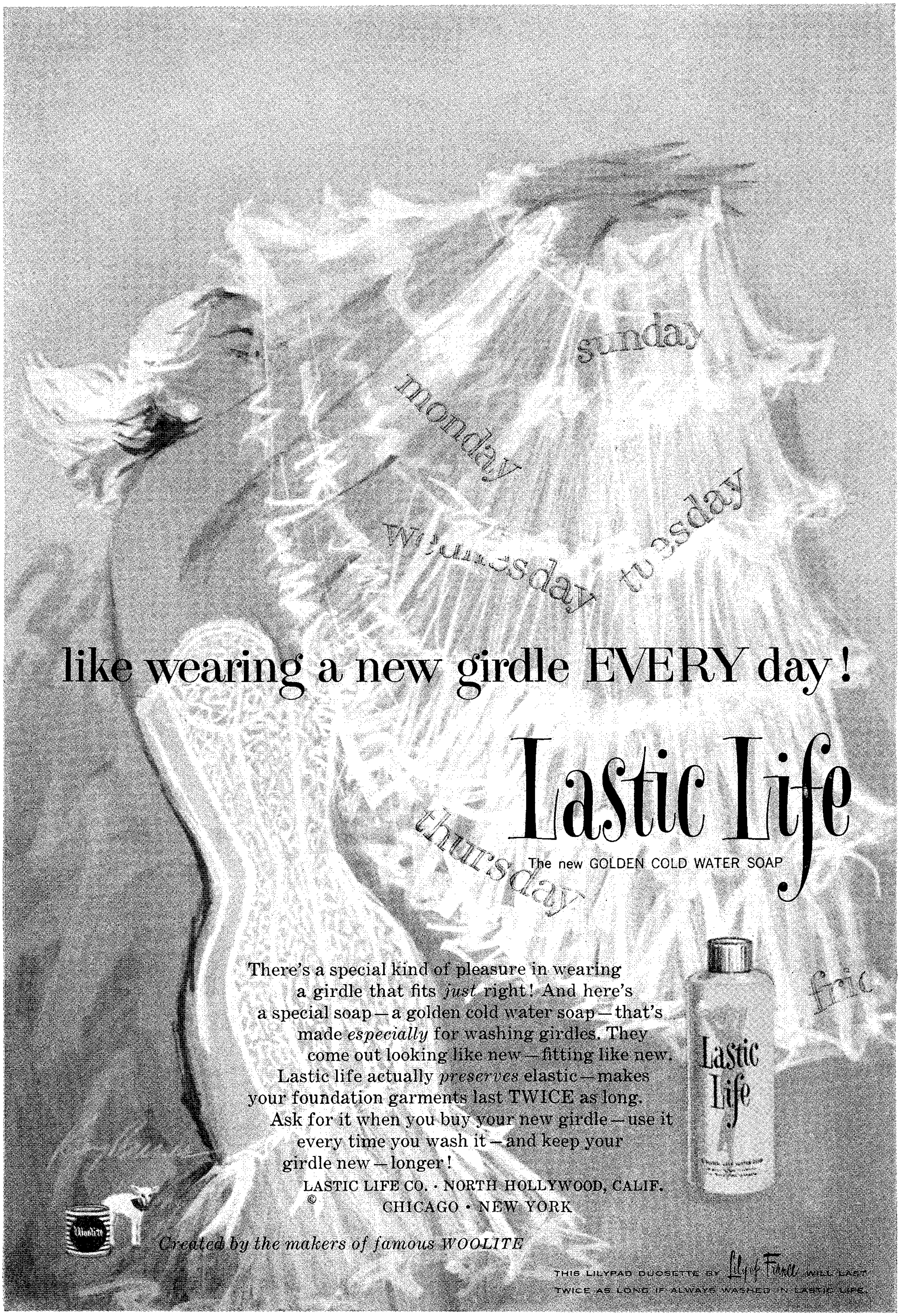


While watching the Yugoslavian troupe, I suddenly thought of a trip I made to Greece when on leave from the Army in March of 1956. At that time, of course, there was already bitter feeling among the Greeks over Cyprus. As I was not in uniform and could easily be mistaken for an Englishman, I was practically forced to wear my passport around my neck to avoid embarrassment. In Athens, on one of the principal Greek holidays, I went to see the ruins of the Temple of Olympian Zeus, which is near the southern edge of the city. The temple is an inspiring sight—colossal, fragmentary, with the "patina of age," the way a temple should look—and, rising from a green terrace bordered by ancient cypresses, it provides a tacit backdrop for all the random thoughts on history and man's transience to which the casual tourist is prone. To the native Athenians, though, the temple has other associations: to be "at the columns" is to stroll, to relax, to enjoy an island of solitude, the way New Yorkers enjoy their Central Park or Bostonians their Public Garden. On holidays, of course, the temple grounds are crowded.

I did not know any of this at the time, however, and, leaving my hotel early in the afternoon, I set off for the temple with no idea but to see some marble. I was somewhat taken aback on arrival there to discover that hundreds of Greeks were already in possession. Fearing a political demonstration, I hesitated, but then, patting my pocket to assure myself that my passport was ready, I slipped unobtrusively into the crowd. Many of the people—groups of men, young couples, small family clusters—were merely strolling about. But at one side of the temple I noticed people standing in large circles, with everyone craning to see what was going on in the center. From within each circle came the sound of music. Now, the first rule of the tourist is that if the native stares, you stare, too, so I shouldered my way into one of the circles, and since I was a good deal taller than most of the Greeks, I had only to look over the heads in front of me to see the whole scene.

WHAT I saw was dancing, the same unsophisticated, primitive dancing that I was to see months later when the Yugoslavian troupe came onto the stage in Frankfurt. But in Athens, on that March afternoon, the dancing was more solemn and more ritual-like; there was no costuming, no precision ensemble work, nothing picturesque. There were, instead, the people of Greece who had come to the columns to dance their dances as they have been danced on that plain for only Zeus knows how long. One had to watch the participants just a few moments to feel that they were part of a procession that went back through their history to the very origins of the dance.

The dancers formed a loose ring. That afternoon, there were at least six different rings, each within its circle of spectators and each with its trio or quar-



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tet of musicians. The quartet playing for the group I watched the longest had a lutelike instrument, a violin, and two clarinets, the clarinets taking the obbligato. And such an obbligato! A mixture of bop and Oriental music that wailed up and down, in and out, on and on, and then abruptly, in what sounded like the middle of a measure, just stopped. To the untrained ear, it seemed impossible that the clarinettists could be doing more than improvisations, playing as they did with such reckless dexterity, but there must have been a fairly rigid form to the music, for the dancers appeared to know where they were when it came to subtle changes in style and tempo, and the instrumentalists always wound up together. These musicians were all men, none too prosperous-looking, and, like everyone else, they seemed entirely intent upon the business at hand. Their lungs and fingers were tireless—although, to be sure, they had the inducement of money. A hat was placed on the ground at their feet, and dancers or bystanders would occasionally drop money into it, rather casually, and receive a nod of acknowledgment from one of the musicians. Sometimes a dancer, obviously feeling exhilarated, would openly put some bills into the hat as a personal tribute to the musicians, but in general the money was dropped inconspicuously.

The dance was essentially a group dance. Usually there were from six to twelve participants, but the number seemed not to matter, and anyone could step from the crowd at any moment and take his place in the ring; many did. The ring was always about ten feet in diameter; it revolved counterclockwise; and it was never closed, as a gap separated the leader from the person last in line. The dancers did not hold each other's hands but grasped handkerchiefs twisted into soft cords, and the practice, whatever its reason—perhaps simple etiquette or comfort—enhanced the impersonality that characterized the whole dance. This was no occasion for petty flirtations, and when a person joined the ring, his sex, age, social standing, appearance—all were sublimated in the patterns of the dance.

Round they went, these dancers, solemnly, and sometimes so slowly that they barely moved out of their positions but only waved a foot in a modest little arc a few inches off the ground. This movement—sometimes taken much faster, sometimes with slightly more grace and energy—was the basic movement of the dance. The body was held straight but completely relaxed. Relaxa-

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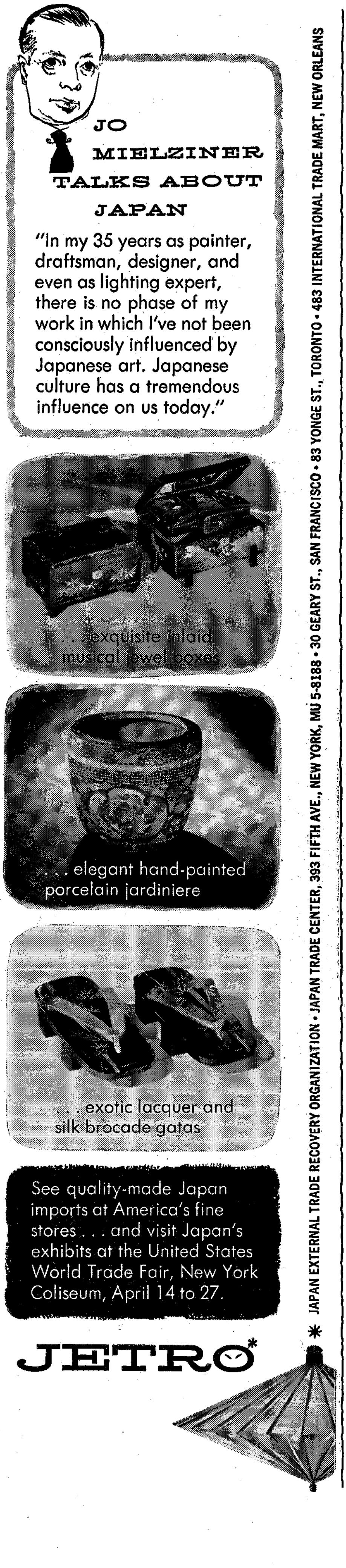
tion, indeed, seemed the essence of this dancing—relaxation from the bustle of personal contacts, relaxation from the tense traffic of time. Stepping from the crowd into the ring of dancers, each person seemed to be retreating from that contemporary group and taking his place in some ageless ceremony. Even the solo, which was reserved for the leader, seemed, as it was to seem later in the Yugoslavian troupe, to be more an extension of the group than an individual's star performance.

After the soloist took a turn, the music stopped briefly, and he generally dropped out and disappeared into the crowd or went back to the end of the line, and the person who was behind him became the leader. Some people, however, declined their turn, while others were persuaded to step out of the crowd and straight into the soloist's position. With his left hand grasping the handkerchief, which the second in line held high above shoulder level, the soloist moved ahead just a bit from the others and performed with a few extra flourishes. He—or she, for women, usually so conspicuously absent from the Greek scene, were much in evidence in these dances—might embellish the basic step with several movements: he might reach back and slap his left heel with his right hand; he might telescope suddenly onto his bent knees and, with his balance depending on the support of the handkerchief, perform several kicks or little hops, or make a turn or two, as in a minuet, using the handkerchief as a pivot. These were the three most eye-catching flourishes that the soloists repeated; otherwise, their dancing was largely variations on the basic step, executed with somewhat greater elegance or deliberation. And when a soloist had finished, and a new person stepped into the leader's position, the music again took up its shrill wailing and the ring started moving once more, round and round, sometimes majestically, sometimes at a curious hop-skip tempo, but ever self-contained.

Self-containment, even more than relaxation, was perhaps the real essence of the dancing. The expression on the face of a soloist was wholly absorbed, no matter how undemanding the step. The others in the ring might look about with an abstracted air, and even occasionally nod to friends in the crowd, their expression an ambiguous half-smile. But on the whole their mood was one of utter engagement in the dance. Rustic-looking old men, demure young girls, strapping soldiers, genteel middle-aged women—people from apparently every



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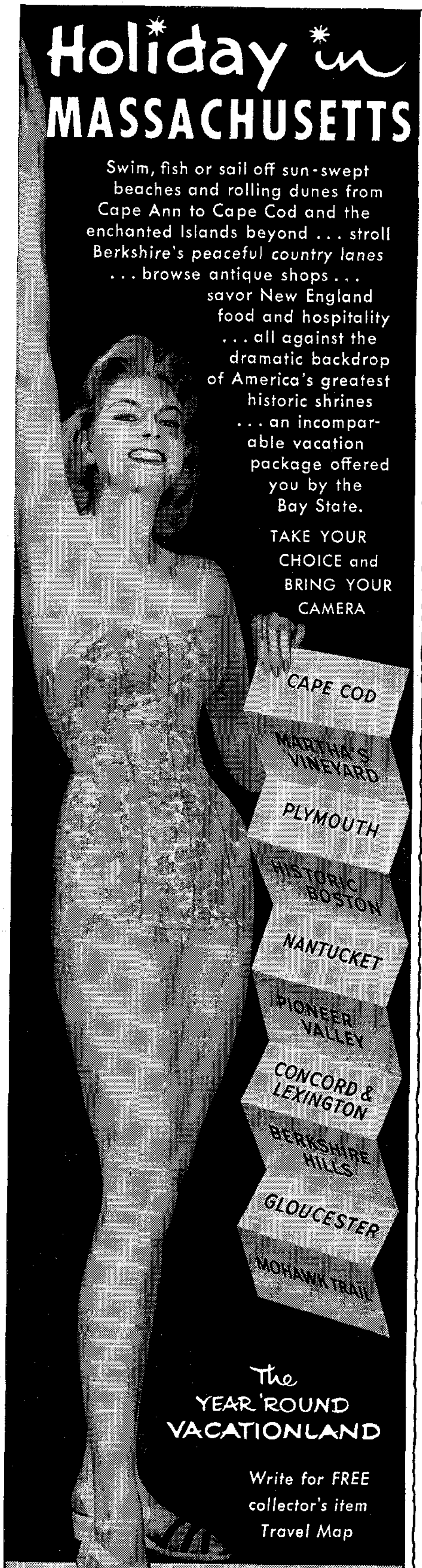
station in life—participated, but no one seemed to take notice of any other dancer, except as he made one more link in the chain. To an outsider like me, it was a highly resonant atmosphere; there were suggestions of those ceremonial processions that wend their way around archaic Greek vases, and overtones of ancient tribal rituals.

THEN something happened to change all this. A young man, a dashing city type, had pushed in to the inner edge of the crowd, and now broke into the ring of dancers and took his place next to the leader. There was no denying that he cut an elegant figure. Taller than the average Greek, he wore the blue pin-striped suit of the dandy. Everything about his clothes was blatantly perfect: the black, pointed shoes; the rather high, stiff collar with the tightly knotted silver-gray tie; the stickpin and cuff links; and, of course, the tips of a handkerchief showing above the edge of his breast pocket. He had a flashing smile and shiny black hair, and was, in effect, a shopgirl's deity.

And he knew it. He beamed himself out to the crowd, and, pleased with the reflection he chose to see, he flashed back with ever more sparkle. It was not merely that the drab clothes of the others acted as a foil or that their solemn, almost grim expressions contrasted with his festive air; it went far deeper than that. At first, the crowd's reaction, and mine, too, was to welcome and encourage him. After all, it was a holiday, he was one of them, and it was a dance, not a wake. So encouraged, he took the first opportunity to move into the soloist's position, and once there, he came into his own. He began not just to dance but to perform, and the pace of the dance quickened as he doubled and tripled the beat. He added new embellishments to the basic step. When he bent his knees, there was an element of surprise; when he slapped his heel, it seemed a clever trick; when he revolved, he worked in some extra flourish. His free arm was extended as if he held a wand or baton to conduct the others, like a chorus. He made of the whole dance a personal performance.

It was soon evident that, although Greek, he had introduced a foreign element. Even though he stayed within the limits of the dance—except for jumping high and clicking his heels in a spontaneous and irrelevant way, he did not violate the form—he injected into it everything that had been absent up to then: the matter of looks, of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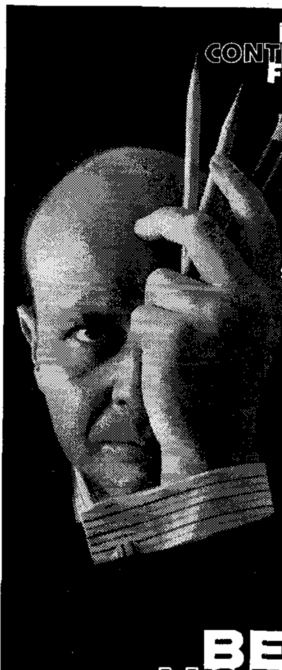
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clothes, of age, of sex, of the city, of style, of performance. His was a modern spirit that called into question all the timeless qualities of these Greeks, their dance, and their history. And, beyond this, he brought a personality to the dance. That was his greatest sin. It was not simply that this personality was a flashy, superficial one or that his appearance radiated merely the sleek and obvious aspects of contemporaneousness. It was that he made something subjective out of an objective art. And when, ending his solo, he ostentatiously put some bills into the hat, he seemed to bring up, for the first time, the question of paying the musicians, rather than giving them something out of appreciation.

I was not alone in being aware of the difference he made in the dance. The wonderful relaxation of the dancers vanished; he had been dancing only a few minutes when their tension could be felt. And the initial welcome and encouragement offered by the crowd shifted slowly to an atmosphere of resentment. It showed itself not in anger or open hostility—he was, after all, dancing their dance and he had as much right to be in it as anyone else—but in the quality of resignation with which they waited for him to finish, a taut biding of time until he would move on. Only when he had ended his dance—with a final whirl on his heels—and had disappeared into the crowd did the old dance, anonymous in its mystery, gradually take up again. Late in the afternoon, when I left to go back to my hotel, the dancers were still at it.

—JOHN S. BOWMAN

•

Under the direction of Ray Nazarro, the players personifying Indians speak pidgeon English, with Miss May Wynn losing her accent occasionally.—*Irene Thirer in the Post.*

You mean Walter Pidgeon English.

•

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With flames coming from its nostrils, and no sense of direction.

•

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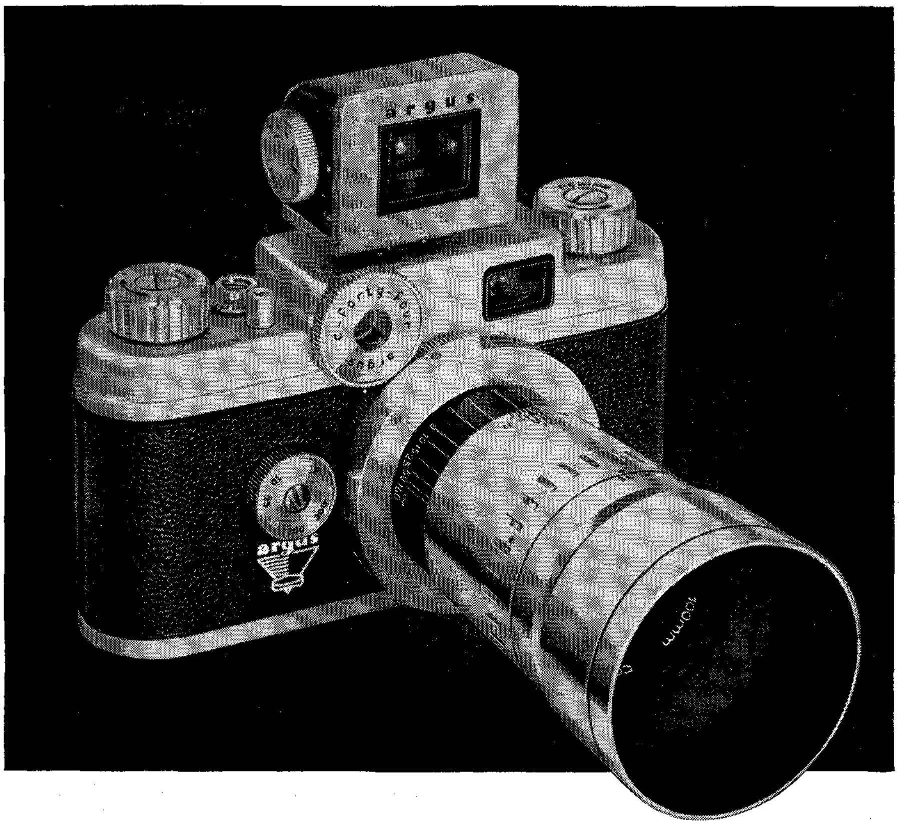
[*Cholly Knickerbocker in the Journal-American*]

Mrs. Basil Goulandris, one of the co-chairmen of the ball, a stunning sight in her black dress, black hair and beautiful black eye, and her Winston emerald necklace.



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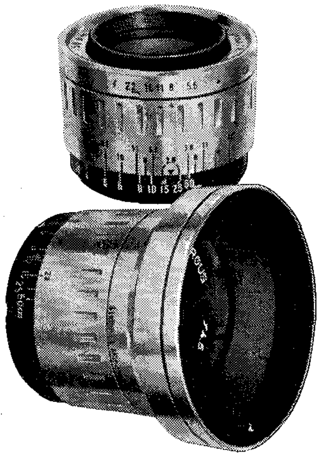

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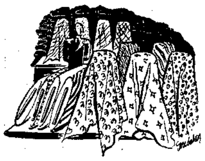
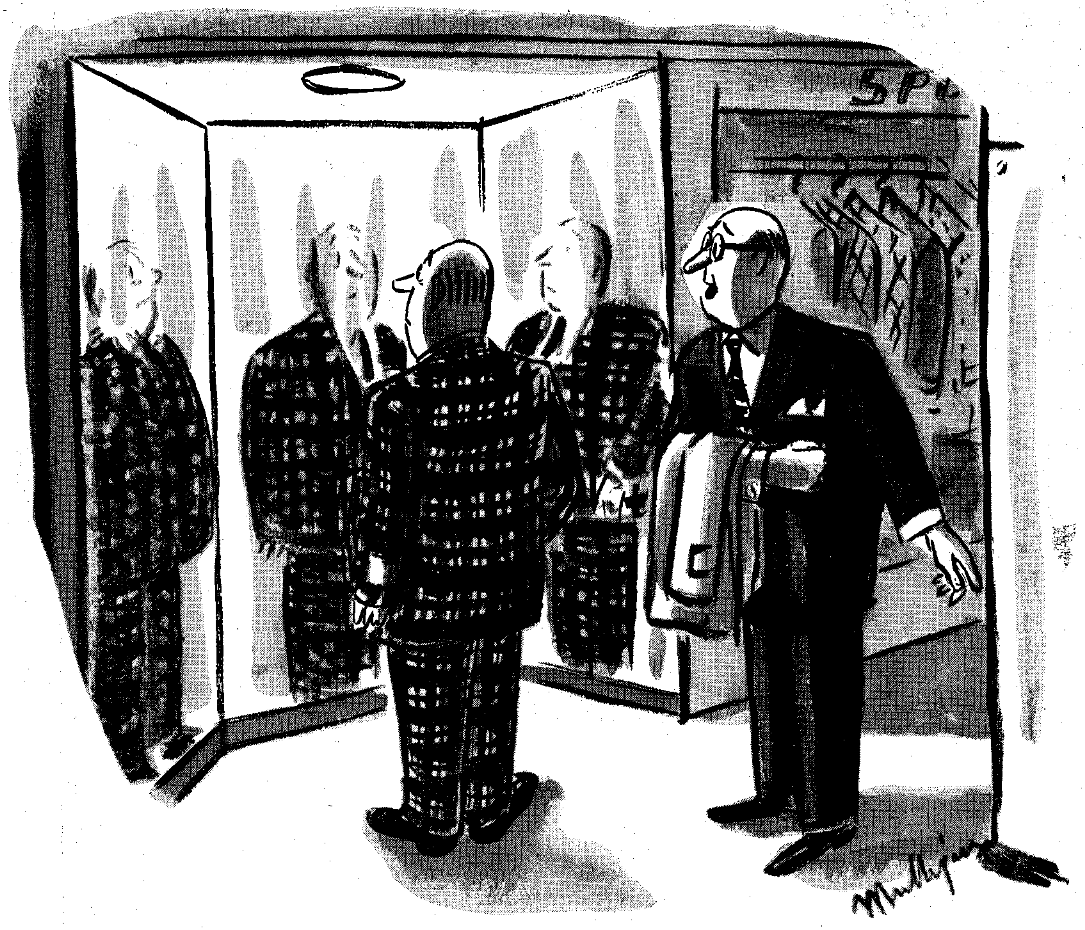


IT is an acknowledged fact—known to everyone but the makers of calendars and the writers of songs—that spring doesn't exist at all any more, but it is also an acknowledged fact that travel agencies have never had it so good now that Americans are being more and more footloose year by year. So the phenomenon known as the Easter Parade is no longer an earmark of the rites of spring; it is more a foretaste of the type of clothes that should enable their owners to disembark from planes, trains, ships, and Jaguars with aplomb and ramble through boulevards, museums, cafés, and countrysides with the minimum of pother.

The new ready-to-wear daytime clothes have the air of being completely wearable and completely adaptable to suddenly changing climates and conditions. They also offer many hazards to smoothness through the waist and the hips. For one thing, the belted, hip-length tailored suit is back among us—not nipped in and *then* belted; just gathered in. There are ways around this problem, though. For instance, some nice suits by Frechtel at Bonwit Teller—V necks wide enough to show dickeys or pearls or scarves, and wide revers outside them. The self belts of several are lightly tacked to stay put, so that gatherings can't assemble in subversive places. Gershel has done a beauty (De Pinna) of gray wool, with a red satin scarf inside the wide lapels and a red alligator belt above the vest points in front; there are inverted pleats at each side, front and back, of the skirt. One absolute stunner, by Galanos, is of black-and-white checked wool (Gunther Jaeckel and De Pinna). The fitted back is long, neat, and supple; a self drawstring exits from long side slots and ties like a bathrobe on the stomach. All these are very fine; it is the imitations of them that I dread.

Another troublesome tendency—here Traina-Norell and Galanos are the leading conspirators—is toward dresses of silk or wool crêpes or chiffons, with skirts that are heavily pleated or else gathered below the belts. The best of them can suggest the work of loving hands at home if the wearer has the slightest inclination to appear too matter-of-fact. Fortunately, clean lines still prevail in daytime clothes, and the Flustered Look crops up mainly as cocktail time approaches. Most of the suit or dress-and-jacket arrangements that are on my Dean's list this week are essentially costumes (the majority are sold in dress departments), and the blouse is an integral part of these ensembles. It's the Chanel influence, they tell me. But my recollection of the best Chanel suits is that there was more to them than merely having the blouses with bows match the linings of jackets and wearing the jackets open. Those jackets, it seems to me, could be worn open *or* closed. And that, as imitators of Brooks Brothers will sadly tell you, involves a knack with long, rolled lapels instead of set, creased ones. However, the deceptive, schoolgirlish part of the Chanel mood is dominant, as in a Frechtel suit (Bonwit Teller) of French-blue, navy, gray, or beige flannel, with brass buttons on the pockets and two more below the long lapel, and in Ben Zuckerman's navy flannel, with brass buttons and a narrow leather belt (Gunther Jaeckel). Saks Fifth Avenue has Jablow's navy or red needlepoint one, with single-breasted brass buttons and four buttoned patch pockets. Zuckerman's blazer suit (Lord & Taylor) is very much in the mood, too—a vertically striped brown-and-tan blazer over a tan ribbed-wool dress with short sleeves.

There are many, many short jackets to be worn unbuttoned. All the best shops will show you Zuckerman's cutaway jackets with wide lapels, curving out just about at the waistline in front and nestling against the back a bit lower down. They may be of flannel, or worsted (often with polka-dotted surah blouses and linings), or the shiny, crisp silk-and-wool combination that resembles alpaca and is a howling favorite with Seventh Avenue designers this— I almost said spring myself. (There is a great resistance to heavy wools at



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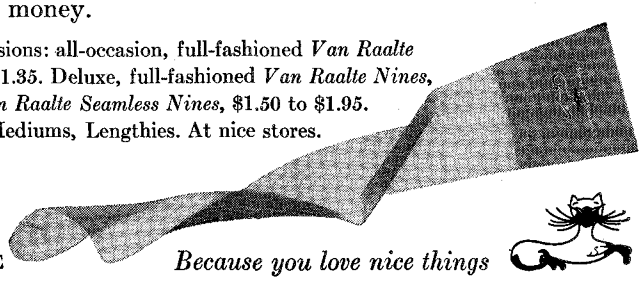

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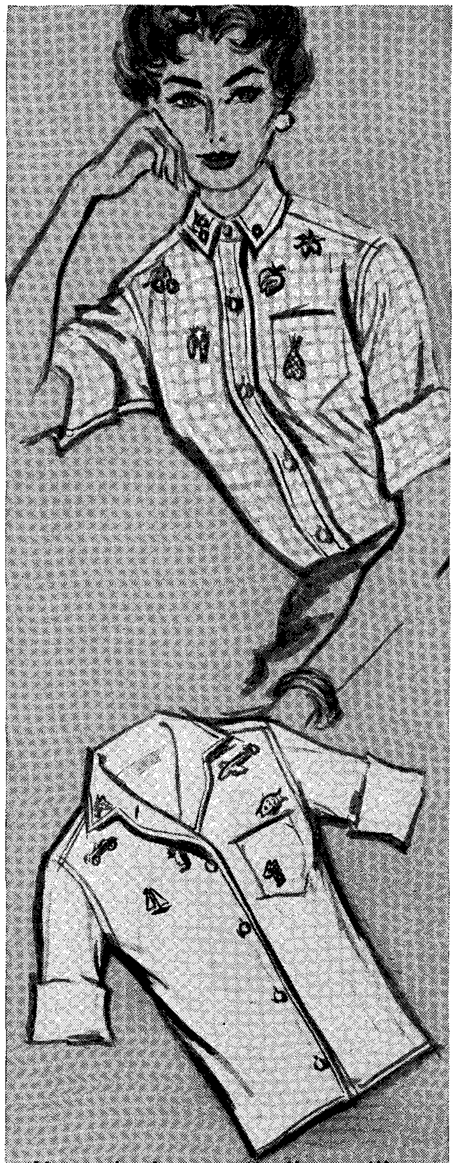

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this time of year—women rely on extra wraps to protect them from sudden chillth—but Galanos, a known maverick, is turning out costumes, even for cocktails, of a heavy, smooth-finished wool and making the customers like it.) There are also frequent versions of these jackets in raw silk or silk tweed—fabrics that, being uncrushable, tailorable, and yet cool, are becoming greater favorites even with women who have no intention of leaving home.

Another entry in the very-short-jacket division is Traina-Norell's suit of wide-wale corduroy in a deep copper. It has a broad, collarless V neck and two buttons below, and it hangs straight and loose above the white blouse that fills in the neckline. This is finished off with French cuffs and link buttons at the wrists, below the medium-length corduroy sleeves, and there's a slight Regency look to the definite lift where the sleeves join the shoulder seam (Bendel and Gunther Jaeckel). Samuel Winston, though, is all-out Regency in his short jackets—just-below-the-bust-line tops, sometimes double-breasted, sometimes crossing and fastening with one button, and usually worn over willowy, beltless sheath dresses. They are everywhere. Bergdorf has several of his sheer black wool princesse dresses ending in abbreviated faille tops and covered with the skimpiest double-breasted faille jackets; Rosette Pennington's favorite involves the same sheer wool, and black silk taffeta printed with white teardrops makes both the top and the jacket. Saks Fifth Avenue likes his jacket of gray herringbone tweed over a dress of black sheer wool with tucks spraying outward from a low, oval neck. An extreme (and handsome) variation shows up at De Pinna; the jacket and slender skirt are of a tan-and-black flecked silk tweed, and the cummerbund of the black chiffon blouse shows betwixt the two. Mollie Parnis gets into the pared-jacket act with a costume of black-and-copper surah in a mottled print; in this case, a soft, wide cummerbund of black silk around the waist of the sheath shows below the double-breasted jacket (again, Rosette Pennington).

While we are on Regency influence, we must not ignore the extra-long jacket, snug under the bust, and Irene of California (only at Gunther Jaeckel) is a girl who can really do it. Item: A jacket of navy wool glides well down on the hips of the accompanying narrow skirt, and below its collarless, horseshoe neckline a densely packed row of bone buttons descends the diaphragm. Warp-printed taffeta, all bouquets of violets

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on a white ground, makes its blouse, which ends in an arrogant chou at the throat. Item: A suit of black wool, with a scalloped cutaway line at the base of the long, lissome jacket in front; big, openwork-edged lacy ruffles froth at the neckline of the blouse, which is constructed of white handkerchief linen.

Well, what else is new for trotting around the town? For one, there's Harvey Berin's little sleeveless dress of gray wool, with a deep V surplice in back and covered by a hipbone-length buttoned jacket whose Irish-linen, lace-edged collar is narrow in front but wide over the shoulders and in back. (Saks Fifth Avenue is only one admirer.) Rentner, making his customary trim, wearable suits, also has a new love—jackets and dresses that are deeply bloused all around the waistline instead of just in back. Jay Thorpe has latched onto plenty of them. One suit is of fine black wool, bloused over a snug, four-inch hipband; a white piqué collarband crosses in front. Rentner doesn't mind having a short-cropped bloused effect *above* the waistline, either; a brown-and-gray flecked silk tweed sheath has a jacket with batwing sleeves, and a bow at the back of it gives a sort of draw-string look well north of the normal waist (Saks Fifth Avenue). And Bonwit Teller has collected his perfect gray wool suit, with a round turnover collar and deep blousing above the wide waist-band, which dips in back.

But the really new note—I might say fascinating note—is struck, bare-fisted, by a suit that is semifitted in front yet balloons to the rear like a barrel cape. This is wide through the elbows but settles snugly on the hips without benefit of waistband. An utter triumph in this field is Monte Sano's black or gray silk-and-wool alpaca number (De Pinna and Saks Fifth Avenue). Three single-breasted buttons lead up to a very wide V closing, and the revers go out over the shoulders and form a highish collar abaft. Under this collar, deep gathers make the bloused back swell outward before it comes to rest firmly at the hips. The front is a mite shorter. Dior-New York, though the majority of his suits are as slick as ever, also likes this line—he calls it his Lyre silhouette—which he, too, achieves with gathers under the collar (Saks Fifth Avenue owns a beautiful example). He also likes a wide, cocoon line in back, which he achieves by dropping the shoulder seam well down on the upper arm and adding a full, cuffed sleeve. Mimi Tuthill has his dress version of this in black-and-tan finely checked silk-and-wool, to say nothing of a couple of other gems of this genre—

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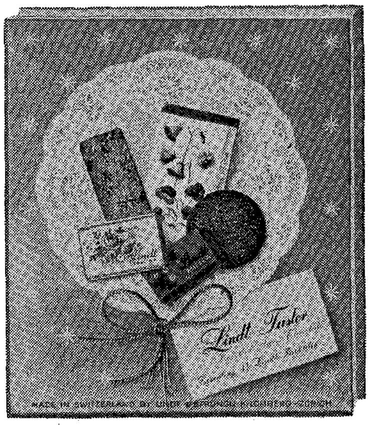

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his sheath dress of cocoa raw silk, with an actual barrel cape to match (slits for the arms) that begins at gathers at the back of the neck, and Anthony Blotta's sheath dress of navy wool, with white tabs at each side of the neckline and another balloon cape, also frankly gathered across the back of the neck, that is silk in front and navy wool in back.

Many of the season's "suits" are of such light fabric that they are almost dresses, so even if you're not going on a Far North cruise an enveloping coat is called for. The pseudo-dolman-cape line crops up emphatically in these clothes, too. Jay Thorpe has two winners by Originala, of beige, navy, or bright sky-blue fleece. One, with a tiny shawl collar, is gathered on the deep yoke in back, which gives it an exceptionally broad look; about eight inches of sleeve are attached way out at the sides, practically as an afterthought. The front is quite straight; the back tapers sharply to the hem. The other is all one piece as far out as the stitching around the elbows of the sleeves (they have a lantern aspect), and also diminishing below. Michaelson of California, likewise a Jay Thorpe pet, has a huge tomato, navy, or beige coat with tremendous width in back because of a vast panel. The openings for the arms are below the elbows, and a buttoned band goes across the top of each opening to give the effect of a cuff. Zuckerman, who does everything well, shows a semi-fitted navy wool coat with a triangle of brass buttons on the chest. It's very Chanel in front; in back, there's a sailor collar, and a slight cocoon suggestion below it. Full-length sleeves finish it off. De Pinna is sponsoring this, and also Zuckerman's answer to the fact that some sleeveless, fairly décolleté printed or plain crêpe dresses *don't* have cover-up jackets to make them suitable for street wear. For this reason, it seems to me that big navy or black silk-and-wool alpaca coats are more practical than you might think at first. Mr. Z.'s answer is a sweeping affair with a collar that starts at a meek bow in front, then goes wide on the shoulders and down in back in a middy manner. Voluminous, but the man has the damnedest knack of cutting fronts to produce the effect of caving in trimly on the diaphragm. Hattie Carnegie's own favorite of this type has a deep oblong vestee below a prim, pointed collar standing away from the neck; the sleeves are part of the free-wheeling body of the coat but manage to look set in.

Galanos is a man with ideas that are definitely his own about ensembles and just plain dresses. He is addicted to a heavy, sort of needlepoint wool, usually in oxford gray or black, for street dresses and for cocktail dresses with straight, rather brusque double-breasted jackets. Lord & Taylor shows some of his basic dresses, often with a self tie belt in back, starting at one side of the buttoned closing and ending at the opposite side. One has short sleeves and a deep U neck in front; another, very young and Chanel in feeling, has a sharp, pointed collar with an overcollar of white linen, and its skirt is slightly gathered. Bergdorf Goodman is presenting his sparse black or navy wool cocktail sheaths, sometimes with a panel floating low in back to give them movement. They're likely to be sleeveless, and the décolletage often curves from the shoulders down the chest, then crosses and buttons low at one side. The backs are low, too. Over these go the most tailored jackets, some of them very short and some of them waist-length. When Galanos turns soft, he favors a plastron six inches deep on the stomach and cut one with the bodice; it makes the stomach round out a bit and the waistline seem to curve in above. Bergdorf has acquired several variations on this theme. One is on a dress of beige silk linen decorated with drawnwork—an oval front neckline, buttons down the back, and soft, unpressed folds in the skirt under the plastron. Galanos uses black sheer wool in an enchanting costume (Bergdorf again). The dress is sleeveless, and buttons go across one shoulder; a front panel, with two buttons down each hip, gives a tunic effect. The five-tiered jacket that goes over this one is of white organdie, and it dips to the hips in back and then flares prettily; its Peter Pan collar is three-tiered.

This is one more proof that there is a definite mood for starched, white, frosty touches everywhere. Trigère, this year, uses all sorts of little band collars of starched white linen that loop over in front, often to hold a small bow tie of the sheer wool of the dress. Everybody, by the way, is devoted, as always, to her unique gray wool sheaths. This year, she puts a minute and completely absurd circular godet, only three inches deep, at the hemline in front—to allow for striding, they say. Hmm? Versions are all over town. These skimpy woollens often have buttoned capes, but my favorite costume (also with that starched collar) is shown in navy silk-and-wool with a deep, rounded V back and panels that start above the waist on each side, are temporarily halted by a belt, and then swing circular to the hem. A really wonderful jacket goes over it—waist-length and snug in back, a casual rolled lapel and a curving-out line in front, and no fastenings; it simply stays serenely put, no matter how you thrash about. (De Pinna has it.) Much less ladylike is a Trigère trotteur (Bendel) of bright-blue wool with white horizontal stripes. There's a starched white linen shirt front to fill in the tiny V of the neckline, and a forward pleat low on the side seams of the skirt for grace. Suzanne Augustine favors starched white shirt fronts in miniature, too; Bendel owns a couple of examples in navy or black wool, with wide waistbands buttoned to one side and softness in the skirt behind the hips. Jane Derby, who, though still ladylike, also manages to be sensational this year, has a gray wool dress (Jay Thorpe) of shirtwaist demeanor, whose turnover collar is piped with white organdie. A wide detachable undercollar of organdie starts at the sides of this collar and ripples over the shoulders to make a good-sized flounce below it in back.

The two-piece tunic dress has a champion in Traina-Norell. One, seen at Bonwit Teller, is of beige silk linen. It's a sleeveless job with a prim round neck; the self belt ties in a bow at the side. The tunic glides down the body in a barely touching sort of way to end just above the knees, and there's a big butcher-boy patch pocket at the front of each thigh. Bonwit sensibly ordered this one with a straight skirt to match; Rosette Pennington shows it with the original orange brocaded silk calf-length pants—destined for lounging, for goodness' sake. Lord & Taylor, always in the Traina-Norell corner, presents this type of tunic dress in petunia-pink or apple-green shantung, for the record, and a slick street version in black-and-white wool tweed. The tunic is buttoned down the back and is shorter there—just dips below the hips, is all. And, while we are on the Traina bandwagon, he's still making his chemise dresses with full or narrow skirts and a four-inch-wide self belt with the bottom edge at the natural waistline. (At Bergdorf, some sport crushed suède belts a good six inches wide.) They have a round collar and a little white vestee with a white string tie, and they come in red or beige wool jersey. Bonwit admires this type of dress, and shows it in silk linen and silk crêpe as well as in jersey, with the simplest, collarless round neck and short sleeves.

PRIZES GLIMPSED AT RANDOM: Ben Reig's beautiful dress of black Italian raw silk, with four gathered panels

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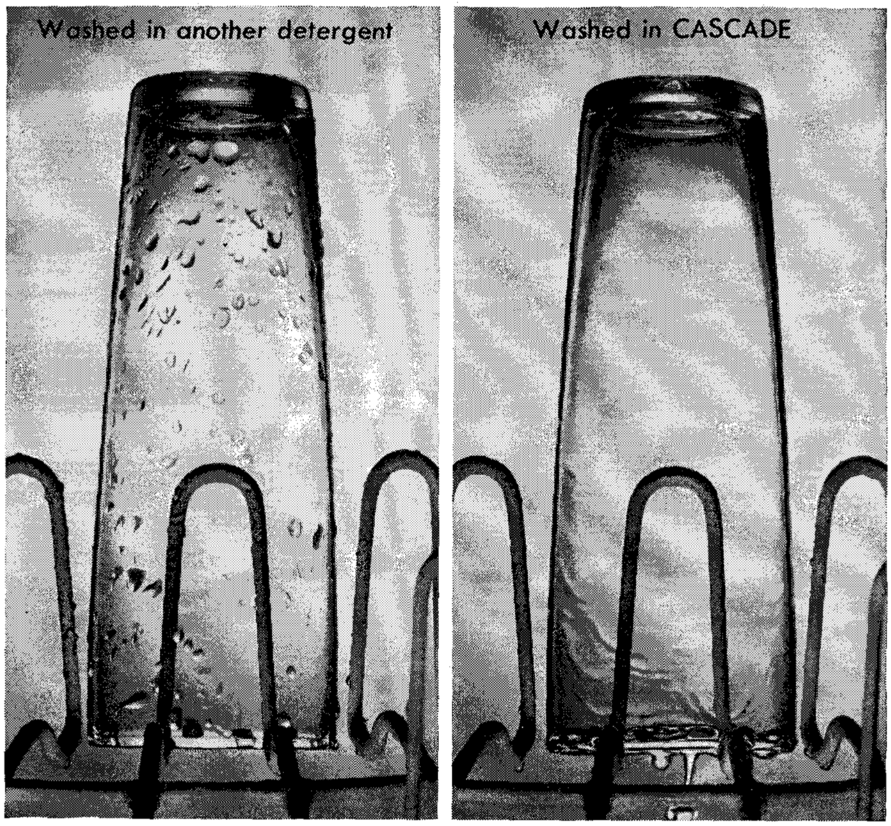

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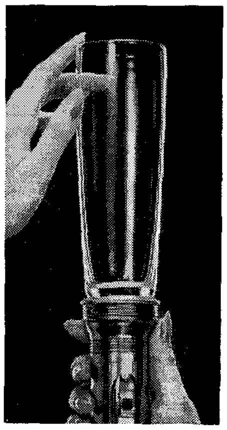

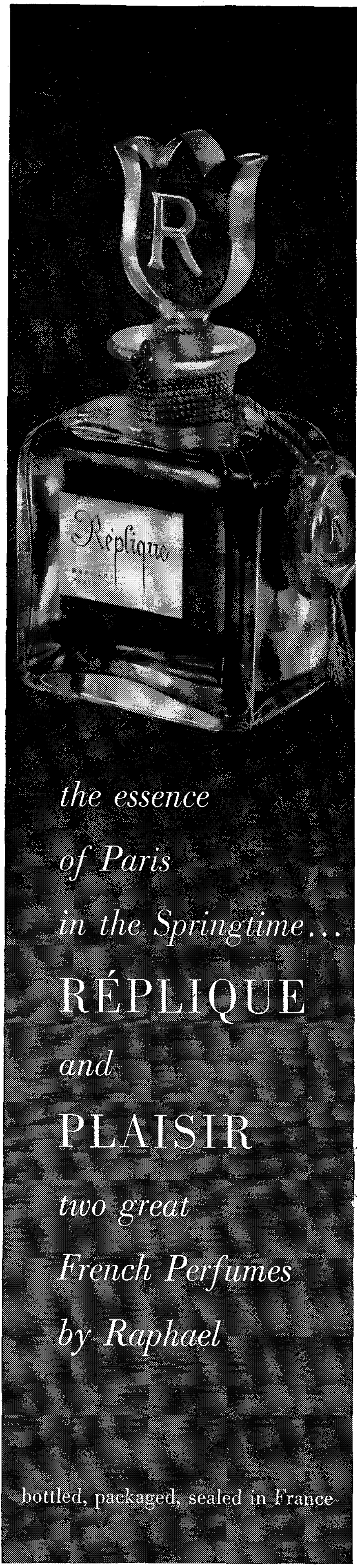

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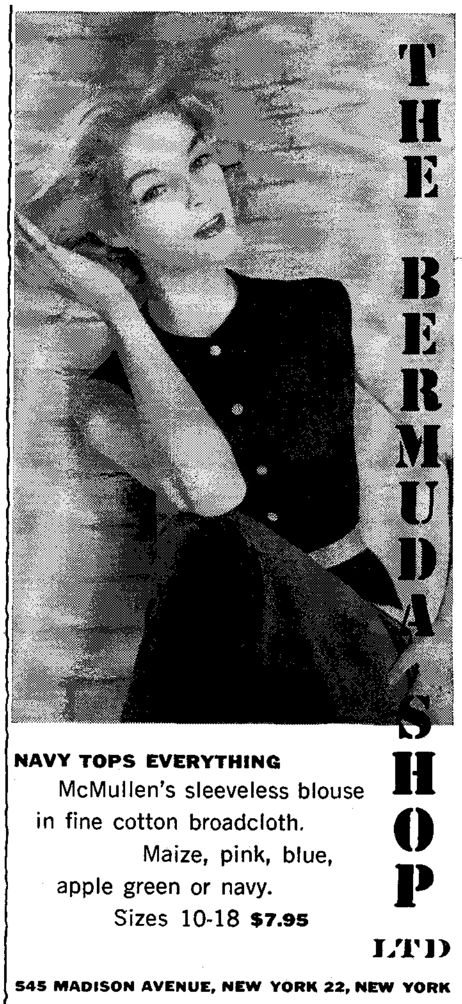
making a free-flowing overskirt and more of this silk (white with black dots) making a wide, pleated band below the deep boat neck (Jay Thorpe). . . . Another black-and-white triumph, by Irene of California (Gunther Jaeckel)—a black mohair coat-dress with black bone buttons, a black leather belt, and (this is the trick) a slit that goes well up the skirt, front and back, to show a pleated underskirt in a bold black-and-white domino check; i.e., really terrific, if anyone feels like coining an adjective. . . . A coat-dress by Travilla of California, who is also on Gunther Jaeckel's approved list, of linen with an allover embroidered flower design (black on charcoal gray or cocoa on white) for either town or country club, and in sizes up to 20. . . . Travilla's bateau-neck dress of violet sheer wool, with folds ascending from the hipbones toward the diaphragm, plus a belt, in a darker shade of violet, running under the folds (Gunther Jaeckel's own). . . . Vera Maxwell's just-right plane costume (Rosette Pennington), which involves (1) calf-length pants, with an elastic waistband, and a wrapped, surplice blouse, both of black synthetic jersey, and which all by themselves make perfectly respectable lounging pajamas, to say nothing of comfort, on an overnight flight, plus (2) a slightly circular skirt, buttoned down the front, of a nubbly black-and-white checked wool, plus a long, straight coat of the same material, slit at the sides in the Maxwell fashion and adorned with leather trim that finishes up in arrow points. . . . And in the same shop, Adele Simpson's cape costume of navy wool—the narrow skirt with trouser pleats in front and a very high waistband, the waist-length cape (buttoned down the front) lined with the blue-and-white print silk of the blouse. . . . Again in the same shop, a couple of Dior's trotteurs—one in a charcoal-and-white shepherd's check with a square of four buttons on the bodice and another on each of the slanting pockets, which are placed in front of the hips. . . . Monte Sano's suits (De Pinna), which are noteworthy not just for their cut but for the unusual fabrics he has acquired for them. A semifitted suit is of white with a navy crossbar, and the fabric is cool and crunchy indeed, being a combination of linen and wool; another suit, of gray with a white crossbar, is a combination of cotton and wool that is as silky as a kitten. . . . One of the best-looking jacket-dress deals around, by Pattullo, at Saks Fifth Avenue—a box jacket of heavy tie silk, all horizontal stripes of French



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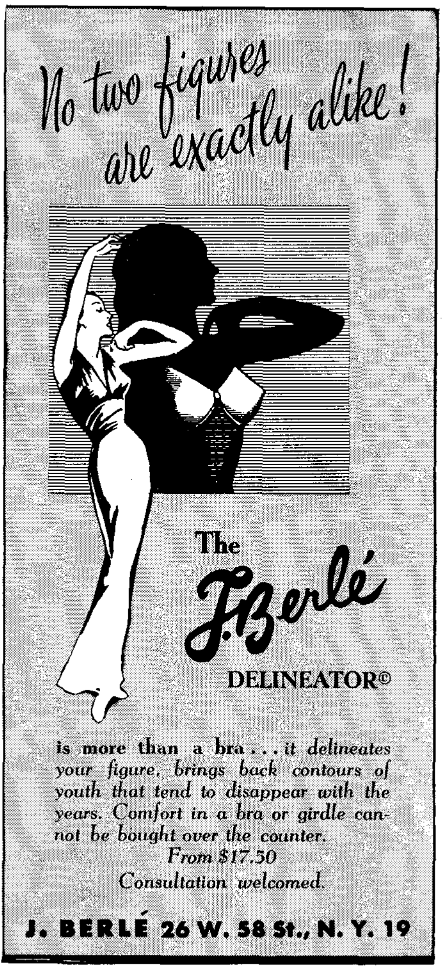

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blue, white, and black, together with a dress of navy wool that has two bands of this stripe around the bodice. A box pleat in back gives the jacket a sharp flare. . . . Anna Miller's pleasant reminder of Vionnet, who (we should all remember) was once as great a force as Chanel. This dress is of black crêpe de Chine, given body by its lining, and fagoting is the sole trimming—circling the round collar, making a center line up and down the front and back, and pointing up the raglan set of the sleeves (Mimi Tuthill).

ALL this should get you through the day and into the cocktail lounge. I have in mind a treatise on the gauzy part of your life, which this year will apparently depend largely on chiffons and laces and prints, but that must wait until a later issue. —LOIS LONG

MARKETS AND MENUS

A Born Cook

SOME years ago, I had the idea that my duty as gastronomic reporter in these columns required that I investigate the field of professional catering, and to this end I engaged the services, on successive occasions, of three highly recommended caterers. That was as far as I got with this ambitious project, but it was far enough to convince me that I would sooner be dead than work my way through the town's entire roster of highly recommended caterers, which was what I would obviously have to do if I were to speak authoritatively on this dreary subject. That I am now about to report on a professional caterer does not mean that I have weakened for a moment in my stern resolve never again to tackle the catering situation as a whole. It should also be clearly understood that while the caterer in question—Alyce McComb, whose telephone number is Adirondack 4-7900—enjoys a fine reputation not only as a cook but as a planner of menus and an arranger of parties, it is only in the first capacity that I can speak of her work from actual experience. Therefore, I propose to consider her here as a purveyor of extremely good specialties, made in her own kitchen and brought to the scene of festivities. I realize that even in this restricted field it is rash indeed to recommend anybody on the strength of three or four dishes, but I feel safe in claiming that Mrs. McComb is that most comfortable phenomenon, a born cook. Added to her natural endowment and a general competence in the kitchen are some slight knowledge of classic French cookery and an ex-

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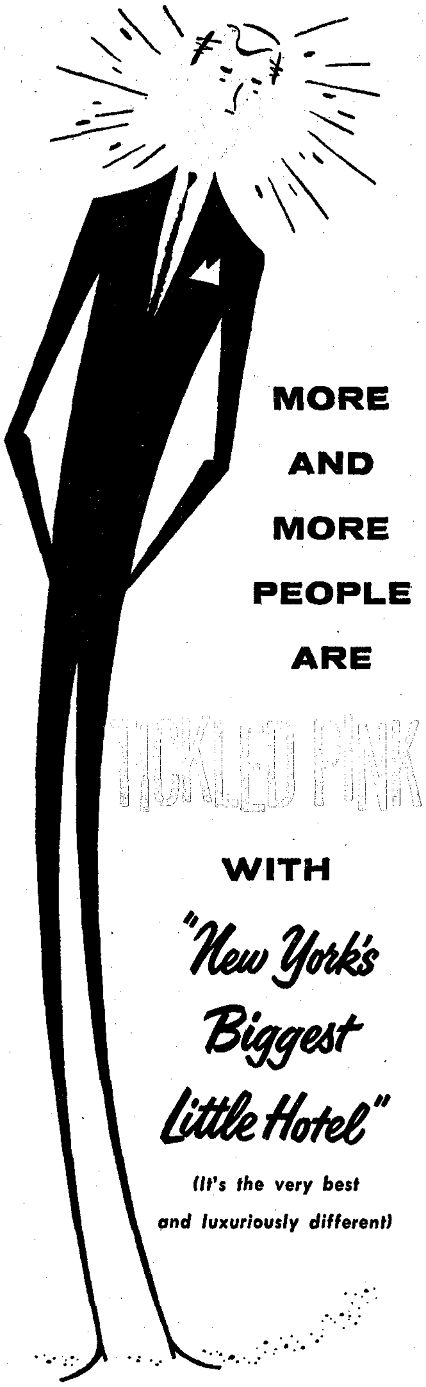

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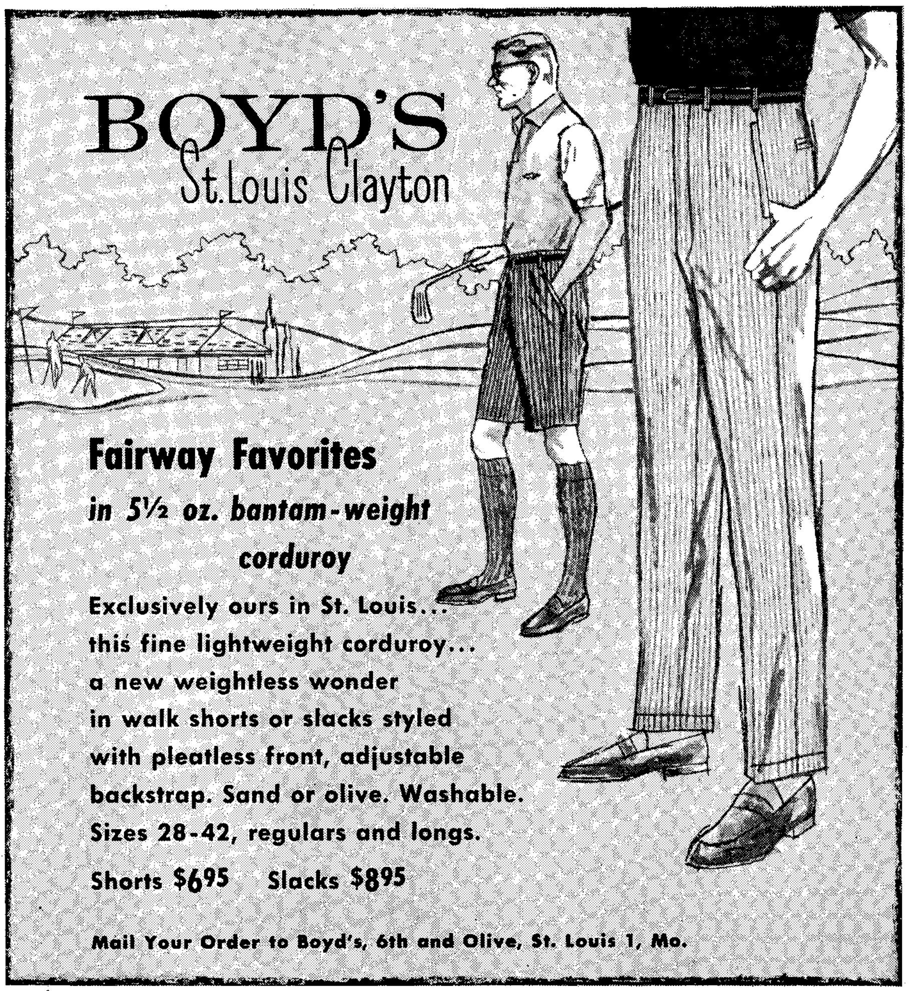
tremely obliging disposition—a combination sufficient to make many a hard-pressed hostess thank her stars. From Mrs. McComb's large and impressive repertory I ordered at random the other day a brace of roast duck, and they turned out to be highly successful. Basted with a well-seasoned sauce (not Bigarade) made with a base of orange juice and soy sauce, the birds are attractively presented—either whole or quartered, lightly glazed over with the sauce, and without a trace of the surface fat that so often detracts from this dish. A less formal specialty, suitable for buffet serving, is a veal paprika that has very little in common with any veal paprika ordinarily encountered in these parts. A suavely seasoned sour-cream sauce, pungent with paprika, covers medium-sized pieces of tender veal, and the whole is generously sprinkled with toasted shredded almonds. (The caterer likes to serve green noodles with this dish, and that seems a good idea, but I thought the noodles I sampled were overcooked.) The only other McComb specialties I have had occasion to try are sweet dishes. One is a delicious, light-as-a-feather chocolate roll, made according to the classic recipe that calls for nothing but eggs, sugar, and chocolate (no flour). What gives it a unique appeal is that it is filled with unsweetened whipped cream around a core of congealed crème de menthe. The roll is then dusted with cocoa and decorated with shavings of bitter chocolate. It's a handsome dish, and should be gratefully welcomed by those who like a not too sweet dessert. An all-out party confection, filled with sweetened fresh strawberries, is made of paper-thin leaves of strudel dough shaped into individual dumpling-like servings, which must have a brief sojourn in a hot oven and then be rushed to the table. Mrs. McC., whose exuberance knows no bounds when it comes to some of her culinary creations, prefers to serve this pastry with a *sabayon* sauce, but she will settle for the relatively Spartan accompaniment of whipped cream, if that's what you want. As a frivolous ending to a dinner, you can order beautifully made glacé fruit—strawberries, tangerine sections, white grapes, and, later on, when they are in season, big red cherries. To give you an idea of Mrs. McComb's prices, I paid $8 apiece for the duck, $1.25 per portion for the veal paprika, $4 for the chocolate roll (which serves six), $1 each for the individual strawberry strudels (the minimum order is six, and the *sabayon* sauce is extra—$1 for enough to serve the minimum order), and $1.50 a dozen for the glacé fruits. There is a charge of $2 for delivery, and deliveries are made only in Manhattan.

IT may be difficult for the ordinary citizen to understand the intense satisfaction that the dedicated food reporter experiences upon finding a pastry shop that, having been established on a plane of honest excellence, has survived for two years with its standards intact. Le Gobelin, the immaculate little concern at 26 East 66th Street that has inspired this gratitude, is a European-style patisserie kept by a Hungarian lady and intended primarily for the *consommation sur place* of coffee, cakes, sandwiches, and soups, all of which, happily, are also packed for *consommation chez soi*. Everything except the pastry is made on the premises by the proprietor; the sweets are the work of a number of Austrian women, each of whom furnishes her specialty to the shop daily. In the showcase are assembled the most delectable of Viennese pastries—rum *Torte*, Linzer *Torte*, Sacher *Torte*, chocolate jelly cake, nutcake, a chocolate roll filled with pistachio cream—as well as excellent English plum cake, and an incomparably delicate anise-flavored zwieback, which is exactly right for those moments when one craves something simple, almost austere, for tea. The cakes are sold by the large wedge-shaped slice, at forty or fifty cents a slice, and can also be bought whole, at prices ranging from $1.75, for the wonderfully delicious nutcake, which serves eight, to $3.95, for the large English plum cake, which serves at least twelve. It is hardly necessary to add that the technique of preparing these exquisite confections does not vary by so much as an egg or a smidge of butter (the best) from the traditional Viennese formulas.

Since I am particularly interested in Le Gobelin's specialties to take out, I have not made an opportunity to drink coffee in the shop, where it is served in the sundry Viennese styles—with whipped cream, *au lait*, mixed with chocolate, and so on. I have, however, bought the establishment's private blend (a mixture of Colombian, Mexican, Brazilian, and Mocha, at $1.65 a pound), and I can report that, brewed at home, drip fashion, it is fragrant and utterly delicious as a breakfast drink; that is, *au lait*. Black, for after-dinner consumption, it is, to my taste, rather less than perfect.

DURING the winter, there appeared briefly in the better food stores those delicate little rouleaux of cream cheese made in France by Charles Gervais and sold in every French *crémerie*—modest as well as grand—under the familiar name of Petit Suisse. Before New Yorkers had left off turning handsprings of welcome for the cheese, it abruptly disappeared from circulation, word being given out that our customs authorities were making difficulties about the French label. Whatever the straight of the matter, the manufacturer retired to *bouder* over his wrongs, and nothing more has been heard of M. Gervais and his Petit Suisse from that day to this. Not to be thwarted by government red tape, however, Fraser Morris, 872 Madison Avenue (71st), has now come up with a duplicate of the Petit Suisse, called Demi Suisse—a delectably soft cream cheese (more cream than cheese) made in Normandy by the dairy firm of Meilhac and flown here weekly by Air France, arriving on Wednesday. I say that this is a duplicate of the Gervais product, and so I think it is, but without a sample of the more famous Petit Suisse to try it against I find it hard to be certain. Anyway, it is mighty good, and Fraser Morris deserves a bright shiny medal for bringing it to us. I wish, though, that the firm would require customers to sign some sort of pledge to eat the cheese on the day of its arrival, because after the first twelve hours it rapidly loses its delicious creaminess. Those who have known the cheese in France won't need to be told that it should be eaten on crusty French bread with Bar-le-Duc or sugar; to less knowledgeable customers, it should be explained that crackers are an abomination with these exquisite little cylinders. A box of six small Demi Suisses costs $2; no mail orders are accepted.

As it turns out, the vanishing act of the original Petit Suisse is working very much to the advantage of American cheese lovers, since M. Gervais's defection has apparently spurred competition in the importation of this type of *fromage frais*. At any rate, Bloomingdale is bringing us, starting the first week in April, still another caseous delight—an ethereal creamy mixture known, where it is known at all, as Le Fontainebleau. Actually, this specialty of the countryside around the château has become available only recently even in Paris, and it is a triumph for Bloomingdale—and a piece of great good luck for the rest of us—that it is soon to be had over here. Le Fontainebleau tastes like delicious and somehow miraculously solidified fresh cream, and if it were not duly listed in Eugène Herbodeau's "Classement des Fromages de France,"



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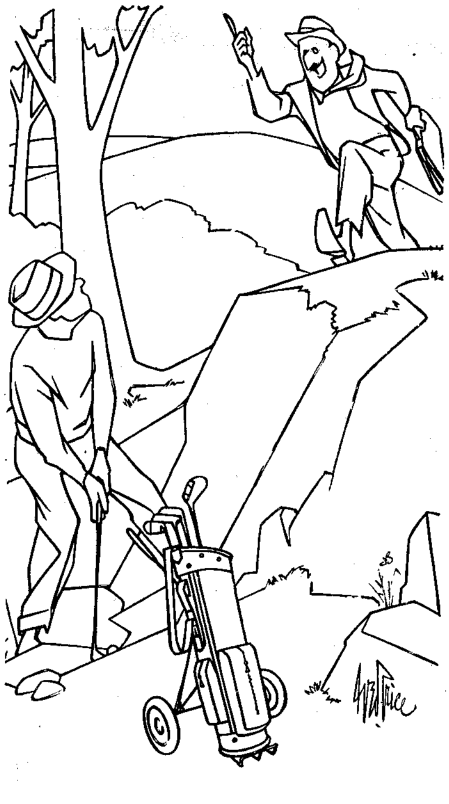

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one might hesitate to call it a cheese at all. The lovely stuff, put up in flimsy little four-ounce containers by the firm of Gallo, will be priced at around $1.95. The shipments will, of course, be made by air, and will arrive at the store every Friday. In the same shipments, and from the same distributor, Bloomingdale will be receiving packets of a *suisse* (two one-ounce rolls in a packet), to sell for $1.95.

LE CAFÉ CHAMBORD seems to have entrusted at least a part of its future to the deep freeze, and a highly successful future it promises to be. Some months ago, I commented in these columns on various frozen *pièces de résistance*, all of them so well made by the restaurant chef that they manage to survive the implacable grip of the freezer more successfully than most such things do. Now the Chambord has come up with its most spectacular frozen triumph to date—*pommes soufflées*, no less. Even if, in your book, soufflé potatoes are nothing more than a rather arid tour de force, you must admit that their ballooning up the way they do is nothing short of prodigious, and their appearance on the home table will certainly elicit many reverent "oh"s and "ah"s. The Chambord potatoes, when plunged in deep fat for about a minute, seem practically guaranteed to do their ballooning stunt (out of an entire package, only one failed to puff up magnificently), and although I can think of many more succulent ways of cooking the good old potato, there is simply nothing to touch *pommes soufflées* for impressive elegance. A package of twenty-four puffs costs $1.25 at the Chambord, 803 Third Avenue (49th), and any day now the *pommes soufflées* will also be available at Vendôme Table Delicacies, 15 East 48th Street.

Even more recently emerged from the Chambord's freezer are four unusual sauces, all made according to the restaurant's recipes. Two meat sauces—a Périgourdine and a Bordelaise—are, I think, the most successful of the quartet. The first is especially fine, having the recognizable characteristics of the French classic, which is made with a *demi-glacé* of sauce madère and finished with truffle essence and chopped truffles. The Bordelaise is remarkably well flavored, with red wine, a little espagnole sauce, and succulent pieces of marrow. I found that a beef fillet or a bit of broiled calf liver could be excellent dressed with either of these. For fish, there is a sauce Véronique, which is less successful; presumably made with a fish velouté (I am guessing now) and

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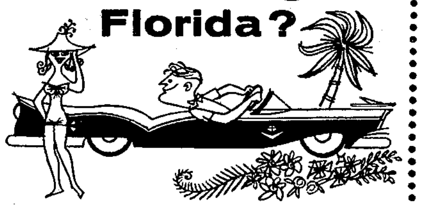

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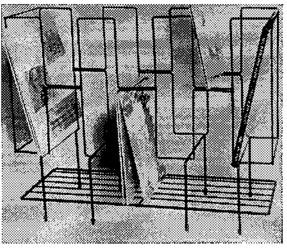

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certainly garnished with the seedless white grapes that give it its name, it struck me as rather more *fade* than delicate. The last sauce—a Bigarade, which is an orange sauce for duckling—is exceptionally well made. The restaurant has had what I think is the happy idea of packing the sauces in rather small (seven-ounce) containers; this quantity is sufficient to dress the meat or fish for three or four people, and it guards against the tendency of the inexperienced cook to smother a dish in sauce. All the sauces are to be had at the Chambord, for $1.25 each.

EVERY year at this season, when shad makes its blessed appearance among us, I wonder how it is that we can take the recurrent miracle so phlegmatically—why there are no church bells rung, and no dancing in the streets. Lacking such celebrations, I recently put my mind to the problem of choosing the wine that should honor my first shad of the season, and the Scharzhofberger Spätlese '53 that I hit upon provided exactly the complement I had dreamed of. The wine comes from the great Moselle vineyard of Egon Muller, and it is the sort that, rightly or wrongly, is bound to make you say, at least while you are drinking it, "This is the best wine I ever drank." It has freshness, balance, remarkable fragrance—everything a great Moselle should have—and a price tag of $4.79, at Sherry Wine & Spirits, 679 Madison Avenue (61st).

M. Lehmann, 40 East 66th Street, has lately imported an utterly delightful 1954 white wine under the label of Chardonnay Blanc. It is bottled at the vineyard of Edouard Laneyrie, who grows some of the finest Pouilly-Fuissé in Burgundy, and I don't pretend to a subtlety of palate that can distinguish between that year's Chardonnay Blanc and that year's Pouilly-Fuissé; in my book, they are identical, and charming, Pouilly-Fuissés, whose difference lies in the label and in the considerably lower price tag—$1.63—of the Chardonnay. (It comes in half bottles, too, for ninety-one cents.) Lehmann also has an unusually good Chablis of '55, estate-bottled by Vocoret, who is proprietor of the Premier Cru Beugnon vineyard. This is not, of course, one of the seven Grands Crus of Chablis, but it has the lovely greenish-gold color and the clean, fresh taste—with the barely perceptible quality that wine lovers are agreed in calling "flinty"—of the all too rare authentic Chablis. It is priced at $2.45 and, in half bottles, at $1.30.

Although the shad of the River Loire

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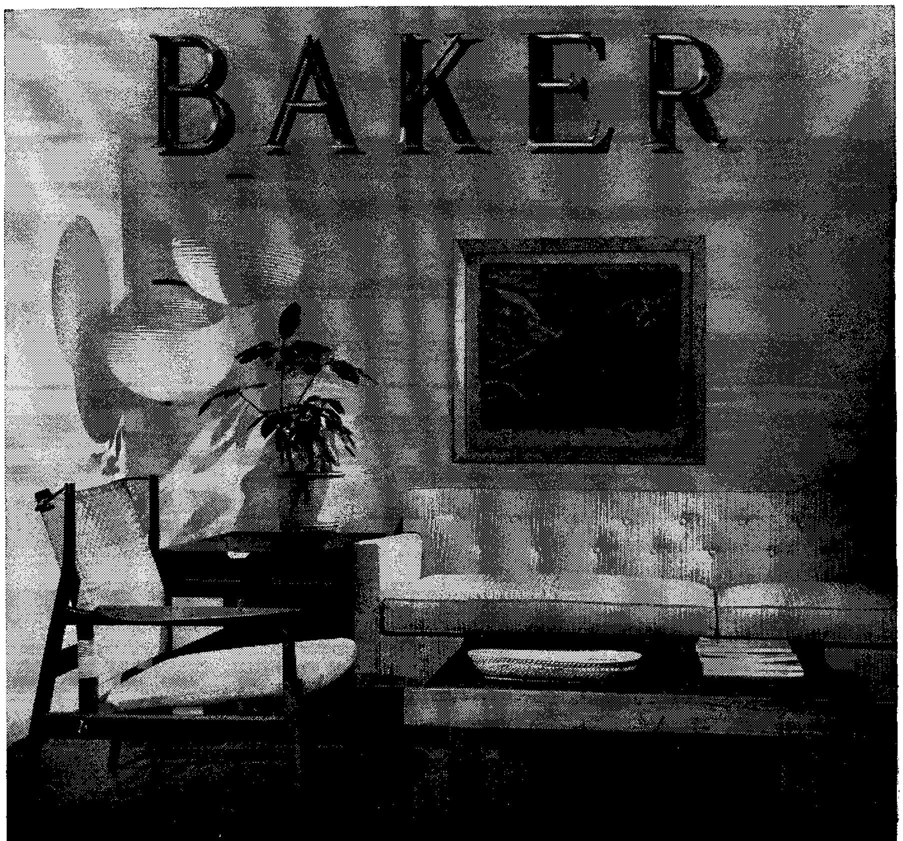

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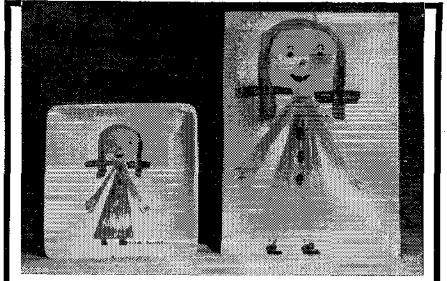

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simply can't touch our American variety, it is such a famous specialty of the region that the charming white wines of the Loire Valley should certainly be considered as an accompaniment to our own superior fish. Nearly all the reputable wine merchants around town have the most *enchanting* Pouilly-Fumés, from good vineyards, and Sherry, Lehmann, and Luria, 1217 Madison Avenue (88th), have a delightful 1955 Sancerre, at around $2.60. Luria also has a Château Plaisance ($1.90) of the same year, from the Côteaux du Layon, which, while it is slightly sweet, possesses a flowery freshness that takes it out of the class of the sticky Sauternes. And although purists may shudder at the thought of a red wine with fish, Lehmann has a '55 Chinon, from the south bank of the Loire, that is light and as fresh as a daisy, and, to my taste, is suitable for any light food. Chinon is said to have been Rabelais's favorite wine, and to prove it there is a picture of the old rascal on the bottle, which costs $1.90.

In plenty of time for warm-weather drinking, Frank Schoonmaker has imported, for Bloomingdale, three pleasant, modest wines from Tarragona, in Spain. These include a dry white, a rosé, and a surprisingly soft and agreeable red that, come hot weather, probably won't be too proud to let itself be doused with ice water. The trio, which are more or less carafe wines, without any indicated year, are offered at the humane price of $1.39.

And now, if you have already started worrying over what to serve with your Easter lamb, you may be glad to hear of a Beaune Grèves, of 1953, that Sherry has for $2.99. This is a beautifully balanced wine, with the curious combination of delicacy and strength of the Côte de Beaune, and it is worthy of a place of honor on the Easter table. —S. H.

•

MIAMI BEACH. (INS)—Multimillionaire John Jacob Astor III got a valentine from an attractive former New York model Tuesday.

If he wants to see it, Miami Beach police will oblige.

Mrs. Lucille Ann Stiglich Capasso, 25, now serving 30 days in jail for annoying Astor, scrawled the following sonnet on her cell wall with lipstick:

> "If you were with me
> "John Jacob Astor
> "The 30 days
> "Would go much faster."

—El Paso Times.

The sonnet certainly went fast enough.

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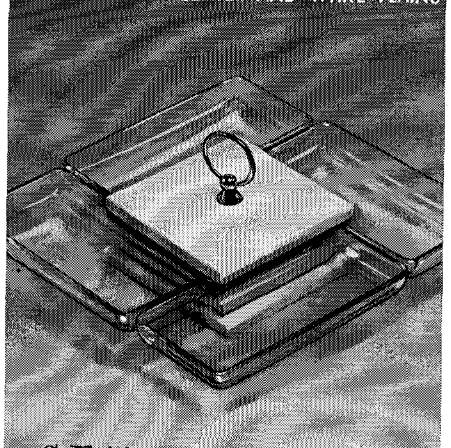

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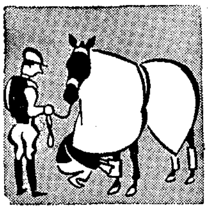
THE RACE TRACK

Busy As Bees



THE chances are that racing in New York, which begins at Jamaica the first of next week, will continue till the snow flies—or at least through November 30th. A bill to lengthen the season was passed unanimously by the Assembly at Albany the other day, and—take it from the wiseacres—it is likely to have as little opposition in the Senate as Bardstown would get from a lot of selling platers. Also, a proposal to give the Greater New York Association, which operates the tracks, one per cent of the state's share of the pari-mutuel money, to help finance the rebuilding of Aqueduct, was approved by the Assembly three to one, and is expected to whisk through the Senate by an even wider margin. This could be the dawn of a brighter day, but as far as the horseplayers are concerned, the bite out of a winning ticket will still be fifteen per cent.

Maybe the Long Island tracks have never been as torn up as now. None of the old-timers can remember anything like it. Still, wandering around Belmont Park, you can't help admiring the speed with which things are being done. New parking lots and their entrances and exits are springing up like magic, and you'll see changes everywhere that will astonish you. Over at Aqueduct, the grandstand is being taken apart carefully, piece by piece, instead of just being knocked down. The reason for this, I'm told, is that the steel will be put together again for a grandstand at a trotting track near Cleveland. Fair enough.

By the way, Jim Fitzsimmons will be back in his old barns at Aqueduct, where he's stabled for half a century. Last autumn, when it looked as if everything there would be flattened right away for the new project, he expected to move to Belmont, and wasn't at all happy about the prospect. Since then, however, the management has decided to keep the track open for a training ground. Although practically all of Mr. Fitz's racers are here and bedded down by now, he is remaining in Miami, to saddle Bold Ruler for the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park this weekend. Without going too deeply into it, I'd say that the race would be Bold Ruler against Gen. Duke again, and that this time Gen. Duke would do the trick.

CALUMET FARM had things its own way in the Gulfstream Park Handicap last Saturday, with its Bardstown and his stablemate Fabius running one, two. Needles was third. The way it looked on my television set, Bardstown dominated the scene, taking the lead when his rider, Hartack, pleased. He ran fast, too, doing the mile and a quarter in 2:00⅗, and he picked up $76,400 in prize money, which brought his earnings to $402,085. Now he's going to have a rest, passing up the hundred-thousand-dollar Campbell Memorial at Bowie this weekend. I suppose he deserves to take it easy. Since late August, he has been first in eight of his nine starts, and in the ninth, the McLennan Handicap, he finished second to Summer Tan. He isn't an especially sturdy fellow, either; he didn't race at two or three (he's now five), and he has more than made up for lost time. In any case, Jimmy Jones, his trainer, believes that once you get a horse like Bardstown to the top of his form, you must ease up on him after he's had several races. Give him a chance to relax, you know. Kept at concert pitch, he wouldn't last more than a month, but if he gets a breather now and then, it makes a difference. Fabius, I thought, ran his best race since he beat Needles in the Preakness last May. As for Needles, he's a nice colt, but it has always been my opinion that he isn't as good as his aficionados insist he is. Besides, he may have been idle too long. Let's see how he goes next time out.

IT'S hardly a stable secret that Bowie is Hirsch Jacobs' favorite track. He'll tell you himself that the horses he trains do well there. Last weekend, he saddled three of his three-year-olds for the Governor's Gold Cup, and one of them—Promised Land, a gray colt by Palestinian—got first money after a neck-and-neck finish with John Appelbaum's Mister Jive. For the record, Mrs. Jules Schwartz's Nah Hiss was third, and there were fourteen runners. I doubt whether you'll see many of them in the classics later on, but they put on a good show. Besides, the favorite won, and horseplayers will always settle for that. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Miss Tsingou presented her personal gift to the college, a large, very beautiful American.—*Cazenovia (N.Y.) Republican.*

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LETTER FROM TEL AVIV

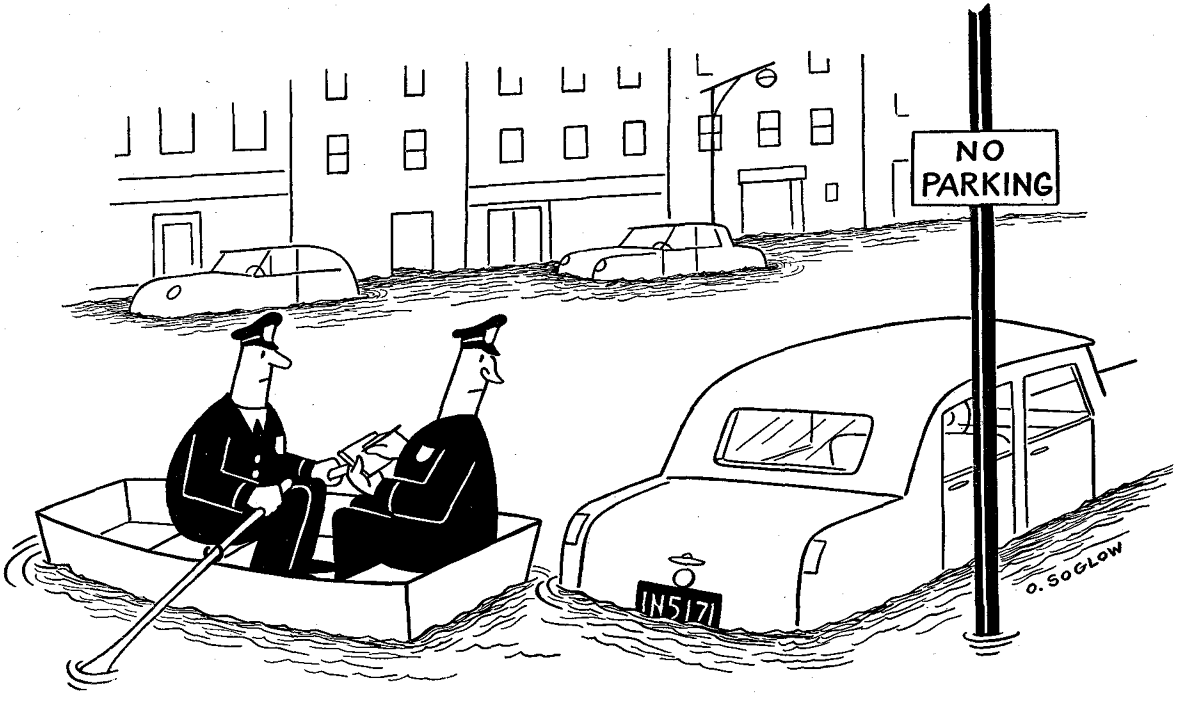
MARCH 22

WHEN I was last in Gaza—two or three weeks ago, in a period that now seems remote—I talked with a fellow active in the pro-Egyptian party that operates among the Arab refugees from Palestine who are trapped in the Strip. He was a fairly high-up refugee employee of the United Nations Relief and Works Agency. The agency, which feeds, educates, and doctors more than two hundred thousand refugees, uses three thousand necessarily Arabic-speaking workers, of whom nearly all are themselves prisoners in the Strip. UNRWA has no politics, but the eleven "internationals" who direct its operations are the only people in Gaza who keep out of the game. This chap I talked with could not have been dangerous, or the Israelis, who were then still holding the Strip, would not have left him at large; the Israelis, like the Egyptians, have excellent political intelligence, which works to a tolerance of a ten-thousandth of an inch. But he was a human klaxon from the moment he heard that the United Nations Emergency Force was coming into the Strip; he knew he held a winning ticket. He saw things clearer than I did; I thought the United Nations would seize the chance to make a show window of the Strip.

My confident acquaintance was a Moslem in his thirties, of the American-talking, Hart, Schaffner & Marx variety—as Western in manner as an Israeli official of the same up-and-coming stratum, and as persuasive. "Egypt will not place large military forces in the Strip immediately," he said. "It is useless to expose them to capture until she has built a fortress between El Arish and the demarcation line to protect their retreat. She will be content with a complete civil administration." El Arish is a scrubby oasis town in the northeastern corner of Egypt, some thirty miles below the demarcation line. "Why must the whole Western world hammer on the head of the Arab question?" he added, yielding to the regional compulsion to get in an emotional shot while you still have a thumb in a reporter's buttonhole.

What he said about the fortress brought back an earlier talk I'd had with Lieutenant Colonel Haim Gaon, the Israeli captor of Gaza and, until the week before the withdrawal, its military governor. I had asked Gaon, a lean, intense officer who had had military experience with the Dutch Army in the Far East, why he set such military store by the Strip, a narrow tube pushed so far into Israeli territory that it is quite indefensible by the Egyptians. "Because if we keep it, it will be harder for raiders to cross the border," he argued. "They will have to come across the thirty miles of desert from El Arish, and to escape they will have to get back there." I said that the Egyptians would still own the thirty miles, and that there was nothing to stop them from building a new fort slap up against the border. Gaon, a peppery fellow, said, "Then we would destroy it." I believed him. A fortress chain could have no purpose except aggression against Israel, and Gaza itself has only a nuisance value for Egypt. The desert below Gaza belongs to Egypt, but it is no more inhabited by Egyptians than the English Channel is by Englishmen, and it is about five times as wide. Gaza is a bridgehead in Palestine, as Calais for centuries was an English bridgehead in France. It was the British, incidentally, who insisted that the Israelis leave the Egyptians in Gaza at the time of the armistice in 1949.

A simple reversion to the 1949 position was so pointless that even early this month I would have bet against it—as a passenger on the Andrea Doria or the Stockholm last year would have bet against the chance of hitting another vessel before the end of the voyage. It takes an unbelievable concatenation of ill luck and ineptitude to bring on such a disaster at sea. The United Nations had four months in which to avert this one on land. When I talked to the UNRWA Moslem and to Gaon, the Strip was open, in a severely limited sense, at the Israeli end and closed at the Egyptian; it is now open, with severe restrictions, at the Egyptian end and closed at the Israeli. The Israelis were in and the Egyptians were out; now the Israelis are out and the Egyptians have set up a complete civil administration, as my hammered-on-the-head friend wished. So, at least, I have read in the European editions of the New York papers that have eventually reached Tel Aviv. The local papers have no reporters in the Strip, because they aren't allowed in. Meanwhile, the UNEF soldiers I met when they were starting out from Naples last November have arrived at the end of their journey and are interposing their sunburned, symbolical presence at the demarcation line, with sky-blue helmet-liners on their symbolical heads, while the Egyptians meditate new forts and the Israelis meditate knocking them down. I can go as far as the roadblock and look at the soldiers, but if I want to know what thoughts are passing through their cold, clear, Scandinavian noodles, I will have



to go around by way of Cairo to find out.

It is not these superficial changes that make two or three weeks ago seem so remote a time. The question of whether or not raids and reprisals are resumed—and of who raids and who reprises—is not a matter of such dramatic import as the press here contends. During the two years of scraggly border warfare that preceded the Israelis' decision to raise the ante last October, the "crimes of the fedayeen" claimed considerably fewer victims in Israel than the Israelis bagged on the Egyptian side of the line. The score kept by the United Nations observers of the Egypt-Israel Mixed Armistice Commission shows that between January 1, 1955, and September 30, 1956, the Israelis killed two hundred and thirty-nine Egyptian soldiers and ninety-one civilians, while the Egyptians killed forty-two Israeli soldiers and twenty-four civilians—a ratio of just under six to one in the first category and of just under four to one in the second. The discrepancy is a measure not of comparative ill will but of comparative efficiency—an index that was borne out by the opponents' performances in the full-scale war that followed. An Israeli major told me that at Sharm El Sheik, for example, during the fight for the battery commanding the Straits of Tiran, the Egyptians, who resisted with determination, had four hundred casualties before they surrendered, while the attacking Jewish column had only four men killed. As for the widely photographed peaceful Israeli settlers of Nahal Oz, who work their fields under the menacing shadow of the fedayeen-haunted Gaza ridge, they are members of a paramilitary farm colony planted there about six years ago to catch raiders. Border *kibbutzim*, or collective farms, like this one are an institution copied from the Roman *coloniae* of ex-soldiers, who received land and livestock as an inducement to settle at points on the imperial frontier where they could be of the most utility when war came. The young Israelis go to these *kibbutzim* straight from Army service. It's a good old-fashioned procedure that provides lightly fortified *Stützpunkte* along the frontier at minimal expense, since the colonists grow their own vegetables and dig trenches in their recreation time; the Czars planted belts of Cossack colonies along the Tatar and Polish borders for the same purpose. The *kibbutzim* at points where action seems most imminent are favored not only in equipment but in the allocation of farm machinery

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and livestock; they are like army units being beefed up for action. A young farmer I talked with at Nahal Oz while the Israelis still occupied Gaza said, half regretfully, "We've been making great progress here, but if the Egyptians don't come back soon, the *kibbutzim* on the Syrian frontier will be getting the pick of everything." Recruiting for the more sheltered *kibbutzim* is falling away with the waning of the young Israelis' romanticism about the land; the persisting attraction of the border establishments is the opportunity to protect the fatherland from attack. (The only genuine romantic enthusiasm in Israel now, it seems to an observer from outside, centers on the armed forces. The popular line is that the Army won the victory and the government threw it away—or Eisenhower or Hammarskjold or the oil companies stole it away.) The Israelis are far better qualified than their opponents for an indefinite game of cowboys-and-Indians. It is highly unlikely that the country will bleed to death because of the measly "incidents" that the local press is already trying to blow up, like the theft of three thousand dollars' worth of farm machinery, of an unspecified nature, from the Israeli-governed Bedouin tribe named Abu Grab (in this case, more grabbed against than grabbing).

BORDER warfare is a symptom, not the infection itself. The universal importance of Gaza was that its effective occupation by the United Nations offered a possible key to the whole refugee problem of the Middle East. The United Nations Secretariat, as of this writing, has thrown the key away. There are two hundred and nineteen thousand refugees within the Strip, and if they are to be dealt with as individuals or as cohesive groups within the frangible mass, the Strip must be held open at *both* ends as widely as practicable. Then there can be negotiations with Israel over compensation and possible group resettlements within her borders, and with the Moslem world over gainful employment and possible resettlement there. The last two eventualities are precluded if the Strip is closed at the Egyptian-held end. The state of belligerency between Israel and Egypt gave both countries an excuse for ignoring the refugees. The two governments were in a sense allies against the Gazans, just as Israel and Jordan, though belligerent, are tacit allies against the internationalization of Jerusalem—a proposal that was included in the United Nations' recommendation dealing with

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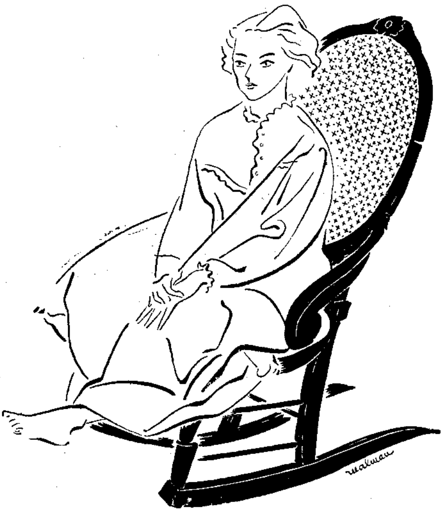
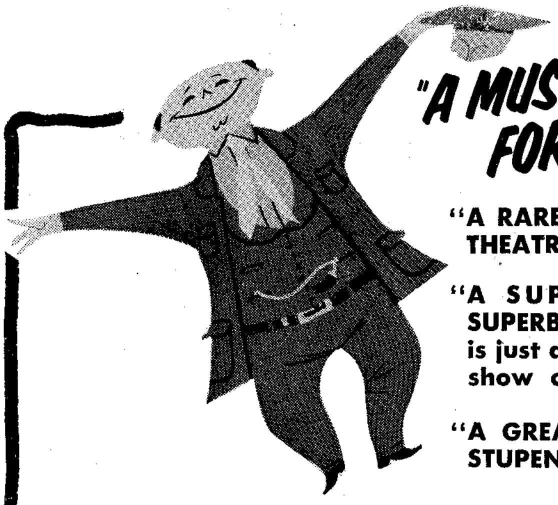
the partition of Palestine in 1947. The end of hostilities in 1949 found Jordan and Israel each holding a slice of the tourist pie. Egypt, which has steadily refused to offer the refugees Egyptian citizenship or to permit them to immigrate, has profited by their presence as an excuse for holding her Calais and at the same time refusing to accept any surcease of their woes short of what she knows to be impossible—mass return to their precise points of departure. Israel, no economic land of milk and honey, has been content to put off the unpleasant subject of compensation. Egypt, by controlling the civil administration—a mild-sounding term that includes police (secret as well as public), jails, and the power to annoy in a thousand ways—was able in eight years to build a political root system that ran right down through the community and that also penetrated the local UNRWA staff. After the Egyptians surrendered, the system was held in place by the strong hunch that they would return; this was the leitmotiv of Radio Cairo from the moment of the cease-fire. The organization was capable of producing large "spontaneous" demonstrations the instant that they again became safe. And inducement to get out and show the school spirit was implicit in the return of an Egyptian governor, as predicted.

The Israelis—the villains of the piece from the Gaza people's point of view since the Arab-Jewish war—could scarcely have counteracted the emotional effects of the past decade in four months, and had no future to offer anyway. But when I was in Gaza at the end of February and in the first days of March, there were a great many people who, for disparate reasons, had become approachable by an honest broker. Within the Strip, the United Nations already enjoyed prestige, be-

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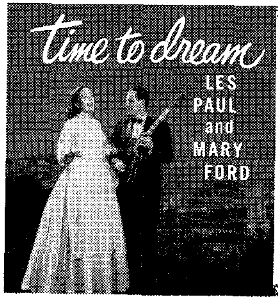
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cause UNRWA had been there so long and because officers of the Egypt-Israel Mixed Armistice Commission stationed in Gaza had taken an active part in bringing the fighting there to an end; an American lieutenant colonel named Robert Bayard had arranged the Egyptian governor's surrender, at the governor's request, and that had saved a considerable number of civilian lives. Moreover, the presence of the M.A.C. officers as potential expert witnesses had served as a moderating influence on the victorious Israelis. The Egyptians had built up a big reservoir of resentment against themselves because they treated both the long-time Gaza residents and the refugees as subject peoples—and both the Gazans and the refugees, Palestinians all, consider themselves a damn sight better than the Egyptians. They are more frequently literate, owing, in the case of the older ones, to the school system set up under the British Palestine Mandate and, in the case of the younger ones, to the very superior schools—by Middle Eastern standards—that have been maintained by UNRWA since. I heard several spontaneous testimonials to the former occupants, among them, "The Egyptian soldiers took off their shoes so they could run faster," "Only the Palestine Regiment [recruited from refugees] fought—that's why it had all the casualties," and even (if the speaker was sure his interlocutor wasn't an Israeli) "All the fedayeen were refugees. Do you think an Egyptian would dare go across that line?" On the night of the Egyptian surrender, a mob looted the enormous, hideous new palace of the Egyptian governor, stripping even the plumbing from the bathrooms and the pipes from the walls; when I saw it, the palace was as naked as a corncob after a Rhode Island Methodist clambake. Refugees also chopped down a million young trees—the total product of a cherished UNRWA afforestation plan—because the rumor started that the Israelis would cut off UNRWA rations and that there would consequently be no more kerosene for cooking. It was a wild evening.

WHILE there was a prospect that the United Nations would take the Strip over for an appreciable period, a good deal of anti-Egyptian sentiment—even in the presence of known Egyptian informers—was audible. "Maybe we will be a free state, like Switzerland or Monaco," one old dignitary suggested hopefully. For Gaza does have dignitaries. It is a vastly ancient and gloriously historic city, although in de-

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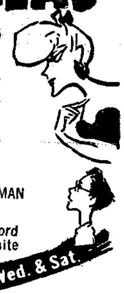
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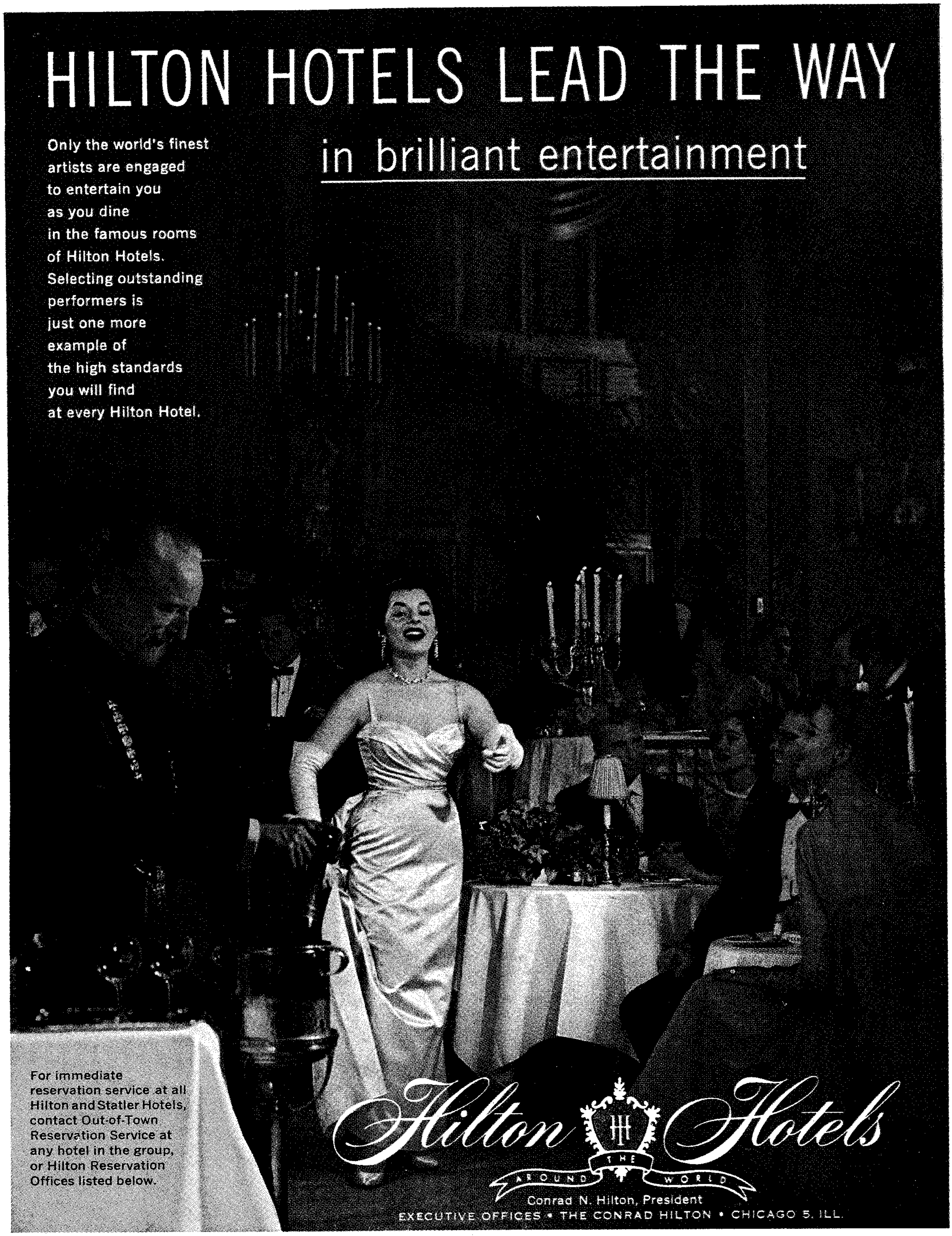
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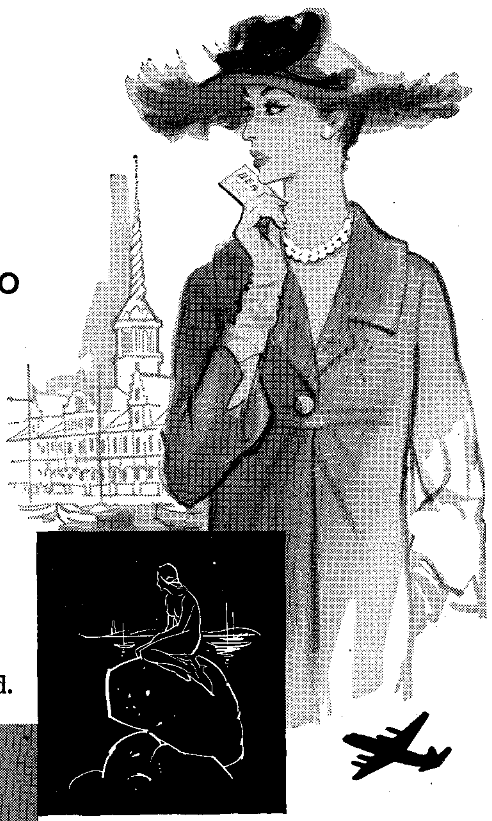
cayed circumstances, and it has its aristocracy of Moslem merchant landowners, whose lands—since they stretched inland from the Strip—are now for the most part in Israel. This old gentleman's serious plan for Gaza's future was that the United Nations should take Israel's southern triangle—the Negeb—away from the Israelis and join Jordan onto Gaza by means of this land; Gaza would then become Jordan's port on the Mediterranean. It developed during the conversation that he had lost two hundred thousand dunam, or fifty thousand acres, of good land in the triangle, and could recover it if the United Nations would just see things his way. His way would have ended the row over the Tiran Straits, too, because the outskirts of his fifty thousand acres would include Eilat, Israel's port on the Gulf of Aqaba. But I shall not forget how he opened a silver matchbox, pointed to his heart, and then snapped the box shut. "I in Gaza—a stateless man!" His family had been there so long, and was so solidly attached to the place, that it appalled him to think that he was now diplomatically unattached. The matchbox has now closed on him again. I shall also remember some tawny James Deans (I know where they mastered the impersonation—working in the machine and automobile schools of UNRWA) learning to use a micrometer and put a motor together from scratch. When they graduate now, they will go and sit on the sand with their grandfathers and listen to the radio for the rest of their lives.

There was a jeweller in the Gaza bazaar with whom I bargained for old money: two silver staters, like small, misshapen cough lozenges of metal, and a sesterce struck at Gaza when Hadrian passed through on his imperial progress—but I am dubious about the last. "We are like fallen in the sea," the jeweller said. "Do we go up or fall more down?" I saw deep significance in his willingness to accept Israeli money for staters. He appears to have been wrong. There was also a man straight out of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment—a textile manufacturer with an ancient loom (shipped out to him from Bradford) that would drive the curator of an industrial museum insane with envy. Mr. Jaafar Filfil—his surname means "pepper"—was a philosopher, a universal historian, an orange grower in a small way, and the editor of what had been Gaza's leading newspaper, whose title, *Al Saaraha*, he translated for me as "frankness," and which,



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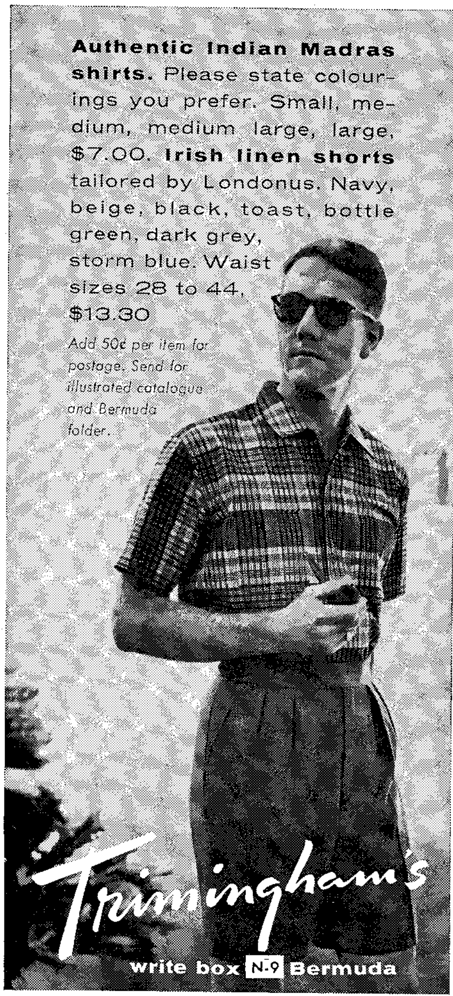

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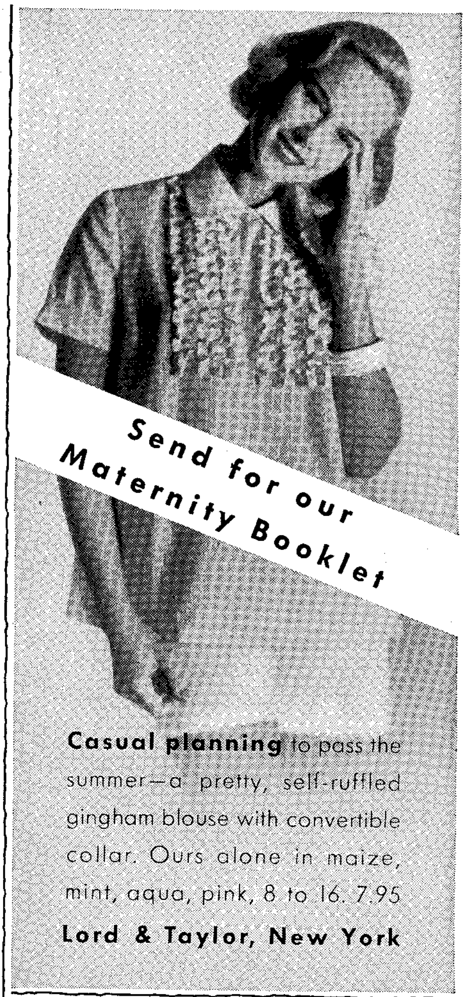
in weeks when there was a lot of news, had had a circulation of six hundred. The occupation government had at first invited him to continue publication, he said, but he had declined because "the situation remained ambiguous." Afterward, the Israelis put him in jail for a month, a circumstance he viewed with some satisfaction as character insurance in case the Egyptians came back. "It was an ugly action, such as one might expect of a baby country, not an adult country," he said. He was also the Gaza representative of an American corporation that makes "airform balloons"—a construction process that involves blowing up a large balloon with compressed air and then spraying concrete on it and letting it harden, after which you deflate the balloon and, I suppose, chip your way out through the base of your instantaneous house. "King Farouk was most interested in the process," he said. "He requested me to supply him with a whole village, but after protracted negotiation I discovered he wanted it free." I left Mr. Filfil passing his prayer beads of yellow amber through his fingers and blowing balloons of future speculations in his head.

The fishing beach at Gaza is an irritating place to visit, because you no sooner begin to look at the high-sided whaleboats pulled up on the shore—Gaza-built, and magnificent examples of joinery—than a swarm of James Deans descends on you to beg. In changing Arab rags for jeans and clean checked shirts, they have lost nothing of the faculty for materializing from nowhere that so astonished Americans in this part of the world during the war. They are uniquely disconcerting because their strong torsos are well nourished (there is a supplementary ration for school-children up to fifteen) and, unlike the beggars in less blessed Arab areas, they are free of trachoma and scabies (they have been under the eye of UNRWA clinic doctors, mainly Egyptians from European universities, since infancy). Your first reaction is anger, because boys like that should have working papers, or, if they are still in school, a bit of spending money. Then you remember where you are; there is neither work nor money. "The world is closed in their faces," the director of one of the UNRWA villages, himself a refugee, once said to me of the young people. Feeling ashamed of yourself, you leg it for your car—the secrets of Gaza boat-building an enduring mystery to you—while a continually increasing throng of James Deans follows you, addressing supplications in fairly creditable Ameri-



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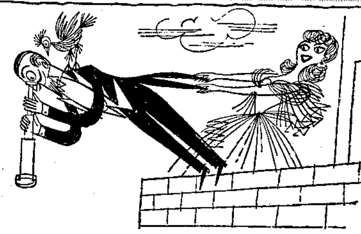

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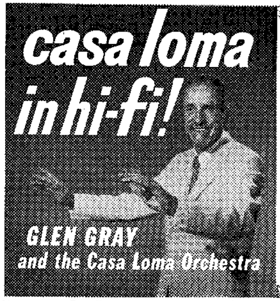

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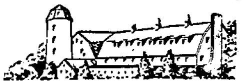

can, which their teachers learned at missionary universities.

All this is why three weeks ago in Gaza seems so historically remote: there was hope then that the world would be opened a thin crack for the refugees, and now that hope has been extinguished by the *esprit de petit fonctionnaire* that governs the Secretariat. The refugees' captivity is the poison in the Middle Eastern wound that keeps it from healing. We had a chance to begin disinfection—and I use the first person plural advisedly. We have blown it, because an executive without imagination, whoever he may be, has taken it upon himself to accept the Egyptian contentions completely, like a traffic cop deciding a point of constitutional law between light changes. The military and civilian members of UNEF in Cairo in November looked forward to their arrival in the Gaza Strip, because it would bring freedom from the constant niggling interference by which the Egyptian regime was destroying both the expedition's military effectiveness and its prestige. Once arrived in Gaza, which was neither Egyptian nor Israeli territory, they expected the force to acquire autonomy, which would permit it to set up its own supply base and operate independent of control by either disputant. They were not alone in this belief; the correspondents got the same story from a number of neutral diplomats. During the eight years of *de-facto* occupation of the Strip, Egypt had consistently declined to make it Egyptian territory or to allow any of the hundred thousand Gazan residents or two hundred-plus thousand refugees to enter Egypt. There had therefore never been *de-jure* recognition of the Strip as Egyptian, even by Egypt. The *de-facto* phase ended resoundingly last November 1st, when the governor and his merry men went into the Hebrew bag, and that seemed to leave a pretty clear legal field for a neutral administration, useful to world peace while both parties cooled off and an international commission or tribunal, as dilatory as possible, tried to bring them together.

The notion that Israel should annex the Strip and the refugees together, and

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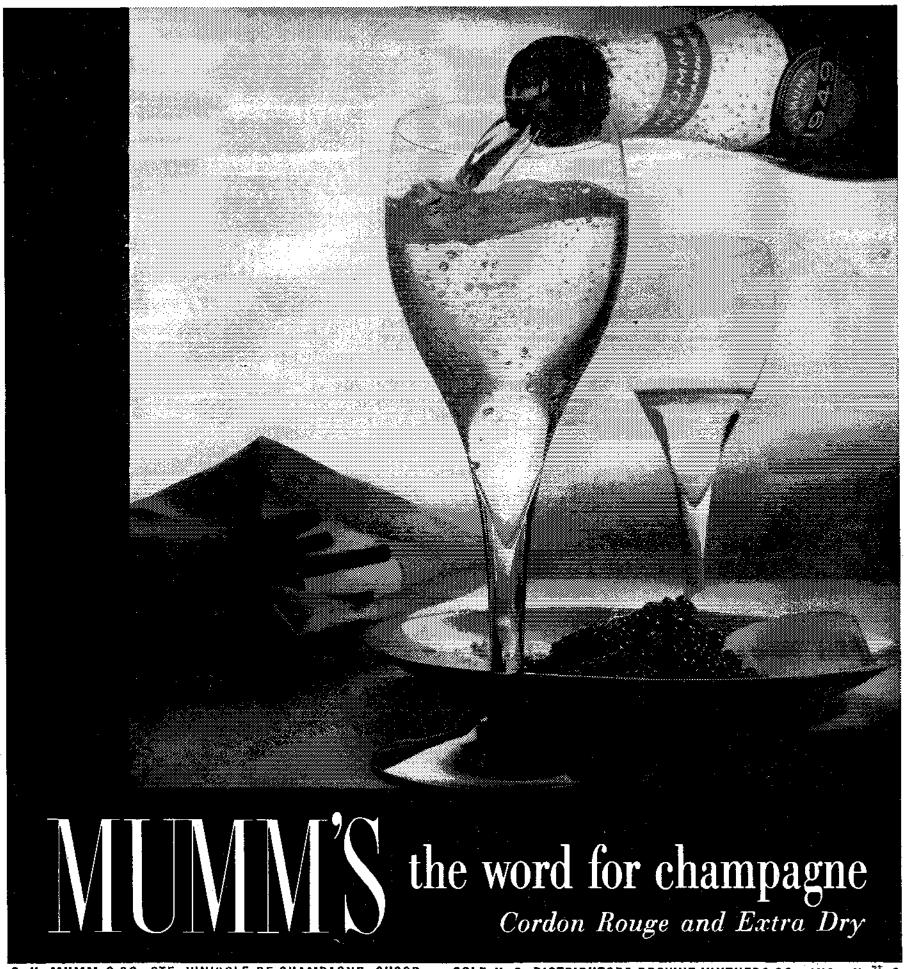

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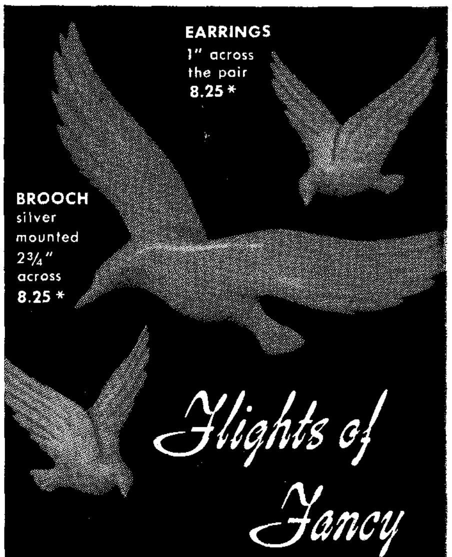
then compensate or resettle the refugees, never had a good press in Israel during the four-month Israeli occupation. Like their opposite numbers across the desert, the Israeli Ministers were vigorously willing to kick the human problem under the carpet. And from the moment when the Israeli leaders recognized that they would not be there long—which must have been indeed early in their negotiations with the Americans and the U.N.—they did nothing to lay a foundation for future reconciliation. The Israel Citrus Marketing Board, for example, offered to market the Gaza orange crop on the same terms it extends to its Israeli members—that is, payment of about twenty per cent down, which is supposed to cover the cost of picking, and the balance after the crop has been sold in Europe. This works well enough on a year-to-year basis for a grower established in Israel, but the Gazan growers—even those who suppressed the base suspicion that the Israelis would keep the rest of the money—were sure that the occupation would end before the money came in. Under a renewed Egyptian administration, they would risk charges of having collaborated with the enemy, and the Egyptians might claim the money, too, which the Israelis then certainly wouldn't pay. And in any case there would be no machinery by which the Israelis, even with the best of will, could transmit money to individuals behind the belligerent lines. So Gaza's main crop remained unpicked, Gazan laborers lost one of their few sources of employment—sixty per cent of the residents are on relief, like the refugees—and Egyptian propaganda took full profit from the unhappy affair. Considering the small size of the Gaza crop and the special circumstances created by the war, it would appear to an outsider that the Marketing Board might have made an exception in Gaza's favor and paid down a high percentage of the expected price in cash. In a normal year, the Strip produces two hundred and fifty thousand crates, compared with twelve million for all Israel, and the orange market in Europe, I am enthusiastically informed here, is booming to such heights that Israeli marmalade manufacturers complain they can't afford to buy their raw material at current levels. An unusual advance on less than five per cent of the total pack would not seem a great risk, but the Marketing Board, as routine-minded as the U.N., would make no exception.

A scheme for rebuilding the jetty at Gaza's fishing port and equipping the



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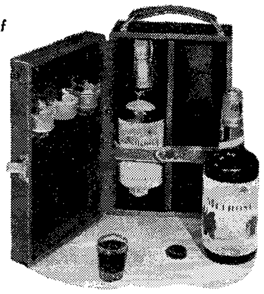

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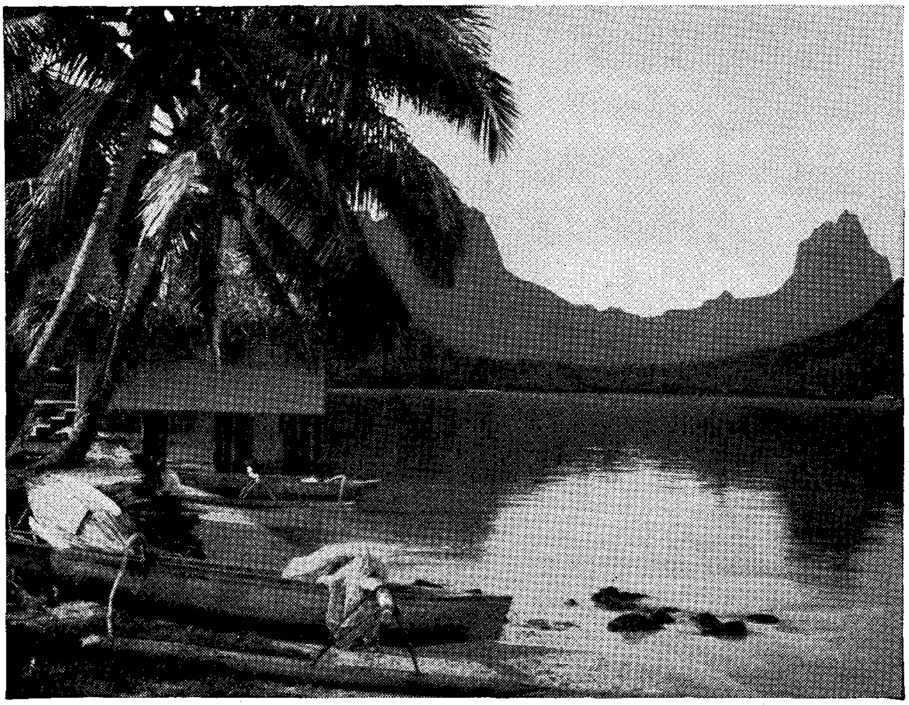
fishing boats with motors came to nothing, too. The jetty, when I saw it last, following four months of Israeli occupation, looked like a mackerel skeleton after a cat has discarded it. The restoration was a job that a local contractor in East Hampton, Long Island, could have done in three weeks if he hadn't been in a hurry. And labor in Gaza costs very little. I fear that the Israeli occupation authorities wanted to put nothing into Gaza that they couldn't take out with them. Fishing with motorboats would have been uneconomic unless the increased catch could be marketed at Tel Aviv—and this would be impossible unless the Strip were kept open—but a new jetty would have been a nice souvenir. The conduct of the Israeli administration, including the police, was firm and correct, but there is no opportunity for true friendliness between uniformed occupants and a population of refugees.

Even so, continued contact with the people of the Strip might, at long length, have influenced the Israelis' personal thinking about their neighbors. A lovely naturalized Israeli woman I met (she had been a back-to-the-land pioneer, and she recalled that a sheik had once offered to buy her for a camel) went down to Gaza with her husband during the occupation as a firm apologist for the government policy of indifference. She came back saying that looking at the people in the Strip had made her understand that nothing would be solved in the region until the refugees had been "won back by love." An even more unlikely convert, to look at him, was a young paratrooper I met with his girl at a bar in Tel Aviv. (The girl was studying ballet but hadn't the faintest idea where she was going to dance; this is a typical dilemma of young Israelis who don't like farming.) The paratrooper was introduced to me as a writer and as a dashing chap generally, and from his appearance I should have expected him to advocate eating Arabs' ears for breakfast with his black olives. I said I had been in Gaza, and he said he had, too. "I looked at those people sitting there so sad," he said. "Having been born here, I speak Arabic, of course, and I talked to some. I thought, They are Palestinians like me." That interested me particularly, because he had said his parents came to this country from Greece and Poland. "I felt ashamed," he said. "I thought, We have driven our neighbors from their land and we are giving it to Europeans—we are begging Europeans to come here and take our neighbors' land.



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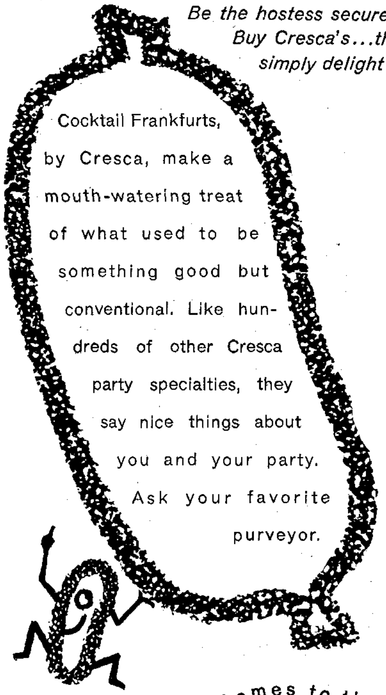

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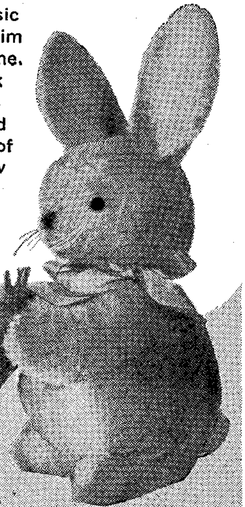

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But we must live with our neighbors if we are to stay here. The old men who run the government don't understand this, because they are Europeans, too." I wonder how broad and how deep this current runs. —A. J. LIEBLING

•

For inferences and facts are two different things. Their standing might be compared to mistresses and wives.

Inferences are compliant things, swaying to the whim of those who draw them. While facts, like wives, can be harsh, unbending, and often block the selfish aims of those who must live with them; they do nevertheless carry a badge of legitimacy that no unsupported inference has ever been able to achieve.

To prevent predilections guiding our judgments rather than cold facts, reviewing courts frown on us if our orders are based on inferences when direct testimony to the contrary bars the way. For as Mr. Justice Stephens says in *United States v. U.S. Gypsum:* "A fact may not be inferred from a proven fact or facts where unimpeached and uncontradicted testimony consistent with such proven fact or facts but inconsistent with the fact sought to be inferred is in the record."

Like a belligerent wife crashing in on an assignation with a hussy, the direct testimony of the alleged injured customers that they in fact were not injured broke up the inference of injury so necessary to the Government's case.

In spite of this, my learned majority of the Commission has

Divorced Cold Solid Reason from its bed

And taken Inferences Instead.

On such a pretense Government has snatched itself a victory, but at what a cost.

In my opinion, the effectiveness of cease and desist orders rests on the respect their paternity commands.

An order born from the legitimate union of direct facts naturally ranks highest. In the absence of direct factual testimony, findings on inferences may support an order, but it will be countenanced with about the same degree of condescension a common law wife receives in polite society.

But not even this low degree of acceptance will be accorded the order in the instant case, for in the face of direct testimony controverting the inferences of guilt, the Commission has drawn an order which commands neither the respect of the public nor, in my opinion, will it receive the approval of reviewing courts.

We are judged by the level at which we solve our problems.

To take inferences that serve our ends and reject facts presents an inaccurate and unhappy picture of what should be our most sacred institution—the judiciary.

The Commission has won a cease and desist order.

But I doubt if the ends are worth the means.

For myself—

I am against it.

—Dissenting opinion of Commissioner Mason re Moog Industries, Federal Trade Commission, Docket 5723 (1955).

And so to bed.

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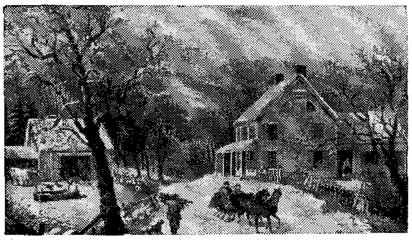

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Blessed Bull

UNLESS you are a dedicated taurophile, I very much doubt whether you will give any credence to "The Brave One." Its thesis is that a fighting bull who is mad to gore everything in sight, even a passing fin-tailed automobile (maybe the bull has something there), can become, given the affectionate regard of a small boy, as gentle as Elsie the moo cow. Well, here we have a small boy (Michel Ray), whose father works on a Mexican ranch where fighting bulls are bred, and presently the lad has taken as a chum a dour beast named Gitano. It is the conviction of Master Ray that his bull, although frothing with homicidal mania almost from birth, should not meet his destined end at the hands of a matador but, rather, should settle down as a family man with a harem of cows. This, of course, is not what the bull's owner has in mind, and after a while our hero pursues his pet, who now weighs three hundred eighty-five kilos, to a bull ring in Mexico City, where he intercedes with the President of the Republic to get his pal out of the ring.

All this is told in a kind of Spanish-accented baby talk, but there is something to be said for the picture nevertheless. It includes some fine shots of the bull ring in Mexico City, and some dialogue that demonstrates, with the fervor of a Hemingway story, just why killing a bull is almost a religious rite among a number of our Latin neighbors. Although we are never actually shown the moment of truth when the matador reduces the bull to meat for charitable organizations, we are furnished with a good deal more of the pomp and pageantry of a bullfight than we have seen in turnips like "Blood and Sand." Being an ignorant but enthusiastic lover of bullfighting, I found this film more tolerable, perhaps, than anti-bullfight types will judge it to be.

THE bull having been plainly revealed as an old softie as far as little boys are concerned, let us now take up the case of the traumatic ballplayer. In "Fear Strikes Out" we participate in the problems of Jim Piersall, an outfielder for the Boston Red Sox, who is certainly no fictional creation. A highly talented athlete, Mr. Piersall reached the eminence of the big leagues a few years ago, and then had to retire because his behavior became psychotic. As the story is developed, with quite a lot of skill, in the biographical "Fear Strikes Out," he was oppressed by the thought that he could never be the perfect ballplayer his father expected him to be. Obviously, this is a long way from any such jolly interpretation of ballplayers as "You Know Me, Al," but then the sporting content of the movie is fairly inconsequential when weighed against the burden of psychology that is offered. In the hands of Anthony Perkins, who plays Mr. Piersall, and Karl Malden, who plays his father, the principal roles are acted with laudable skill, and Robert Mulligan, who directed the work, deserves plenty of credit for refusing to permit any sentimental nonsense to interfere with Mr. Piersall's dilemma. I suppose it's no news that the picture has a pleasant ending, since Mr. Piersall, having undergone psychiatric treatment—described effectively in the picture—is now one of the mainstays of the Boston team.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

THE ALLERGIC

An angel at the door can make them sneeze,
or blue light breaking from a miller's wing,
so nice is the disorder of their breath,
so wind-swept is the heart of everything.

Gazelles must keep in bounds, and orioles
transport their gold combines to darker trees;
the world of pelt and plume and naked rose
is battered by the dust's duplicities.

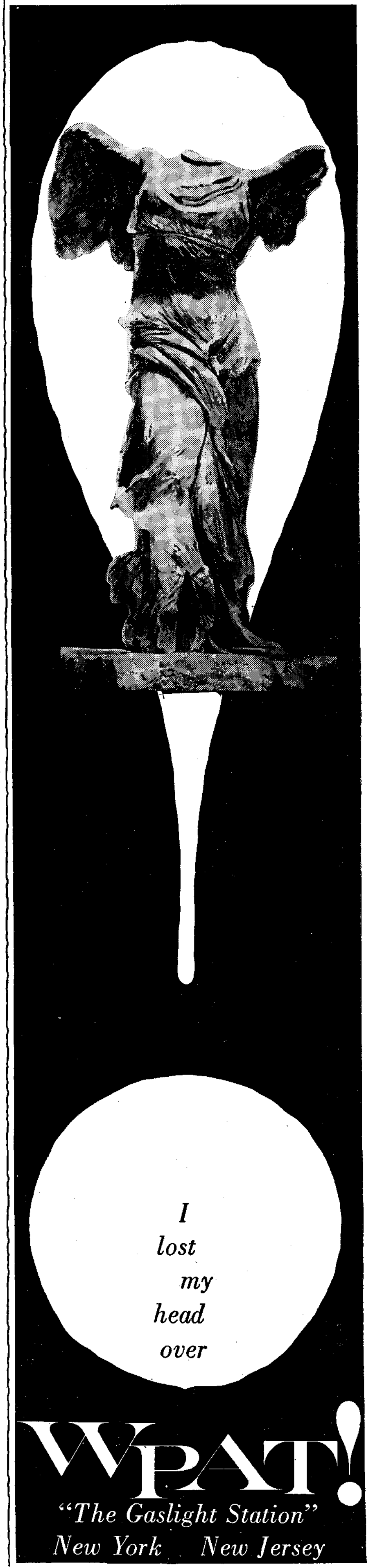
The rain brings succor, but the rain is brief;
behind it, like a horse, the black wind rears
and gallops to their nostrils. Pity these,
who, when they weep, must weep with dusty tears.

—ADRIEN STOUTENBURG

•

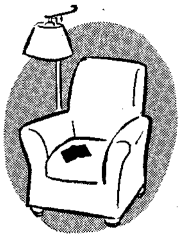
As General Wheless said, during his visit to the nursery, "this is one place, where the barn door will be locked, before lightning strikes."—*The Skyhawker, Lockbourne (Ohio) Air Force Base.*

Man with a real gift for turning a phrase.



BOOKS

Content and Form

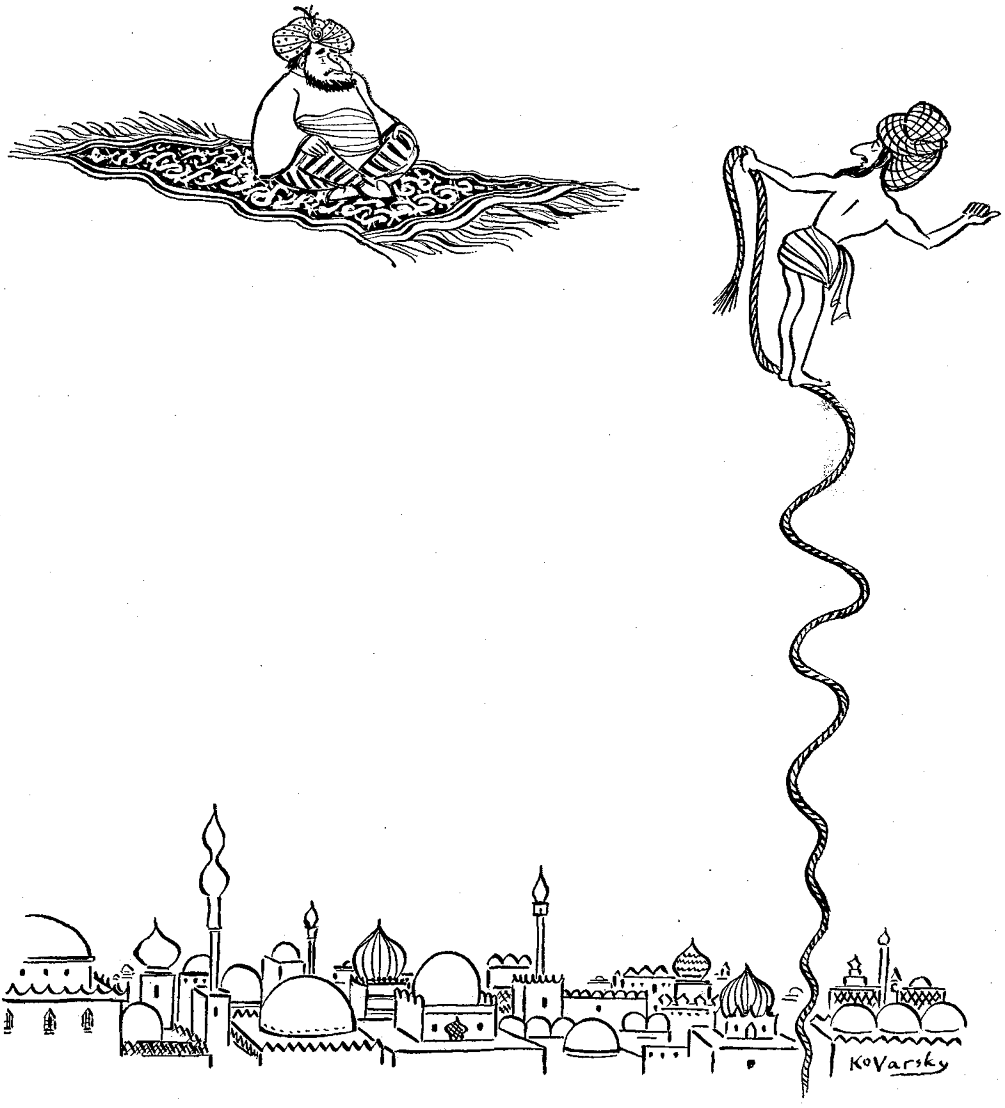


PENELOPE MORTIMER'S new novel, "The Bright Prison" (Harcourt, Brace), is an exhilarating little book, full of the humorous intelligence and tough human acuity that are the banner of that singularly English product—the first-rate second-rate domestic novel. It is an unblinking study of two wild days in the dull, woolly middle-class lives of Mark and Antonia Painton, who have been married thirteen years and have four children. The myth of drastic escape from family responsibility is, of course, even older than soap opera. But Mrs. Mortimer has, like Jane Austen, the gift of double vision: she values what she writes about enough to love it unsentimentally, and at the same time she is sharply aware of the cracks in the plaster, of the mice in the walls. The Paintons are pleasant, conscientious people who live in a tall, damp house on a suburban London street that has slid over mostly into respectable boarding houses run by "army officers' widows with blue hair and formidable tweed suits." Like the millions of their kind cooped up without benefit of nannies, aunts, or grandmothers in the suburbs of the world, they have, with white-faced passivity, been almost blotted out by the insatiable problems of child-raising:

> The pattern of the Paintons' lives had developed without any effort on their part. They did things not because they were right or wrong, pleasant or unpleasant, but because there was no alternative. Except for the first nine months of their marriage there had never been a time when they could stay in bed until midday or go without lunch, fly to Paris at a few hours' notice or go to the cinema in the afternoon. The children had imposed on them their own discipline and routine. They took it for granted that they should get up at seven and that their diet should consist largely of porridge, stewed apple, and chocolate biscuits. Mark had never seriously questioned the fact that he had to grope for his razor on a shelf crowded with rubber ducks and celluloid fish, and that the soap, when he lay in the bath reading *The Times*, bobbed round him on a blue plastic raft.... Without tea, without puddings, without the alarm clock waking him on Sunday mornings, he would have felt obscurely cheated, deprived of something to which he had a right.

But things are even worse than that: the Paintons have unwittingly sinned by burying their courage in sheer steadfastness. They are—in an unforgettable image—being "ravaged by habit." What Mrs. Mortimer does, in a dashing, intense style that won't let you go until its last, perfect metaphor is out, is mercifully smash the Paintons' life to pieces, and she unashamedly uses the old-fashioned device of suspense so adroitly that we don't know until the final paragraph whether the brutish light of true perspective will save the Paintons or destroy them.

On a sulky winter afternoon when a fog, which seems an apt embodiment of the Paintons' life, drifts possessively across the ceilings of their cold, high rooms, Antonia looks uneasily at a photograph taken on her wedding day and cannot recognize the fleshy, moon-faced girl she sees. Painton comes home late from his office with his habitual "feeling of dread, which he had never been able to master . . . that something would have happened during the day to upset their lives; that . . . something would have changed." It has. Painton has missed his tea, and a ninth-birthday party for their daughter Charlotte has been a success because of the presence of an outsider, David Sangston, a widower whose child Antonia has invited. The next morning—in a reserved and gentle scene that Mrs. Mortimer handles beautifully—the Paintons make love. But it is too perfunctory; Antonia weeps, and cries out, "Everything's so dull, so dull," and Painton loses his temper. By that night, the smoldering dullness of the Paintons' existence has exploded: Charlotte is in the hospi-



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tal with appendicitis; their daughter Georgina, left alone at home, has fled in terror to a friend's house from an unknown neighbor who bursts in to use the telephone; Painton is getting drunk with a girl he has picked up at the hospital; Antonia is having dinner with Sangston in the country, where he has driven her to leave the two smaller children with their grandmother. Even Thomas, Georgina's cat, has vanished into the fog. The house is derelict, the front door ajar to the night, the life drained out of it.

Mrs. Mortimer sets off for her climax at a Surrealistic gallop. The Paintons' view of things suddenly grows distorted, and even, at times, slightly lunatic: their house seems an empty, roofless ruin in the fog; a man's face hangs "apparently disembodied like a lantern, openmouthed with concern;" a nursery is full of "sexy rabbits . . . and . . . winged midgets [that] simpered insanely round the walls;" hands flutter down a dark stairwell "like white bats." Freed of children for the first time in twelve years, the Paintons ricochet in opposite directions. In a way that would have shocked them two days before, they poke violently at the long-shut-out world with blind, indecent instinct to see if they are still real in relation to it. Painton, his heart filled with murderous thoughts of Antonia, gets into a humiliating brawl over a dachshund in a crowded pub. And she now realizes that "her life had been solitary, remote, spent in deep contemplation of the stomachs and temperatures of children, in a state of unvaried love which had stunted, if not entirely destroyed, feeling," and turns into a soft, cashmered college girl who lures Sangston into making clumsy advances. With pained whoops, the Paintons are surviving by outrunning the sluggish dream they had thought the essence of survival.

The author then reunites the Paintons with a device that would have made Dickens falter—the girl Painton has picked up turns out to be Sangston's fiancée. Like any poetic novelist, Mrs. Mortimer is not after an epoch, or a place, or a set of ideas; she is only pursuing, in her dizzy, pounding way, a shred or two of reality, a basic lump of human feeling, let plot fall where it may. Nonetheless, she is careless about her people, who are often just exact, tantalizing surfaces—vivid presences glimpsed at a dead run—against which she can bounce her thoughts. The reader is shaken by the Paintons, and at the same time angry because the uniqueness Mrs.

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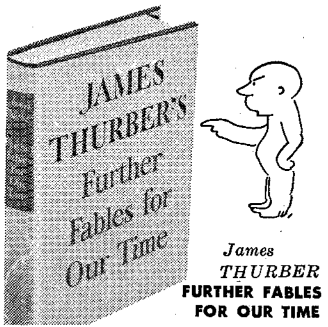
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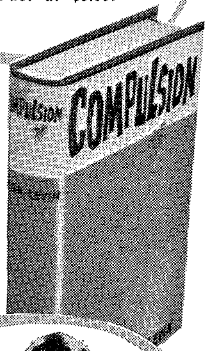

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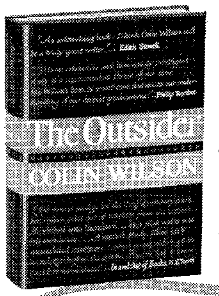

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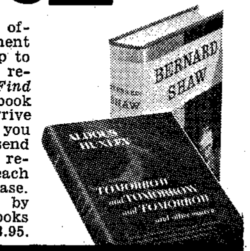

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Mortimer has given them as ordinary human beings never quite hardens. But the anger, in the face of paragraphs like this, doesn't last:

> The small old man pulled his cap down over his thin skull, wrapped his knitted muffler round and round, carefully put on his two pairs of gloves. His wife stood by, holding up the heavy, stiff duffle coat, hidden behind it, her arms breaking. With his back to her, he groped for the sleeves; a last, tremendous effort and she threw it on to him. He staggered under its weight, but she held him upright and nipped round to the other side of him, pegging him into it as deftly as she used to peg clothes on a line.

JAMES MERRILL, a young poet and playwright, is, on the other hand, obsessed with form. "The Seraglio" (Knopf), which is his first novel, is a prolonged, Jamesian savoring of the niceties of fictional movement, of the weight and shape of swanlike sentences, of the precise matching of the socks of verbs with the ties of nouns:

> He faced full into the wind that came now mixed with light rain or spray, as if power were learning how to weep over itself. The sand was damp and firm; wherever he stepped a meager zodiac of phosphorescence glimmered about his shoe. The harder he trod, the brighter it spread, greenish, before fading. Tiny creatures, Francis thought, waiting for the blow to fall, in order to shine.

This stately, prismatic prose rarely falters. Mr. Merrill has a sense of duty toward his craft that is a delight in this day of flabby, shiftless writing; occasionally, the book even seems to tremble with care for the nuances and colors and suggestions of human relationships. Yet, while he has perfected all of James's outward pirouettes, he has taken on none of the always surprising, naïve positiveness that keeps James's work alive and that, for example, kept Isabel Archer puritanically afloat among the dissolute of Europe in "The Portrait of a Lady." For "The Seraglio" revolves around a monstrous male Isabel Archer, Francis Tanning, who, aged twenty-four, returns from two years in Europe and tries to fit himself into his multimillionaire father's life. He loves his father but is repelled by his domineering, his hypochondria, his past wives and wives-to-be, and by his stream of lewd winks and off-color jokes, which, in his fear, Francis does not recognize as mere bravura attempts to stave off boredom and senility. Then Francis is seduced by a middle-aged European woman. He is stunned, and abruptly Mr. Merrill tries to stun us, too; Francis attempts suicide by emasculation. But the gesture is so blatantly

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—*N. Y. Times*

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negative, no matter how symbolic, that it destroys any sympathy for Francis. And Francis's father, who is the basic cause, is never really that overweening; he is only a smutty old hobgoblin, feeding harmlessly on memories. Six months later, Francis, rid of inhibitions and fear for the first time in his life, becomes a sort of kindly, garrulous, and wealthy protector, ready to take over his father's house as well as his seraglio of family and hangers-on. Untouched but tainted, he will die never having lived at all. Mr. Merrill is too sure and conscientious a craftsman for such nonsense.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

JANE, by Phyllis Bottome (Vanguard). Jane McCarthy, a Californian, starts her career at the age of twelve, when she more or less accidentally shoots her father and her stepmother. The boys who are Jane's companions in this escapade toss her out of their car and leave her unconscious on a road, where she is found by George, a London pickpocket who is visiting the United States. George smuggles Jane to London and teaches her his trade and eventually becomes her lover. After a repetitious life that is divided for Jane between reform school and bungling attempts at crime, George is hanged and Jane determines to go straight. Miss Bottome's earnest attempts to show that Jane is really a splendid child who has been unlucky are not convincing.

BEST SELLER, by William Murray (Harcourt, Brace). This clever novel, which is set mostly in New York, tells about a lazy but brilliant inhabitant of Greenwich Village who decides to hoax the literary world, succeeds, and, in turn, is hoaxed himself. There is an amusing portrait of a malevolent author's agent, Pierre O'Sullivan.

I, MADAME TUSSAUD, by Sylvia Martin (Harper). The gruesome art of Mme. Tussaud is described and explained in this fictional autobiography. The book is entertaining when it deals with her waxworks and death masks but less so when it deals with her life, which is recounted in far too much detail and appears to have been an endless and dreary battle for her financial and moral rights. The story starts with her birth in Strasbourg in 1761 and ends in Lon-

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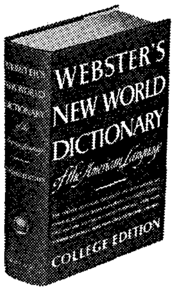

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don as she is celebrating her eighty-second birthday.

LAST RECOLLECTIONS OF MY UNCLE CHARLES, by Nigel Balchin (Rinehart). An old-fashioned, fairly pleasant work that consists of a series of mild tales strung together by the personality of the narrator, an idle old bachelor who rambles among his memories whenever he gets a glass of whiskey in his hand. The old man, Uncle Charles, is English, and most of his anecdotes are about his English friends and relatives.

THE BALLPLAYER, by Ed Fitzgerald (Barnes). Mr. Fitzgerald knows everything about baseball, including just what Vinnie Burns, his able young player-manager of the Sox, is likely to be doing at every moment, not only on the field but in the dugout, the clubhouse, and the hotel, and on the winter-banquet circuit. Unfortunately, Mr. Fitzgerald knows very little about writing a novel, and his characters, plot, dialogue, and descriptions are all constructed of the same ready-cut fibreboard.

NOTE: "The Wapshot Chronicle," a novel about a New England family by John Cheever, has been published by Harper. Several episodes in the book first appeared, in slightly different form, in this magazine.

GENERAL

THE ROOTS OF AMERICAN COMMUNISM, by Theodore Draper (Viking). This book, the first in a projected multi-volume history, is at once a general survey of political radicalism in America—from its multiple manifestations (anarchism, syndicalism, Populism, Socialism, Progressivism, the Knights of Labor, the Industrial Workers of the World) in the late nineteenth century to its near strangulation during the First World War—and a close examination of the several tendencies and the vigorous personalities (Louis B. Boudin, Louis C. Fraina, John Reed, Max Eastman, James P. Cannon, Robert Minor, Jay Lovestone, Earl Browder, William Z. Foster) within that movement, which, under the millennial impact of the Bolshevik Revolution, became the uneasy coalition eventually called the Communist Party of America. Most of the study is centered, quite properly, on the months immediately before and after the emergence of the Party in 1919—the period in which, as the author makes incontrovertibly clear, American

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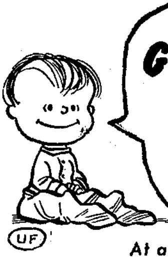

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radicalism took the unprecedented step of voluntarily subjecting itself to the discipline of a foreign power and committing itself to that power's advancement. It is impossible not to agree with Granville Hicks, an advance runner for the publishers, that "from now on no one will have a right to talk about Communism in America who has not read this book." It can only be added that Mr. Draper has produced not merely a definitive study but that rarity in the field of political science, a work that can be read with pleasure. Photographs.

VICTORIA, ALBERT, AND MRS. STEVENSON, edited, and with an introduction and notes, by Edward Boykin (Rinehart). Mrs. Stevenson—Sallie Coles Stevenson, of Virginia—was the highly talented wife of Andrew Stevenson, a Jacksonian Democrat who served from 1836 to 1841 as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain, and this delightful book consists of some fifty hitherto unpublished letters that she wrote home during their years in England. The suggestion of intimacy in the title is perhaps a little forced, but strength of personality, combined with the privilege of rank, enabled the Stevensons to move in the stratosphere of English society, and on several occasions Mrs. Stevenson had the satisfaction of seeing her husband lead the young Victoria ("Without being handsome, she has rather a pleasing countenance, though nature has certainly not stamped the seal of 'Majesty' upon it") in to dinner. With her husband, she also attended, and most entertainingly described, both Victoria's coronation and her wedding, and in subsequent years her circle of acquaintances grew to include such glittering people as Melbourne, Wellington, Holland, Wordsworth, Bulwer-Lytton, Prince Esterhazy, and the Grand Duke Alexander. Throughout it all, however, she maintained an admirable sense of humor and proportion ("The evening passed . . . very pleasantly for a royal circle, over which the spirit of dullness always broods"), and she departed, as she had arrived, with her head unturned. Illustrated with contemporary portraits.

THE LIBERTINE LIBRETTIST, by April FitzLyon (Abelard-Schuman). Lorenzo da Ponte (1749-1838) was a first-rate rascal and a second-rate poet whose name is remembered because he wrote the librettos for

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three Mozart operas—"The Marriage of Figaro," "Don Giovanni," and "Così fan Tutte." Born in a small Italian town, the son of a Jew converted to Catholicism, da Ponte became a priest, although he had no vocation and very little sense of responsibility. In Venice and Vienna and lesser towns, because of a kind of destructive savagery that turned his love affairs, his friendships, and his professional relationships into scandals and vendettas, he invariably contrived to lose whatever position his talents and intellectual verve had won for him. He was broke, very nearly unemployable, and stranded in Trieste when, at the age of forty-three, he married a girl twenty years his junior. From a dissolute priest he turned into a devoted husband and, step by step, fell into respectability. He moved to England and then, in 1805, to the United States, where he dedicated himself to spreading a knowledge of Italian literature. He befriended the first company that brought Italian opera to America and sparked the building of New York's first opera house. By the time of his death, he had made his peace with the Church, and he left behind him a group of influential friends who knew nothing of his past. Miss FitzLyon has done a careful job of research—da Ponte's own memoirs are quite unreliable—in order to resurrect his two dissimilar lives. She has tried very hard to make this able egomaniac a comprehensible human being, but a certain reserve in her attitude suggests that she has not found him a likable one.

Conversations with Casals, by J. Ma. Corredor, translated by André Mangeot (Dutton). During Pablo Casals' exile in Prades, Mr. Corredor—an old friend—volunteered to help him answer his stacks of mail. As they worked together for a few hours a week, Corredor began to ask him questions, and presently, with his approval, to write down the replies. The result is this unpretentious book, somewhere between an autobiography and a very long interview. It tells of Casals' life and of his friends in music and out of it, and it gives Casals' opinions on a wide variety of subjects—all, as nearly as transcription and translation allow, in his own words. Casals' talk is simple, intelligent, direct, and warm. His life has been interesting, and his opinions on both music and politics are immensely valuable, but the chief delight this book affords is a

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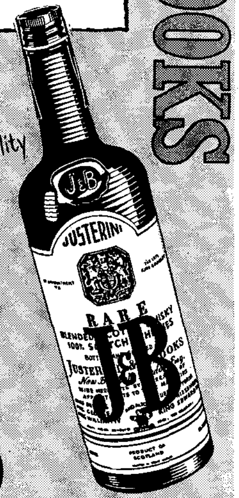

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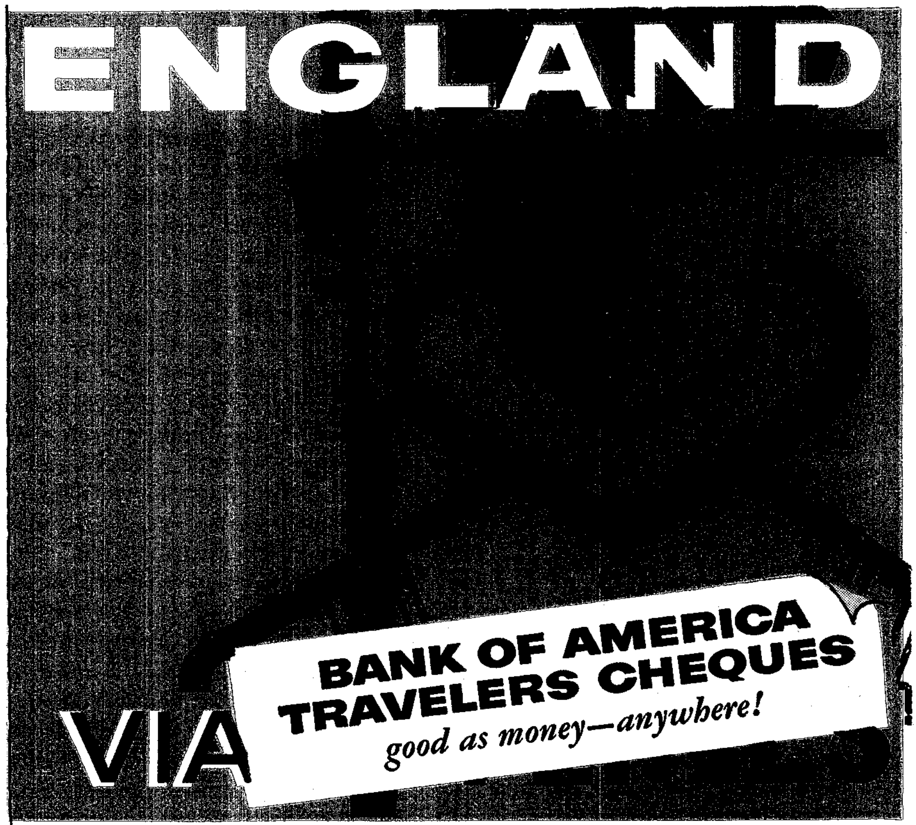
sense of immediate contact with a thoroughly admirable man.

THE WORLD OF THE INCA, by Bertrand Flornoy, translated from the French by Winifred Bradford (Vanguard). A retelling of Pizarro's conquest of Peru, plus a reconstruction of the Inca civilization, by a French explorer who has done his share of digging in the region. The author has nothing particularly new to say, but he has produced an excellent summary of the present state of our knowledge and conjecture about this mysterious and fascinating culture, so oddly Oriental, which combined marvels of astronomy and surgery with a social rigidity that would shame the ants. Illustrated with old drawings and new photographs.

MORE NINETEENTH CENTURY STUDIES, by Basil Willey (Columbia). An entirely absorbing book on a rather unlikely subject—the loose group of Victorian doubters who transformed Anglican orthodoxy. They range from John Morley, who ended as a confessed atheist, to Frederick Temple, who ended as Archbishop of Canterbury, and include Tennyson, Froude, Hale White, Cardinal Newman's younger brother Francis, and others. The reaction to their moderate questionings now seems exaggerated and fairly comic (Hale White was expelled from New College, in London, for heresy, and one of Froude's books was publicly burned at his own college at Oxford), and Professor Willey tells it all with his Cambridge tongue appropriately in his cheek.

THE IDLER AND HIS WORKS, by George Santayana (George Braziller). A sheaf of essays never before published in book form. Two of the most interesting are products of Santayana's old age—"The Idler and His Works," a ruminative, retrospective evaluation of his own work and thought, and "Americanism," a quietly devastating examination of our materialist civilization—and most of the rest date back to his teaching days at Harvard, in the early part of the century. In a critical essay on Oswald Spengler, Santayana gently removes the props from under grandiose and didactic systems of history, proving that if he had wanted to, he could have been a trenchant and hard-hitting critic of the political movements of our time.

NOTE: A collection of twenty-five poems by Howard Moss, nine of which were first printed in this magazine, has been brought out by Scrib-



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APRIL APERITIF

We thought you might like to see the results of an April 1 quiz on stock-market jargon turned in by someone who signs himself "Tom Foolery."

Preferred stocks. Stocks that are preferred by most people. (*Wrong.* Common stocks are owned by more people. Preferred stocks are usually non-voting stocks which entitle the owner to dividends before the owners of common stocks.)

Odd lot. The people who work in Wall Street. (*Wrong.* An odd lot is any number, odd or even, of shares of stock ordinarily from 1 through 99.)

Sinking fund. Money used to dig for oil wells. (*Wrong.* A sinking fund is established by a company to pay off a bond issue.)

Over-the-counter. The way liquor has been sold since 1933. (Well, maybe that's right — but it's the wrong answer when it comes to over-the-counter securities. Then it means stocks that are not listed on any of the exchanges.)

Broker. What you'll be if you speculate in the wrong stocks. (*Wrong.* A broker is a man who executes your orders for the sale and purchase of stocks and bonds.)

Every business has a language all its own that's likely to seem strange to an outsider. So we've prepared a little booklet that explains some of the commoner stock-market lingo in simple terms. It's called, with striking brevity, "*What Everybody Ought to Know About This Stock and Bond Business,*" and it's yours for the asking—if you have the strength to write all that on a postcard to—

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ner under the title "A Swimmer in the Air."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE GIRL FROM THE MIMOSA CLUB, by Leslie Ford (Scribner). Johnny Brayton, a young lawyer of distinguished Baltimore ancestry, is naturally rather dismayed to find himself in love with a girl who keeps getting arrested in raids on shady night clubs, and things aren't greatly improved when he learns that she actually works for the Police Department. However, this secondary profession soon comes in handy, for Johnny's father, a sinister old party, is murdered and it seems very likely that Johnny's mother had a hand in it. Miss Ford has seldom had a more peculiar inspiration, but her book is lively and the hero's struggle to accept the idea of a female flatfoot in the family is not without its comedy.

SHADOW OF A LADY, by Holly Roth (Simon & Schuster). Laura Selby is a pretty exasperating talker—though perhaps this effect was not intended by the author—but still there seems to be no particular reason for her fiancé to murder her and then ship the body off in a trunk to an obscure town in Norfolk. Since quite a few people are prepared to identify both the corpse and its container, and the unhappy man has no alibi worth mentioning, his position is far from agreeable. Miss Roth, a generous writer, combines European chases, British trials, Scotland Yard sleuthing, and Anglo-American love in the course of unravelling her mystery. "Filling" is conceivably the word.

•

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I don't like Ike. I would not be found dead with the people of his circle. If he comes to Tucson I will padlock the gate and tell my guy to run him off the place.

•

At Wednesday's luncheon meeting of the Guilford Rotary Club, to be held at Chello's Restaurant on the Post Road, Jacob Emery will speak about his experiences in the Arctic. Because of snow and cold weather last Wednesday, Emery was unable to be at the meeting.—*New Haven Register*.

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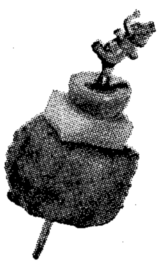

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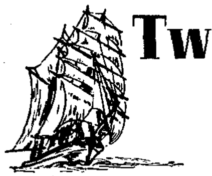

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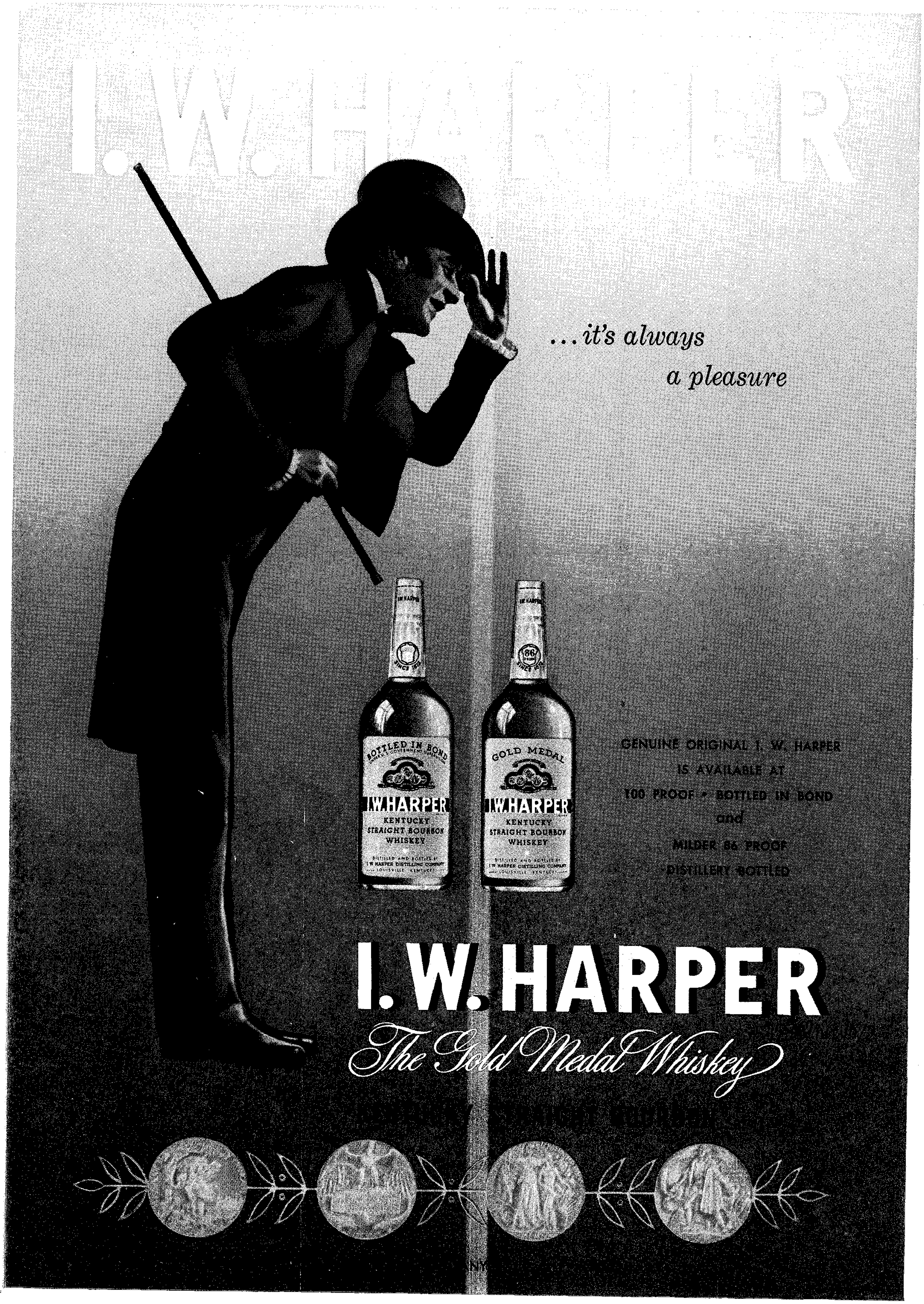
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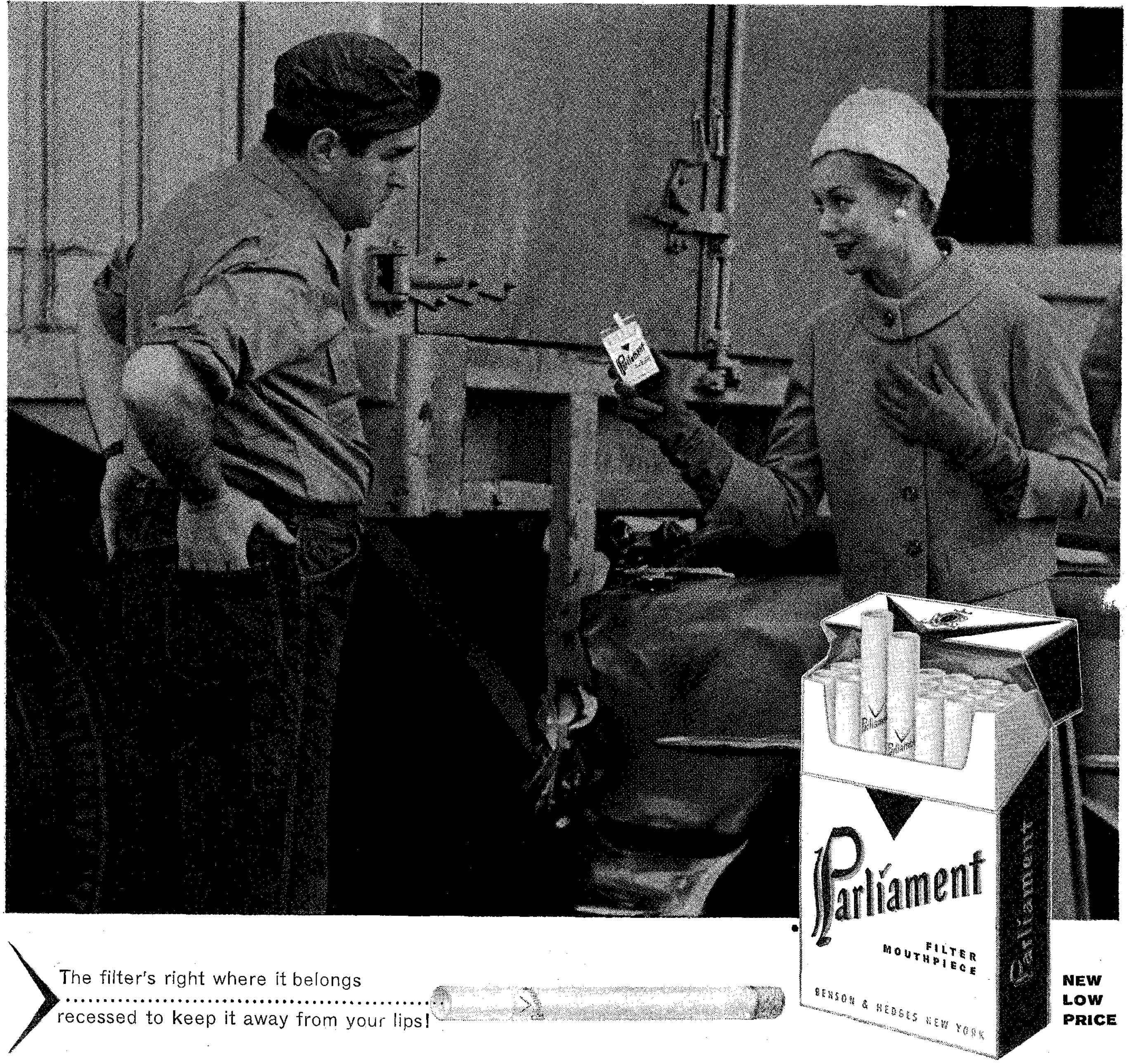
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